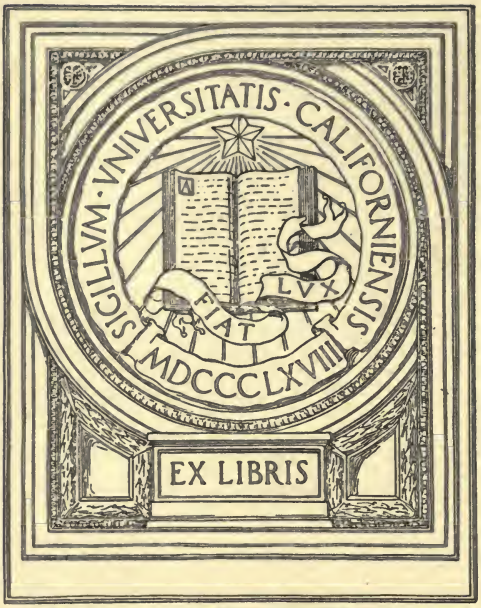
Oregon Literature

FRED LOCKLEY
RARE WESTERN BOOKS
1243 East Stark St.
PORTLAND. ORE.



913
H816

John Gill
Portland, Oregon
1902

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/oregonliterature00hornrich

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

FIVE OREGON POETS

1. Joaquin Miller. 2. James G. Clark. 3. Sam. L. Simpson.
4. Edwin Markham. 5, Mrs. Ella Higginson.

OREGON LITERATURE

BY

JOHN B. HORNER, A.M., LITT. D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND LATIN IN THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF OREGON.

Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon . . .
BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*

SECOND EDITION.

LIBRARY OF CALIFORNIA

PORTLAND, OREGON:
THE J. K. GILL CO.
1902

Copyright, 1902, by
JOHN B. HORNER

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

STATESMAN JOB OFFICE PRINT
SALEM, OREGON

INTRODUCTORY

TO A FRIEND.

"What is a book? Let affection tell;
A tongue to speak for those who absent dwell,
A language uttered to the eye
Which envious distance would in vain deny.

"Formed to convey like an electric chain
The mystic flashes, the lightning of the brain,
And thrill at once to its remotest link
The throb of passion by the printer's ink."

JOHN BURNETT.

Corvallis, July 7, 1899.

851109

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

The men and women who made Oregon have already produced more genuine literature than did the Thirteen Colonies prior to the American Revolution. A remarkable people—the extract of the greatest nations—had possessed and planted the new land. They gave to the West their best thoughts; and these thoughts more than any other influence shaped the lives, moulded the character and determined the future of the present population. Therefore, these sentiments appeal to us, for they have been woven into our being. They are common property, bequeathed for the inspiration, enjoyment and edification of promising children and busy men and women. Hence it is patriotic and proper to familiarize ourselves with these sturdy Oregon thoughts, clothed sometimes plainly, but yet in the best garb that plain men and women could give them.

However, beyond a crude and imperfect collection of excerpts from the writings of these people, published a few years ago by the author of this volume, no attempt has been made to place before the public any exhibit of their literature. The ready sale that attended the first edition, and the demand that apparently exists for a more pretentious work on the subject, occasioned the present publication.

In this new edition the scope of work has been so increased as to include contributions from gifted writers who have more recently come into prominence on account of use of choice English as it is spoken and written in the extreme West. But be it said that the interesting task of selecting nuggets amidst a Klondyke of literary gems was somewhat incumbered with the constant fear that in the delightful search many of the most valuable specimens may have been overlooked. Bearing this in mind, the author believes that enough have been gathered and are here presented to convince the reader that in the realm of literature, no state so young as Oregon has done better.

J. B. H.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Oregon Literature

Long ago the scholars of the East passed the lamp of learning from Rome to England, and from England westward to Boston, the front door of America. From Boston the lamp lighted the way of the pioneer across mountain chains, mighty rivers, and far-reaching plains, till the radiance of its beams skirted the golden shores of our majestic ocean. Then it was that the song of the poet and the wisdom of the sage for the first time blended in beautiful harmony with the songs of the robin, the lark, and the linnet of our valleys. These symphonies floated along on zephyrs richly laden with aromas fresh from field and flower and forest, and were wafted heavenward with the prayers of the pioneer to mingle forever in adoration to the God of the Land and the Sea. This was the origin and the beginning of Oregon literature.

INFLUENCE OF PIONEER LIFE.

A fearless people among savages, the Oregon pioneers surmounted every obstacle, for they had graduated from the hard training school of the plains, and had suffered severe discipline known only to the early settler. Hon. George H. Williams, Attorney-General of President Grant's Cabinet, said: "When the pioneers arrived here they found a land of marvelous beauty. They found extended prairies, with luxuriant verdure. They found grand and gloomy forests, majestic rivers, and mountains covered with eternal snow: but they found no friends to greet them, no homes to go to, nothing but the genial heavens and the generous earth to give them consolation and hope. I cannot tell how they lived; nor how they supplied their numerous wants of family

life. All those things are mysteries to everyone, excepting to those who can give their solution from actual experience." But of this one thing be assured, under these trying circumstances, life with them grew to be real, earnest, and simple. They were fearless, yet God-fearing; no book save the Bible, Walker's Dictionary, Pilgrim's Progress, and a few others of like sort—solid books, solid thoughts, solid men—three elements that enter into substantial literature.

Immigration steadily increased and the settlements gradually grew, so that all the woods and all the valleys became peopled. Only the bravest dared to undertake the long journey across the plains—for the plains, like the battlefield, develop character—and only the wisest and the strongest survived; hence Oregon was early peopled with the strongest, the wisest and the bravest; the Romans of the new race. And while there may have been no Moses, no Caesar, no Cromwell among them, there was a generous distribution of men like Joe Meek, Gray the historian, United States Senator Nesmith, Governor Abernethy, General Joseph Lane, Governor Whiteaker, Doctor McLoughlin, and Applegate, the sage of Yoncalla—men of warm heart, active brain, skillful hand, and sinewy arm. And the women were the daughters of the women who came in the Mayflower, and they were like unto them. They spun and they wove, and in any home might have been seen a Priscilla with her wheel and distaff as of old. And, although the legends of our Aldens and Priscillas remain as yet unwritten and unsung, Oregon will some day raise up a Longfellow who will place these treasures among the classics of the age.

INFLUENCE OF SCENERY.

Critics tell us that literature is rather an image of the spiritual world than the physical—of the internal rather than the external—that mountains, lakes, and rivers are after all only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. It is true that a man is not

destined to be a great poet merely because he lives at the foot of a great mountain—a Hood, a Jefferson, or a Shasta; nor being a poet, that he will write better verse than others because he lives where he can hear the thundering of a mighty waterfall. "Switzerland is all mountains; yet like the Andes, or the Himalayas, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, it has produced no extraordinary poet." But, while mountains, rivers, and valleys do not create genius, no one can deny that they aid in developing it. Emerson tells us that "the charming landscape he saw one morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Lock that, and Manning the woodland beyond, but none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is the poet." The poet, therefore, is the only millionaire able to own a landscape. Yet no man or woman with poetic impulse can entirely escape or resist the inspiring influence of towering peak or sweeping river. With a state bounded on the north by the Columbia, abutted on the east by boundless prairies and magnificent vista of distant mountain chain, guarded on the south by the lofty Siskiyous, bathed on the west by the sunset seas; with a state dotted here and there with everlasting snow-tipped peaks, sentinels of the world, bound together with stretching mountain system, bosomed with delightful valleys, tesselated with charming traceries and glacier-fed streams of crystal that water the violets, daisies, and the witcheries of the lowland—ours is not the scenery that makes gladiators and bandits, but is the refining, elevating scenery with mild and gentle environment that day by day has worked its impress through the eye and mind and soul of dwellers in Oregon, and produced a literary beginning already made noteworthy by Miller, Markham, Simpson, Higginson, Balch and many others. That the sweet nature and rich landscapes about us have done much to stimulate and fructify our literature, and that it will continue to advance the literary art to a higher state of perfection, is made certain by a study of the thoughts and themes with which existing creations are ramified and inter-

twined. It was the gentle flow of the Willamette that furnished Simpson with a theme that created one of the most delightful poems known to the language; until he had stood on the banks and heard the "lovely river softly calling to the sea" his mind must have remained without the inspiration necessary to produce the sweet lines of "Beautiful Willamette." Likewise in Higginson's "Four-Leaf Clover," written within sight of a meadow, in Baker's "Ode to a Wave," written on the ocean beach, and in Miller's "Sierras," written with the Cascades in the background—the complete reliance of the author upon nature, not only for inspiration, but often for theme or thought, is clearly discernable.

INFLUENCE OF SONG.

Our pioneer fathers and mothers were a busy, active people, but they had their times for rest; and during these restful hours they found much solace in song. The violin was their only piano. They listened to its melody and they danced to its notes; and those who did not think it wicked, sang with it. They did not all have time to read books, and curious as it may seem in this day of libraries, colleges and public schools, some of them did not even know how; but all could sing, and they found time for this recreation; and they sang more in their homes and in their fields then than they do now. If at no other time, they sang on their way to and from labor; and every home became a sort of musical conservatory. They had traveled far, and reached their earthly Canaan; and now they were singing of the Canaan beyond, drinking in the poetry that flowed like the milk and honey of the land that they had found.

And it is probable that the men and the women and the children who sing the good songs, thrilling the world with their melodies, exert as great an influence in touching the popular heart and in inspiring the nobler sentiments of humanity as do the men and women who write the good songs; and the men and women who write the good songs do as much to develop the nation as they who write the good laws. The singers, therefore, are not far

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

OREGON STATE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

1. Syl. C. Simpson, Feb., 1872, to Sept., 1874
2. L. L. Rowland, Sept., 1874, to Sept., 1878
3. L. J. Powell, Sept., 1878, to Sept., 1882
4. E. B. McElroy, Sept., 1882, to Jan., 1895
5. G. M. Irwin, Jan., 1895, to Jan., 1899
6. J. H. Ackerman, Jan., 1899.

removed from the good laws of the country. In the days when there were no newspapers, nor magazines, and books were few, the Davids, the Homers, and the Alfreds went about singing patriotic odes to the people; and thus, through the art of song, patriotism became a part of the national life. This, however, was not the only influence wielded by the songs then as well as in later days. As in the various ages of world history, minstrelsy and the composition and singing of ballads became an influence for revival or stimulation of literature; so in our early pioneer days the unskilled voices of settler-folk in field or in home, mingling with the songs of the birds in neighboring wood, inspired in the mind thoughts that in the succeeding generation developed into a certain purity and sweetness, out of which a copious and lofty literature is grown.

In the days of the pioneer, every community had its singing school. In charge there was a professional singing master, or a leader selected from the membership. For music they were restricted to old melodies found in "Carmina Sacra," the "New Lute of Zion," the "Harmony," the "Triumph," the "Key Note," "Golden Wreath," the "Revivalist," and kindred collections long since out of print. Some of the best books were written in the old square-note system so the people could slowly spell their way through the music. Familiar among those airs were, "The Land of Canaan," "I Belong to the Band, Hallelujah," "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "The World Will Be on Fire," "I Want to Be an Angel," "There Is a Happy Land," "Happy Day," "Work for the Night is Coming," and scores of others, among which were the national odes. Such gatherings—such music! The singers always looked forward to the day when they could join in song. Sometimes the leader stumbled a little, for the singing was more spirited than classical; but the songs were few, and the singers learned them well.

Of the effect of these gatherings upon the subsequent life of Oregon there is no doubt. The songs and the elevating associations mellowed men's hearts and set their thoughts to flowing in channels where poetry, music

and the softer, sweeter side of human nature are ever present. Deep and wide they laid the foundation upon which the future thought and literature of the community was to be builded.

THE CAMP MEETING.

When Bryant wrote "The groves were God's first temples," he must have been thinking of the western camp-meeting grounds, where men heard some of the richest eloquence that has never been recorded in book or magazine. At a time when the camp meeting could not conflict with sowing and reaping, people met and mingled, and their hearts were mellowed by the divine message as they heard it preached from revelation and read it in the volume of nature. The preachers who interpreted these lessons were Fowler, Hines, Hill, Kennoyer, Conner, Wilbur, Driver, Elledge, and others whose names have been recorded in the hearts of their fellow men.

When a man fails to solve a difficult problem with his head he instinctively undertakes to solve it with his heart. Accordingly this was a season of heart culture especially helpful to those who had wrestled with the difficulties incident to settlement in a new country—such difficulties as no one but the immigrant, the pioneer, or the soldier, can fully understand. It was the great social and religious meeting place of the people, and it grew to be a part of pioneer life. But, in course of time, when the first settlers began to pass from the stage of action, open-air speaking and singing became less common, the camp meeting gradually came to be a place hallowed only in memory and in religious literature.

The ancients who learned to worship the trees told us that eloquence is of the gods and the groves. With magnificent groves along our templed hills, it might seem that it would not have been difficult for the people to become druids. But the idea is not common to our soil, so we have cultivated sentiments and developed themes that are destined to flower out into a literature bearing the impress of the old-time camp-meeting eloquence.

PULPITEERS.

Much wisdom and eloquence were voiced and penned by the pioneer pulpiteers, among whom were: Doctor Marcus Whitman, Father Eels, Wilson Blain, James H. Wilbur, Jason Lee, S. G. Irvine, Josiah L. Parrish, A. L. Lindsley, William Roberts, P. S. Knight, Thomas H. Pearne, Alvin F. Waller, Thomas Kendall, James Worth, George H. Atkinson, Gustavus Hines, Harvey K. Hines, Edward R. Geary, Bishop B. Wistar Morris, and Doctor T. L. Eliot; besides the visiting Bishops—Simpson, Glosbrenner, Scott, Marvin, Weaver, Castle, Bowman, Foster, and other great lights who always brought new tidings and gave fresh inspiration to pulpit oratory, in the science of sciences, the ology of ologies—theology. These influences have quickened the pulpit and given fresh inspiration to every form of literary effort, from the humblest essay in the public school to the crowning efforts in parliamentary, forensic, and sacred oratory.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PREACHER.

The old-fashioned preacher, who preached in church, school house, or home, wielded a powerful influence upon religious thought in the earlier days. One of these it may not be out of place to mention.

Some one, somewhere, some day, it is not known when, guided by a certain instinct which determines worth and discriminates between men, will look above and beyond schools and art and rich attire to find one of Nature's noblemen; and then will sit down and write the life of Joab Powell, whose utterances were like those of Henry Clay—spoken for the occasion and not for the future. There are many who, on account of their individuality, rise so far above conventionalism that we forget their titles and think of them solely as men. We say Socrates, Virgil, Ossian, Milton, Demosthenes; for no title can add lustre to their names. How refreshing would sound Rev. Peter, Dr. James, or Bishop John, of sacred lore. So in our land there have been those in whom we at once recognize and revere the man and not the title: as Roger

Williams, Lorenzo Dow, and Peter Cartwright, and, in the farther West, Father Newton and Joab Powell. These untitled messengers carried the gospel of higher civilization when the track of the wagon and the iron horse was but the dim trail of the Indian and the pioneer; and it now behooves the rising generation to repeat and record their words of wisdom ere all they have said will be effaced except some trite tale unworthy of a listening ear.

THE BIBLE.

In each wagon of the long immigrant trains that came into our valleys might have been found a certain book—plain book—precious book—book of books—the Bible; and the most indifferent sometimes perused its pages. In England, John Bunyan read the Bible until his language grew to be the language of the Bible, as may be seen in the "Pilgrim's Progress," an allegory in which human thought arose on angelic wings and took on the robes of Holy Writ. In Oregon a large majority of the people have been Bible-readers; and the ratio has been steadily increasing; hence the Bible element or Saxon element bids fair to grow in prominence with our people. Furthermore, the experience and the environments of our people tend to produce a growing demand for a language of sentiment and sense—the most practical vehicle of expression employed in talking from the heart to a point.

CLIMATIC INFLUENCE UPON LITERATURE.

It is an indisputable fact that climate exerts an influence upon literature, and there are those who believe they have already noticed marked indications of climatic influence upon what has been written in the various parts of the state; and they say that this difference will continue to increase so that it will be more noticeable as the years go by.

It is known that in an extreme temperature the best intellectual results are seldom attained. Human energies are exhausted in the effort to sustain life; hence we do

not expect great books and intellectual triumphs to come from those who received their growth in the torrid or in the frigid zones. It also has been observed that climates in which it is too easy to obtain a livelihood impede intellectual progress. It has, therefore, been believed that no stirring thought will come from the Filipinos or other people living near the equator. In these lands, they who have palaces leave them to live in groves, and enjoy gondolas, chariots, theaters, fashionable clubs, popular resorts, the racing circle, and the bull-fight ring; everything succumbs to pleasure, until pleasure becomes licentious—an influence which is never truly literary. Accordingly, we look to the more temperate climes for advanced literary achievement and human endeavor in its glory. Therefore, men have come to believe that Oregon, which is centrally located as to mildness of temperature, will produce a superior literature; and it has been urged that since the state has two distinct climates, there will also be two distinct literatures.

Of the Saxon motherland Taine said, "Thick clouds hover above, being fed by thick exhalations. They lazily turn their flanks, grow dark, and descend in showers; oh, how easily." Is not that Western Oregon? The Saxons of Europe have left their climate to find a similar climate here. The West Oregonian should, therefore, possess many of the qualities which characterized the typical Saxon of old. This is no idle boast. The ocean side of Oregon is a foggy region with its somber scenes and low-hanging clouds, where moss is not uncommon, and the gray mists creep under a stratum of motionless vapor. While Eastern Oregon is a land of sunshine and lofty skies, where great gleaming bars of steel and silver and gold rest upon the mountain rim until, perchance they are disturbed by the bolts of Jove that come booming over the heights into the valley below. The elements are suddenly quickened; and the people have, instead of the gentle shower that floats in on the heavy atmosphere of the sea coast, the drenching rain of the highland clouds that were torn loose by the thunder bolt and theirs waters spilled upon parching grain and thirsting herds; in the one the air is washed—purified by the gentle drizzling

rain, in the other the air is drenched by the swift sweeping thunder showers. Observe the effect of these climates upon the inhabitants. Notice the growing difference between the slow, deliberate but measured tread of the one class and the quick step of the other, as well as the habits of thought of the two peoples.

Then, there will always be as marked contrast between the literature of Eastern Oregon and Western Oregon as if the two localities were two states in different parts of the Union. Think of the humid atmosphere washed and kept pure by the Webfoot rain—did rain, does rain, will rain; gentle rain; rain that comes like a huge joke, ever welcome, ever abundant, and never failing rain; rain that shortens the days, lengthens the nights, and houses the people, domesticating men who ordinarily grow wild and rough in the exhilarating sunshine of the higher altitudes. A heavy, languid, drowsy atmosphere; hence slow thinkers; slow to plan, slow to decide, slow to act—a people not unlike the Saxons of old, with senses not so keen and quick, but with a will ever vigorous. There will be a certain earnestness, severe manners, grave inclinations, and manly dignity. The Western Oregonian will be domesticated per force of circumstances; an indoor plant, a reader of books, a student of indoor ethics. The Eastern Oregonian will be an outdoor plant; sallying out from beneath his roof to bathe in the summer sunshine and accustom himself to the severe atmosphere and draw his inspirations from the bold landscapes of the uplands—a brave man, a strenuous man, a cultured man—a man of the times.

Inasmuch as the climate of Western Oregon is somewhat tempered by the Japan Current, the people who would be cut down untimely in a rugged climate like that of Eastern Oregon naturally seek to prolong life by taking advantage of the milder climate of Western Oregon. There will always be those who, upon finding the winter too severe in Eastern Oregon, will spend that season in Western Oregon. Besides, there will be a tendency to seek this region by those afflicted with pulmonary troubles.

In Western Oregon there is an abundance of fruit;

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PIONEER COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS

1. B. L. Arnold, Oregon Agricultural College, 1872 to 1891; author of an unpublished text-book on Mental Philosophy.
2. Sidney H. Marsh, Pacific University, 1854 to 1879.
3. T. F. Campbell, Christian College, 1869 to 1882; author of "Know Thyself" and "Genesis of Power."
4. Thomas M. Gatch, Willamette University, 1860 to 1865, 1870 to 1879; Oregon Agricultural College, 1897.
5. John W. Johnson, University of Oregon, 1876 to 1893

but the supply of lime in the water, vegetables, milk, breadstuffs and other classes of diet that neutralize the acid of the fruit is not so plentiful as in the alkaline regions east of the Cascades. Since there is a certain lack of the principal bone-producing material, there is a noticeable tendency to premature decay of the teeth, which in a way will have an effect upon those physical functions which give tone to the system. While the acidity is less in Eastern Oregon, there is more bone-making material; hence the tendency to develop larger bones—larger frame work for the body. Human offspring brought up amidst the elements that prevail in Eastern Oregon will, therefore, be bigger; consequently more rugged. The people of Western Oregon will be constructed on a frame work of smaller bones; they will, therefore, possess a more delicate nature—fine physique true enough, but they will not be so strong and sturdy, hence more sensitive to warmth and cold and, on this account, more sensitive to feeling and sentiment. There promises to be a whole-souled air in the literature of Eastern Oregon, somewhat after the Dryden type, while conservatism, finish, and fine feeling of the Pope style will characterize the literature of Western Oregon.

COLLEGE INFLUENCE.

College influence must not be overlooked in the study of literature. We are told that our national literature thrived only as the colleges of the Nation prospered. The best literature of our country is but the confluence of streams flowing out of the fountain heads, Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and other great colleges of the Nation. So in our state there was Columbia College, which gradually developed into the University of Oregon, at Eugene, whence came Joaquin Miller. He may have written in the Sierras and sung of their grandeur; he may have bowed to the eastern muse; his harp strings may have vibrated with the songs of vine-clad Italy, yet he is an Oregon poet—simply a child away from home.

Pacific University, like Jupiter, from whom sprung Minerva full grown and complete, sent out as her first

graduate Harvey W. Scott, who has a national reputation as a journalist and critic.

History tells us that Washington Irving was the first ambassador from the new world to the old—the first American writer to obtain recognition on the Continent. So Bethel College, now known only in history, was the first institution in our state to receive recognition from a great university in the mother country—Dr. L. L. Rowland, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, being a graduate of that institution.

Philomath College, in 1869, sent out Rev. Louis A. Banks, D. D., who has written a score of volumes, occupied some of the wealthiest pulpits in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his sermons have been read probably by more people than the sermons of any other writer, except those of Doctor Talmage, for some years past.

Willamette University gave to the literary world the late Samuel L. Simpson, author of "The Beautiful Willamette"; and all of our other colleges have contributed to the fast-flowing stream of our state literature.

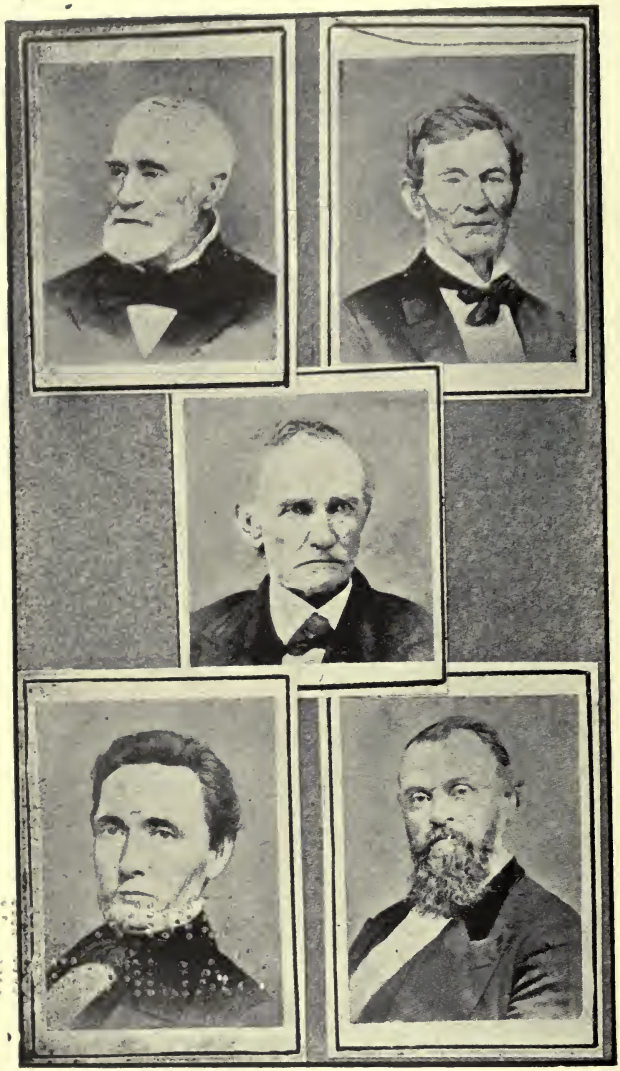
THE CHAUTAUQUA.

Along with these must not be forgotten the influence of the largest Oregon literary institution—The Willamette Valley Chautauqua of Gladstone Park. This college of liberal arts has already imported more light from the East, developed more talent in the West, and given instruction to a greater number of students in the things with which busy, active men have to think and to do than has any other influence in the state; second only to this institution is the Chautauqua at Ashland.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

The pioneers well remember the time when the newspaper came in the semi-annual mail and was eagerly read. The old folks at home, then the war and other topics of importance were subjects anxiously sought in newspapers; while *Harpers', Leslie's,* and the more ex-

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PIONEER JOURNALISTS OF OREGON

1. Asahel Bush, 1851, founder of the *Statesman*, Salem, first issue March 21, 1851.
2. Col. W. G. T'Vault, 1843, first editor of the *Spectator*, issued at Oregon City, February 5, 1846, the first paper west of the Missouri river.
3. Thomas J. Dryer, 1850, founder of the *Oregonian*, first issue December 6, 1850, on the corner of Front and Morrison streets.
4. Delazon Smith, 1852, founder of the *Democrat*, Albany; 1853: one of the first United States Senators from Oregon.
5. Thornton T. McElroy, 1851, printer on the *Spectator*, Oregon City, and founder of the *Columbian*, first newspaper north of the Columbia river, issued at Olympia, September 1, 1852.

pensive publications found their way into many of the more prosperous homes. Thus the taste for literature and the news was awakened so that in a short time the newspapers began to multiply; the monthlies became weeklies; the weeklies, semi-weeklies and dailies. The thirst for news and information on current questions will ever serve as a tonic to create a desire for abundant reading, hence will aid in producing a better market for literature.

It is true we have not published many magazines; but it was not for want of talent or demand. Our people have simply not had the time to give proper attention to the matter. But many will remember the *West Shore*, whose pen was dipped in poetry and whose brush not infrequently gave us the delicate tinting of the rainbow. It was a welcome visitor to our homes, and it was eagerly sought by thousands of readers throughout the Nation. Nor would we forget *The Native Son Magazine,* which had an eventful existence of two years, and was a beautifully illustrated monthly, edited by Mr. Fred H. Saylor; also the *Oregon Teachers Monthly*, published by Prof. Charles H. Jones, at the Capital City.

But no history of Oregon literature would be complete without proper credit being given to the work that is being done by *The Pacific Monthly.* This magazine, "of which all Oregonians should be proud," is giving a distinctive form and a character to Oregon literature. It is doing what only a magazine can do, and it is doing it well. *The Pacific Monthly* began with a high standard and its publishers have steadily adhered to this policy. As a consequence the magazine is a credit to Oregon literature and to the literature of the West. It is characterized by an evenness of tone and a literary atmosphere that far older publications might well envy, and at the same time its contents are sufficiently varied to appeal to the popular taste. The magazine was established in 1898 by William Bittle Wells, who is its present editor.

Among the abler journalists whose pens have been influential in shaping the future of Oregon are: Harvey W. Scott, the critic and editor of the *Oregonian;* L.

Samuels, of the *West Shore;* Mrs. A. S. Duniway, champion of women's rights; the trenchant Thomas B. Merry; as also James O'Meara, A. Bush, W. L. Adams, S. A. Clarke, W. H. Odell, A. Noltner, and others, whose number has increased with the tide of immigration and the progress of our country.

PROGRESS AND LITERATURE.

But unrest develops character; quiet, talent; and talent, literature. As grand as were their deeds, and memorable their lives, the pioneer days are over. Homes have been built and farms improved. The Indians have been civilized; churches and school houses erected. We have passed through the home-seeking period and entered into the home and social development era, an era when men—thinking men—have an opportunity to sit down in the quiet of their homes and think. There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the state now that is not the seat of some publishing establishment, preaching the gospel of modern culture and giving every evidence of large literary progress.

MERIT OF OREGON LITERATURE.

In passing judgment upon the merits of authors we take into account the quality as well as the quantity of what they have written. Have they suited the thought to the action, the action to the thought? Have they skillfully adapted the expression to the theme? Have they written in a style that would edify and delight an American reading circle? These questions must be carefully considered. In the days of the Colonists, transmission of thought was the sole function of literature; and this is quite all that could have been expected of a people in an age of literary poverty, when language was regarded merely as a clumsy vehicle for the conveyance of heavy thought. A century of good schools has taught our people the art of expression, and men and women have learned to decorate prose with the ornaments of poetry.

In the pioneer age of Oregon, manner as well as matter enters as an important element in style. It is not so much what you say as how you say it. Merit of style is a quality found in all the world's unwasting treasures of literature. In respect to style or quality of literary productions, the writers of Oregon in half a century have outclassed the writers of all the Thirteen Colonies of America during the first one hundred and fifty years. From 1607, the founding of Jamestown, when John Smith opened the stream of American literature by describing the country and the people he found in the new world, to 1765, when the people were aroused to resistance of the foreign authority of Great Britain, there was not written nor published in all the colonies a set of orations that will compare with the twenty-one delivered and published by George H. Williams, of Portland, Oregon, in 1890; nor had they a J. W. Nesmith, a Delazon Smith, or a Col. E. D. Baker. And the best things written by Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth, the two greatest poets of the Colonial period, would be now regarded as mere doggerel alongside of the poems of Samuel Simpson, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, or Ella Higginson. Then the historical descriptions by John Smith, Governors Bradford and Winthrop, which were the best of the age, could in no wise be compared favorably with Gray's or Hines's history of Oregon, or Mrs Victor's "Rivers of the West," or Mrs. Dye's "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," either for beauty or literary finish. There was also that literary curiosity, Cotton Mather, who adopted the novel method of securing a library by writing more than four hundred volumes himself. But among all these he did not present to the literary world as readable a book as L. A. Banks's "Honeycombs of Life," or Dr. T. L. Eliot's "Visit to the Holy Land." Jonathan Edwards's "Inquiry Into the Freedom of the Will," written in 1754, was regarded as authority in metaphysics, but it never was classed as literature. Then it may be remarked that they produced no songs or other music of note, while our Francis, the DeMoss family, Heritage, Parvin, Yoder, and scores of others have published songs, enjoyed and sung from

shore to shore, from sea to sea. They had no great lawyers to strengthen their constitution by the wise interpretation of their laws, such as we have had in Matthew P. Deady, W. Lair Hill, Lafayette Lane, W. P. Lord, and others who have graced the supreme bench of Oregon. Modern journalism was then unknown; and a Homer Davenport, with an annual income of $13,000—the highest salary ever paid a cartoonist—was not to be found among them.

SOME POPULAR MUSIC PUBLISHED IN OREGON.

VOCAL.

Addie Ray ..... *Parvin*
Adieu, Adieu, Our Deam of Life..... *Shindler*
A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight..... *Joe Hayden*
An Old Man's Reverie..... *Eastman*
A Song That Never Was Sung..... *Eastman*
At the Threshold..... *Smith*
At the Gateway..... *Parvin*
At the Making of the Hay..... *Falenius*
Baby Eyes ..... *Bray*
Blue Ribbon War Song..... *Francis*
College Train (The)..... *Parvin*
Constancy ..... *Cook*
Cradle Rest ..... *Lisher*
Drifted Leaf (The)..... *Cook*
Donald, Return to Me..... *Emerson*
Drifting Apart ..... *Finck*
End Crowns the Work (The)..... *Parvin*
Folding Away the Baby's Clothes..... *Bray*
Fond Idol of My Heart..... *Bates*
Flight of the Birds..... *Hodge*
Hear Dem Ebening Bells..... *Bray*
How Can I Go Without a Last Good-By?..... *Mathiot*
I Am a Tramp..... *Mathiot*
I Heard an Angel Voice Last Night..... *Bray*
I's Gwine Home Tonight..... *Parvin*
Just One Girl ..... *Keating*
Just as the Sun Went Down..... *Keating*
I Have Left You Though I Love You..... *Eastman*

Kittie McGee ..... *Cook*
Life is Short, Art is Long..... *Parvin*
Long White Seam (The)..... *Denny*
Lost in the Deep, Deep Sea..... *Bray*
Message Came Over the Wires Today (A)..... *Bray*
Nevermore ..... *Bray*
One Smile For Me, Sweetheart..... *Bray*
On Life's River..... *Parvin*
Open Wide the Gates of Heaven..... *Bray*
Over the River ..... *Thompson*
Our Lips Have Kissed Their Last Good-By..... *Gilbert*
Our Emblem Flower..... *Eastman*
Put on Your Army Shoes..... *Sawyer*
Speak to Mother Kindly..... *Bray*
Spot and I..... *Bray*
Sweet, Thoughts, Bright Thoughts..... *Bray*
Sister and I..... *Van Gorder*
Shadows ..... *Coolidge*
Surely Apart on Life's Great Sea..... *Gilbert*
Slumber Song ..... *Beals*
Sweet Oregon ..... *DeMoss*
Sweet Flower of Golden Hue..... *Finck*
The Message of the Flowers..... *Beals*
Stepping Upward ..... *Parvin*
Think of Me..... *Bray*
Tomorrow ..... *Cook*
True Hearts Are Beating..... *Parvin*
There's Mischief in Their Eyes..... *Bray*
Voyaging ..... *Parvin*
Water Mill (The)..... *Cook*
When She's Singing..... *Bray*
Why the Cows Came Late..... *Cook*
Waiting by the Old Hearthstone..... *Van Gorder*
You'll Soon Forget Your Old Love..... *Van Gorder*

INSTRUMENTAL.

Ah! Waltz (The)..... *Gilbert*
All the Rage Waltz..... *Sedlak*
Argonaut Schottische ..... *Sloan*
Aschroft Waltz ..... *Cross*
Belle of Oregon ..... *Finck*

Belle of Portland ..... *Finck*
Ben Bolt Transcription ..... *Finck*
Concerto (Violin) ..... *Kuthyn Turney*
Creole Dance ..... *M. Goodnough*
Chinook Wind Whispers Waltz ..... *Mathiot*
Camas Rose Redowa ..... *Finck*
Columbia March ..... *Cook*
Chapel in the Sierras (The) ..... *Cook*
Deck Promenade ..... *Engleman*
Dreams of Summer ..... *Finck*
First Street 211, First Street Polka ..... *Parrot*
Frost Sparkles ..... *Coolidge*
Fond Hopes Desire ..... *Finck*
Garden City Schottische ..... *Rosenberg*
Grand Triumphal March ..... *Rosenberg*
Grammar School March ..... *Finck*
Heartsease Waltz ..... *Finck*
Hazel Kirke Schottische ..... *Bray*
In the Woods ..... *Coolidge*
In the Gloaming ..... *Coolidge*
Halcyon Waltzes ..... *Al Weber*
I Am Dreaming of the Past ..... *Finck*
Jolly Coons Schottische ..... *Bray*
Love in the Mist Waltz ..... *Finck*
Lady Slipper Waltz ..... *Finck*
Las Ondellas (Little Waves) Waltz ..... *Cross*
Mathilda Polka ..... *Thibeau*
McKinley March ..... *Yoder*
Murmurs From the Pacific ..... *Cook*
Mount Hood in the Distance ..... *Moelling*
Mountain Lilly Galop ..... *Finck*
Marion Square Polka ..... *Martine*
Mount Hood March ..... *Horner*
New Lancers Quadrille ..... *Finck*
Now and Forever Waltz ..... *Bray*
One Smile For Me, Sweetheart—Transcription .. *Finck*
Our Girls Schottische ..... *Finck*
Oh, It's So Easy Schottische ..... *Bray*
Pioneers' Grand March ..... *Mathiot*
Pleasant Hours Waltzes ..... *Josef Mueller*
Portland Light Battery March ..... *Parrott*

Portland Mazurka ..... *Sedlak*
Railroad Polka ..... *Van Dusen*
Sweet Thoughts, Bright Thoughts Schottische.... *Bray*
Speak to Me, Speak—Transcription..... *Finck*
Sea Foam Polka..... *Finck*
The Second Oregon..... *McElroy*
Telephone Scherzo ..... *Engleman*
University March ..... *Parvin*
Wild Deer Galop ..... *Moelling*
Yellow Violet Schottische..... *Finck*
Zephyr Waltz ..... *Cross*

Of the future literature of Oregon it may be said that peace, home, and prosperity will be the probable themes —themes that are contemplated in the quiet of the homes, and enjoyed by the really progressive classes. Agricultural and pastoral life will not be slighted. Nor will the sons of the men who made the country permit to be forgotten the legends incident to the life of the settler, and the trials of the Indian who was gradually crowded out of his home that we might be favored. We have our Minnehahas, our Niagaras, our mountain chains, wonderful caves, and delightful scenes awaiting the touch of the pen of the poet and the brush of the artist. And while there has been enough suffering and privation already endured in the history of our state to quicken the heart and fire the imagination of the orator and the poet, culture and schools will temper the sentiment with philosophy and adorn it with artistic beauty; and as a result, the future Oregonian bids fair to live that higher literary life which it is given every man in this land to enjoy.

Joaquin Miller

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

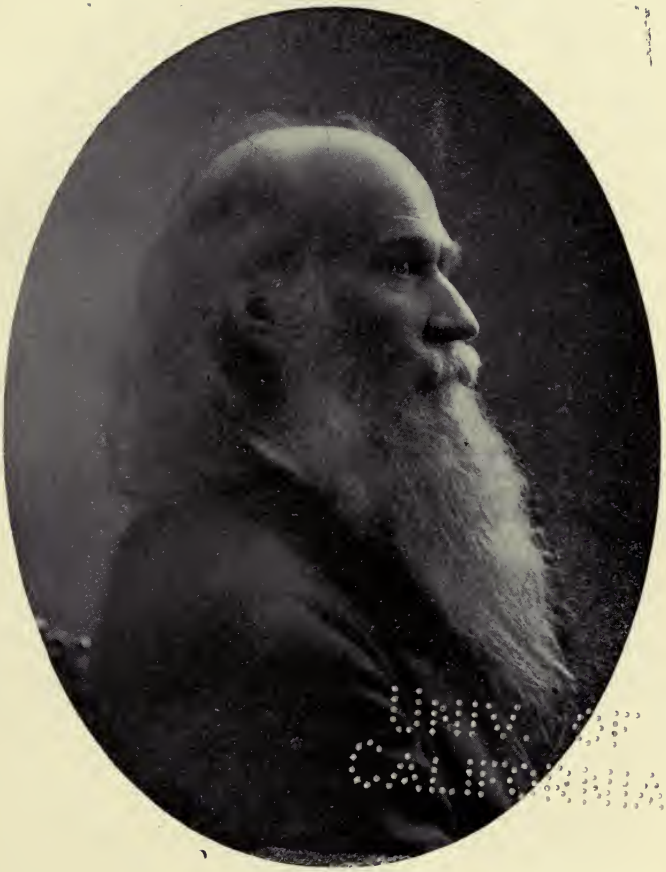
Autobiographically the Poet says:

"The first thing of mine in print was the valedictory class poem, Columbia College, Eugene, Oregon, 1859. Oregon, settled by missionaries, was a great place for schools from the first. At this date, Columbia College, the germ of the University, had many students from California, and was famous as an educational center. Divest the mind at once of the idea that the schools of Oregon were in the least inferior to the best in the world. I have never since found such determined students and omnivorous readers. We had all the books and none of the follies of great centers.

"I had been writing, or trying to write, since a lad. My two brothers and my sister were at my side, our home with our parents, and we lived entirely to ourselves, and really often made ourselves ill from too much study. We were all school teachers when not at college. In 1861 my elder brother and I were admitted to practice law, under George H. Williams, afterwards Attorney-General under President Grant. Brother went at once to war, I to the gold mines.

"My first act there came near costing my life, and cost me, through snow-blindness, the best use of my eyes from that time forth. The agony of snow-blindness is unutterable; the hurt irreparable. In those days men never murmured or admitted themselves put at disadvantage. I gave up the law for the time and laid hand to other things; but here is a paragraph from the pen of George A. Waggoner in the February, 1897, *Oregon Teachers Monthly,* telling how this calamity came about:

The first man I met among the fevered crowd was Oregon's poet, my old schoolmate, Joaquin Miller. His blue eyes


UNIV. OF CALIF.

JOAQUIN MILLER

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

sparkled with kindly greeting, and, as I took his hand, I knew by its quickening pulse and tightened clasp that he, too, was sharing in the excitement of the gold hunter. He was then in the first flush of manhood, with buoyant spirits, untiring energy, and among a race of hardy pioneers, the bravest of the brave. He possessed more than ordinary talent and looked forward with hope to the battle of life, expecting to reap his share of its honors and rewards. For years he was foremost in every desperate enterprise—crossing snow-capped mountains, swollen rivers, and facing hostile Indians. When snow fell fifteen feet on Florence Mountain, and hundreds were penned in camp without a word from wives, children and loved ones at home, he said, "Boys, I will bring your letters from Lewiston." Afoot and alone, without a trail, he crossed the mountain tops, the dangerous streams, the wintry desert of Camas Prairie, fighting back the hungry mountain wolves, and returned bending beneath his load of loving messages from home. One day he was found, in defense of the weak, facing the pistol or bowie knife of the desperado; and the next day he was washing the clothes and smoothing the pillow of a sick comrade. We all loved him, but we were not men who wrote for the newspaper or magazine, and his acts of heroism and kindness were unchronicled save in the hearts of those who knew him in those times and under those trying circumstances.

"Right into the heart of the then unknown and unnamed Idaho (Idah-ho) and Montana, gold dust was as wheat in harvest time. I, and another, born to the saddle, formed an express line and carried letters in from the Oregon River and gold dust out, gold dust by the horse load after load, till we earned all the gold we wanted. Such rides! and each alone. Indians holding the plunging horses ready for us at relays. I had lived with and knew, trusted the red men and was never betrayed. Those matchless night rides under the stars, dashing into the Orient doors of dawn before me as the sun burst through the shining mountain pass—this brought my love of song to the surface. And now I traveled, Mexico, South America, I had resolved as I rode to set these unwritten lands with the banner of song.

"I wrote much as I traveled but never kept my verse, once published. I thought, and still hold that under right conditions and among a right people—and these mighty American people are perhaps more nearly right than any other that have yet been—anything in literature that is worth preserving will preserve itself. As

none of my verses with this following exception have come down on the River of Time it is safe to say nothing of all I wrote could serve any purpose except to feed foolish curiosity. I give the following place, written years after the college valedictory, not only because it is right in spirit but because it shows how old, how very old I was as a boy, and sad at heart over the cruelties of man to man. This was my first poem printed, after the valedictory, about 1866, and has been drifting around ever since:

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor heart-broken brother,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

Why should you envy a moment of pleasure
Some poor fellow-mortal has wrung from it all?
Oh! could you look into his life's broken measure—
Look at the dregs—at the wormwood and gall—
Look at his heart hung with crape like a pall—

Look at the skeletons down by his hearthstone—
Look at his cares in their merciless sway,
I know you would go and say tenderly, lowly,
Brother—my brother, for aye and a day,
Lo! Lethe is washing the blackness away.

"Home again in Oregon I had a little newspaper; . . . then elected Judge; and once more my face to books, night and day, as at school.

"Had I melted into my surroundings, instead of reading and writing continually, life had not been so dismal; but I lived among the stars, an abstemious ghost. Then 'Specimens,' a thin book of verse, and some lawyers laughed, and political and personal foes all up and down the land derided. This made me more determined, and the next year 'Joaquin *et al.*,' a book of 124 pages, resulted. Bert Harte, of the *Overland*, behaved bravely; but, as a rule: 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?'

"The first little book has not preserved itself to me, but from a London pirated copy of the second one I find that it makes up about half of my first book in London; the songs my heart had sung as I galloped alone under the stars of Idaho years before.

"But my health and eyes had failed again; besides, everything was at sixes and sevens, and . . . when I asked a place on the supreme bench at the convention, I was derisively told: 'Better stick to poetry.' Three months later, September 1, 1870, I was kneeling at the grave of Burns. I really expected to die there in the land of my fathers; I was so broken and ill.

"May I proudly admit that I had sought a place on the supreme bench in order that I might the more closely stick to poetry? I have a serious purpose in saying this. Was Lowell a bad diplomat because he was a good poet? Is Gladstone less great because of his three hundred books and pamphlets? The truth is there never was, never will be, a great general, judge, lawyer, anything, without being, at heart at least, a great poet. Then let not our conventions, presidents, governors, despise the young poet who does seek expression. We have plenty of lawyers, judges, silent great men of all sorts; yet the land is songless. Had my laudable ambition not been despised, how much better I might have sung; who shall say?

"Let us quote a few lines from the last pages of my little book published before setting out.

ULTIME.

Had I been content to live on the leafy borders of the scene
Communing with the neglected dwellers of the fern-grown glen,
And glorious storm-stained peaks, with cloud-knit sheen,
And sullen iron brows, and belts of boundless green,
A peaceful, flowery path, content, I might have trod,
And caroled melodies that perchance might have been
Read with love and a sweet delight. But I kiss the rod.
I have done as best I knew. The rest is with my God.

But to conclude. Do not stick me down in the cold wet mud.
As if I wished to hide, or was ashamed of what I had done.
Or my friends believed me born of slime, with torpid blood.
No, when this the first short quarter of my life is run,
Let me ascend in clouds of smoke up to the sun.*
And as for these lines, they are rough, wild-wood bouquet,
Plucked from my mountains in the dusk of life, as one
Without taste or time to select, or put in good array,
Grasps at once rose, leaf, briar, on the brink, and hastes away.

"The author must be the sole judge as to what belongs to the public and what to the flames. Much that I have written has been on trial for many years. The honest, wise old world of today is a fairly safe jury. While it is true the poet must lead rather than be led, yet must he lead pleasantly, patiently, or he may not lead at all. So that which the world let drop out of sight as the years surged by I have, as a rule, not cared to introduce a second time.

"For example take the lines written on the dead millionaire of New York. There were perhaps a dozen verses at first, but the world found use for and kept before it only the two following:

The gold that with the sunlight lies
In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver spilling from the skies
At night to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew
He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
Some silver, crushed from stones;

*The Poet, with his own hands, has erected a funeral hill near his home upon the Heights, where his remains will "ascend in clouds of smoke up to the sun."

But the gold was red with dead men's blood.
The silver black with groans;
And when he died he moaned aloud
"They'll make no pocket in my shroud."

TO A YOUNG WRITER.

"May I, an old teacher, in conclusion, lay down a lesson or two for the young in letters? After the grave of Burns, then a month at Byron's tomb, then Schiller, Goethe; before battlefields. Heed this. The poet must be loyal, loyal not only to his God and his country, but loyal, loving, to the great masters who have nourished him.

"This devotion to the masters led me first to set foot in London near White Chapel, where Bayard Taylor had lived; although I went at once to the Abbey. Then I lived at Camberwell, because Browning was born there; then at Hemmingford Road, because Tom Hood died there.

"A thin little book now, called 'Pacific Poems,' and my watch was in pawn before it was out, for I could not find a publisher. One hundred were printed, bearing the name of the printer as publisher. What fortune! With the press notices in hand, I now went boldly to the most aristocratic publisher in London.

"As to the disposal of our dead, except so far as it tends to the good of the living, most especially the poor, who waste so much they can ill spare in burials, the young poet may say or do as he elects. But in the matters of resignation to the Infinite and belief in immortality, he shall have no choice. There never was a poet and there never will be a poet who disputed God, or so degraded himself as to doubt his eternal existence.

"One word as to the choice of theme. First, let it be new. The world has no use for two Homers, or even a second Shakespeare, were he possible.

"And now think it not intrusion if one no longer young should ask the coming poet to not waste his forces in discovering this truth: The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground. We are all too ready to choose some lurid battle theme or exalted subject. Ex-

alt your theme rather than ask your theme to exalt you. Braver and better to celebrate the lowly and forgiving grasses under foot than the stately cedars and sequoias overhead. They can speak for themselves. It has been scornfully said that all my subjects are of the low or savage. It might have been as truly said that some of my heroes and heroines, as Reil and Sophia Petrowska, died on the scaffold. But believe me, the people of heart are the unfortunate. How unfortunate that man who never knew misfortune! And thank God, the heart of the world is with the unfortunate! There never has yet been a great poem written of a rich man or gross. And I glory in the fact that I never celebrated war or warriors. Thrilling as are war themes, you will not find one, purposely, in all my books. If you would have the heart of the world with you, put heart in your work, taking care that you do not try to pass brass for gold. They are much alike to look upon, but only the ignorant can be deceived. And what is poetry without heart! In truth, were I asked to define poetry I would answer in a single word, *Heart*.

"Let me again invoke you, be loyal to your craft, not only to your craft, but to your fellow scribes. To let envy lure you to leer at even the humblest of them is to admit yourself beaten; to admit yourself to be one of the thousand failures betraying the one success. Braver it were to knife in the back a holy man at prayer. I plead for something more than the individual here. I plead for the entire Republic. To not have a glorious literature of our own is to be another Nineveh, Babylon, Turkey. Nothing ever has paid, nothing ever will pay a nation like poetry. How many millions have we paid, are still paying, bleak and rocky little Scotland to behold the land of Burns? Byron led the world to scatter its gold through the ruins of Italy, where he had mused and sang, and Italy was rebuilt. Greece survived a thousand years on the deathless melodies of her mighty dead, and now once again is the heart of the globe.

"Finally, use the briefest little bits of Saxon words at hand. The world is waiting for ideas, not for words. Remember Shakespeare's scorn of 'words, words, words.'

Remember always that it was the short Roman sword that went to the heart and conquered the world, not the long tasseled and bannered lance of the barbarian. Write this down in red and remember.

"Will we ever have an American literature? Yes, when we leave sound and words to the winds. American science has swept time and space aside. American science dashes along at fifty, sixty miles an hour; but American literature still lumbers along in the old-fashioned English stage-coach at ten miles an hour; and sometimes with a red-coated outrider blowing a horn. We must leave all this behind us. We have not time for words. A man who uses a great big sounding word when a short one will do is to that extent a robber of time. A jewel that depends greatly on its settings is not a great jewel. When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of a single syllable."

THE POET AT HOME.

While traveling in California recently, the writer could not resist the temptation offered to visit the Recluse Poet in his home at Oakland Heights, where he dwells as Walt. Whitman and all true children of nature love to dwell, surrounded by rural scenes, in close communion with nature. The drive from East Oakland to the Heights, a distance of two miles, is beautiful in the extreme. Broad and smooth, the road skirts a ravine and winds about the hill; it is cool and refreshing, being shaded on either side by Monterey cyprus, eucalyptus, and acacia trees. On arriving at the Poet's home, the first sight one gets of the man is furnished by the home he has built for his mother. His father being long since dead, with loving hand the Poet has drawn his mother away from the more active struggles of life to spend her remaining days with him on the mountain, near the clouds. Then the conservatory filled with choice flowers speaks of him as a lover of nature, but the man—the lover of nature—the Poet himself—was found in bed, in a little cell whose dimensions and primitive simplicity

forcibly suggested the early settlement of the Coast. Although only three o'clock in the afternoon, he had retired to rest, but received us most graciously, without rising. The writer was invited to a seat on the bed at his feet. Here was a man who had received the hospitality of the most polished men and women of Europe; a man who had been a welcome guest in the most magnificent dwellings in the old world; a man whose attainments now entitle him to a welcome to any society he may enter; a man who had abandoned all to follow the bent of his genius and to live with the primitive surroundings of a pioneer, with wants as simple as those of a child.

A survey of the apartment revealed a pair of trousers and high-heeled boots suspended from nails driven in the wall, an ancient bureau in one corner, a horse-hide rug on the floor, and a straw hat banded with a scarlet ribbon ornamenting one of the high posts of the bed. Then the eye catches a number of folded papers tacked to the wall above the Poet's head: these are letters received from distinguished literary persons. And, last, we were shown the photograph of an Indian maiden, daughter of Old John, Chief of the Rogue River Indians, whose subjugation in 1856 cost many lives and two million dollars. There were no lamps, candles, nor books to be seen. The Poet rises with the birds, and with them he retires. He never burns "the midnight oil" and complains that there are too many books. He declares that men rely too much on books; that they are valued by the number of books they carry with them, whether or not they know anything of nature or of nature's God of whom books should speak.

Everything about the man is quaint, everything around him is curious. The rug on the floor is said to be the skin of a faithful steed which carried General Fremont across the plains in 1843.

There seems to be nothing in him like other men except his care for flowers and his love for his mother. But the Poet—it is he of whom we now speak—once his lips move, and the little room with its quaint furniture, bare floor, bare walls and ceiling, disappear; and we stand

THE BARD OF THE SIERRAS

with bared brows beneath the broad canopy above, while our ears are filled with the murmuring of gurgling streams whose surface gives back to heaven the light of countless stars. Old words take on new meaning; old thoughts stand forth new born, and living waters follow every stroke. We were interested in all he said, but time admonished us to trespass no longer on his resting hours. Reluctantly we said "good-bye" and were glad our road wound lingeringly around the hill, making the transition less abrupt from the Poet's ideal world to the busy, bustling scenes of every-day city life on the plain below; yet our thoughts were still of the Poet on the mountain where he is keeping vigil, his ear filled with the low, sweet music of nature, while his eye catches visions from the clouds which pass over his head.

His numerous works and particularly his recently published volume of poems, "The Songs of the Soul," show him to be no idler. His spindle and distaff are ever in his hand; he spins the flax God sends, handing the threads down to his fellows on the plain. May we not weave some of them into the woof or warp of our lives?

Joaquin Miller's complete poetical works have been abridged and published in a very neat volume of 330 pages. The Poet of the Sierras has become his own censor so that he might give to the world in one volume the cream only of all that he has written; and no critic could have been more judicious and severe than he. The preface is an autobiography coupled with some of his "lessons not found in books." This is Joaquin Miller's greatest book, for in it his gentleness of manner and simplicity of style leads the reader to feel that the Bard upon the Heights has in the evening of life tuned his harp in perfect accord with the sweeter, softer, gentler strains of the bird-song in the land of the western sunset.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

He was exploring a large map in the Capitol of Oregon. His is a graceful figure of medium height and straight as an arrow; face refined, but firm; beard, the

beard of a Boer, and a wealth of auburn hair gradually growing snowy as it rests on his liberal shoulders. After finding the ancient boundary of Grant county, he said: "I used to be Judge over there—administered justice with a law book and two six-shooters." This was Joaquin Miller; and a look of '49 still lingering in his face gave the remark peculiar force so that no bystander contradicted the speaker.

This scene suggests another. At the close of a convention—a political battle—in Portland in 1870, when matters terminated sadly, as they frequently do on such occasions, three men were standing by an old fence discussing "what of the future." The most disappointed of the trio remarked, "I have failed to secure the nomination, and am going to Europe." He left, but that day was a milestone in their lives. One has since graced the gubernatoral chair as Governor Pennoyer, another the United States Circuit Court bench as Judge Bellinger, while the third, who was the first ambassador of Oregon literature to the old world, has written classic lines and noble sentiments over the name of Joaquin Miller.

It is said of Mr. Miller that he could never endure unnecessary delays. One day. when he was a young man, he decided to attend a wedding in which he was to be one of the principals. He knew his own heart, but had never met the lady of his choice. Addressing a letter to her, he obtained consent to an interview. He visited her for the first time on Thursday; they were married the next Sunday, thereby losing no time.

Formalities were always tedious to him. The story goes that when he visited England the first time the Queen desired to meet him in her mansion. He promptly declined the invitation because he had the impression that his choice Sierra costume would not be admissable on that royal occasion.

Mr. Miller's wit never fails him. Recently, while the guest of Cauthorn Hall Club, which is connected with the Oregon State Agricultural College, a lady said: "Mr. Miller, did you meet the Queen in England?" his prompt answer to the fair one being: "No, I met her in Oregon."

He is humble. He commonly alludes to other Pacific

poets as his superiors; and takes delight in speaking of Simpson's "Beautiful Willamette" as the greatest poem written in Oregon. He refers to the best of his own writings with certain pride, not because he thinks they are especially good, but because they are his best.

Contrary to current reports, Mr. Miller writes his poems while he is in bed. He writes, rests and reflects at the same time.

He loves to teach a truth. The Bible said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." To inculcate the same principle, Mr. Miller said in words as short and simple as Bunyan or Poor Richard could have used:

> In men whom men condemn as ill,
> I find so much of goodness still;
> In men whom men pronounce divine,
> I find so much of sin and blot;
> I hesitate to draw the line
> Between the two, when God has not.

Some one has written of him:

"Excepting Dwight L. Moody, I never heard any one read the Bible as Joaquin Miller reads it. He gets so much out of it, and grows so happy that his reading is inspirational. I have heard gifted elocutionists read 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Then some aged mother who scarcely knew her 'a, b, c's,' but who could read her title clear to mansions in the skies, repeated the same words with telling effect; so charming, so touching. But the Poet has the art of the elocutionist, the understanding of the mother, and the interpretation of the poet. One of the prettiest arguments I have heard for the authenticity of the scriptures was Joaquin Miller's manner of reading a few bibical passages—they seemed so beautiful, so divine."

"49."

> We have worked our claims,
> We have spent our gold,
> Our barks are astrand on the bars;
> We are battered and old,

Yet at night we behold,
Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

Chorus—

Tho' battered and old,
Our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine;
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of forty-nine.

Where the rabbits play,
Where the quail all day
Pipe on the chaparral hill;
A few more days,
And the last of us lays
His pick aside and all is still.

Chorus—

We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered old hulks and spars;
But we hope and pray,
On the judgment day,
We shall strike it up in the stars.

Chorus—

WILLIAM BROWN OF OREGON.

They called him Bill, the hired man,
But she her name was Mary Jane,
The squire's daughter; and to reign
The belle from Ber-she-be to Dan
Her little game. How lovers rash
Got mittens at the spelling school!
How many a mute, inglorious fool
Wrote rhymes and sighed and dyed mustache?

This hired man had loved her long,
Had loved her best and first and last,
Her very garments as she passed
For him had symphony and song.
So when one day with flirt and frown
She called him "Bill," he raised his heart,
He caught her eye and faltering said,
"I love you; and my name is Brown."

She fairly waltzed with rage; she wept;
You would have thought the house on fire.
She told her sire, the portly squire,
Then smelt her smelling-salts and slept.
Poor William did what could be done;
He swung a pistol on each hip.
He gathered up a great ox-whip
And drove right for the setting sun.

He crossed the big backbone of earth,
He saw the snowy mountains rolled
Like nasty billows; saw the gold
Of great big sunsets; felt the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the plain;
And every night did William Brown
Eat pork and beans and then lie down
And dream sweet dreams of Mary Jane.

Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs,
They sought for bigger game; somehow
They seemed to see about her brow
The forky sign of turkey tracks.
The teter-board of life goes up,
The teter-board of life goes down,
The sweetest face must learn to frown;
The biggest dog has been a pup.

O maidens! pluck not at the air;
The sweetest flowers I have found
Grow rather close unto the ground,
And highest places are most bare.

Why, you had better win the grace
  Of one poor cussed Af-ri-can
  Than win the eyes of every man
In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed her true desire.
  She sighed, she wept for William Brown.
  She watched the splendid sun go down
Like some great sailing ship on fire,
Then rose and checked her trunks right on;
  And in the cars she lunched and lunched,
  And had her ticket punched and punched,
Until she came to Oregon.

She reached the limit of the lines,
  She wore blue specs upon her nose,
  Wore rather short and manly clothes,
And so set out to reach the mines.
Her right hand held a Testament,
  Her pocket held a parasol,
And thus equipped right on she went,
  Went water-proof and water-fall.

She saw a miner gazing down,
  Slow stirring something with a spoon;
"O, tell me true and tell me soon,
What has become of William Brown?"
He looked askance beneath her specs,
  Then stirred his cocktail round and round,
  Then raised his head and sighed profound,
And said, "He's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek,
  And she grew faint, did Mary Jane,
  And smelt her smelling-salts in vain,
Yet wandered on, way-worn and weak.
At last upon a hill alone;
  She came, and here she sat her down;
For on that hill there stood a stone.
  And, lo! that stone read, "William Brown."

"O William Brown! O William Brown!
And here you rest at last," she said,
"With this lone stone above your head,
And forty miles from any town!
I will plant cypress trees, I will,
And I will build a fence around
And I will fertilize the ground
With tears enough to turn a mill."

She went and got a hired man.
She brought him forty miles from town,
And in the tall grass squatted down
And bade him build as she should plan.
But cruel cowboys with their bands
They saw, and hurriedly they ran
And told a bearded cattle man
Somebody builded on his lands.

He took his rifle from the rack,
He girt himself in battle pelt,
He stuck two pistols in his belt,
And mounting on his horse's back,
He plunged ahead. But when they shewed
A woman fair, about his eyes
He pulled his hat, and he likewise
Pulled at his beard, and chewed and chewed.

At last he gat him down and spake;
"O lady, dear, what do you here?"
"I build a tomb unto my dear,
I plant sweet flowers for his sake."
The bearded man threw his two hands
Above his head, then brought them down
And cried, "O, I am William Brown,
And this the corner-stone of my lands!"

The preacher rode a spotted mare,
He galloped forty miles or more;
He swore he never had before
Seen bride or bridegroom half so fair.

And all the Injins they came down
  And feasted as the night advanced,
  And all the cowboys drank and danced,
And cried: "Big Injin! William Brown."

THE RIVER OF REST.

A beautiful stream is the River of Rest;
  The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold.
A tall mast crosses a star in the west,
  A white sail gleams in the west world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand,
  He knows you well, he will steer you true,
And far, so far, from all ills upon land,
  From hates, from fates, that pursue and pursue,
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—
Dear, mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is the River of Rest:
  The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you east or journey you west,
  Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

TO JUANITA.

Come, listen O love to the voice of the dove,
  Come, hearken and hear him say
There are many tomorrows, my love, my love,
  But only one today.

And all day long you can hear him say
  This day in purple is rolled,
And the baby stars of the Milky Way
  They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is the secret, serene gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly alway,
There are many tomorrows, my love, my love,
But only one today.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

We knew it, as God's prophet's knew;
We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
With flaming torch that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
As if his own soul might appease,
Yet on and on through all the stars
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew
His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars,
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more;
As you have heard some sweetest bird
The more because its song is o'er,
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

And then the king came, king of thought.
King David with his harp and crown . . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars
All silent in the light of Mars.

All silent . . . So, he lies in state . . .
  Our redwoods drip and drip with rain . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
  We hear the great sad sobbing main.
But silent all . . . He passed the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day:
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'rl; speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate,
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?''
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
''Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!''

Then, pale and worn he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: ''On! sail on!''

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow birds' song?
Then, steer straight on, through the watery miles—
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong;
Nay, not to the left—nay, not to the right—
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight—
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far—
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star,
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay! never look back! Those level gravestones,
They were landing steps, they were steps unto thrones
Of glory of souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty, and Love, and a large content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo! Duty, and Love, and a true man's trust,
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;
Aye, Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O friend! are the Fortunate Isles.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men!

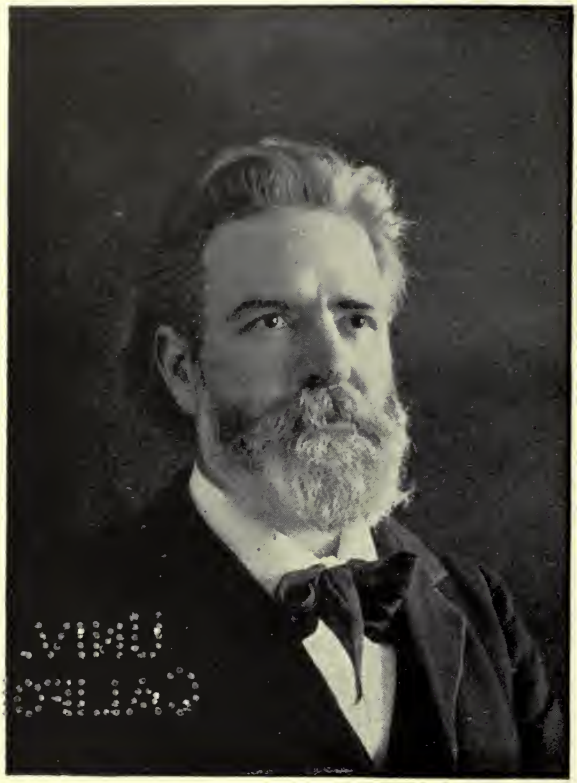
But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is that battle field!

No marshaling troup, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam or wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame;
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



EDWIN MARKHAM

Edwin Markham

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

With an ancestry of legislators, preachers, scientists and other nation-builders extending back to William Penn's first cousin and secretary—Colonel William Markham, Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania—the toiler's friend and poet, Edwin Markham, was born at Oregon City, April 23, 1852. Off for California at the age of five, the fatherless lad lived in the companionship of a stern mother with poetic taste, a deaf brother, and the poems of Byron and Homer—society which would naturally tend to make a peculiar man. Colonial blood; Oregon born; California culture; a teacher and poet; this is Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man With the Hoe."

A recent critic says of Mr. Markham's verse: "One of its distinct features is its breadth of range. This gives it greatness—a greatness unknown to the singers of the flowery way. He breaks open the secret of the poppy; he feels the pain in the bent back of labor; he goes down to the dim places of the dead; he reaches in heart-warm prayer to the Father of Life."

Another has written: "The salient features of Mr. Markham's poetry are vigorous imagination, picturesqueness of phraseology, and nervous tenseness of style. He is almost always at white heat. He seldom or never sits poised on the calm, ethereal heights of contemplation. He is mightily stirred by his teeming fancies, and his lines are as burning brands."

It warms the heart to read such glowing verses, in which the thoughts are as red coals in an open fire. It is a tremendous relief after the dreary platitudes of the average magazine drivelers, with their wooden echoes of Keats and Wordsworth, to read the lines of a man who has thought out style of his own, and who hurls

his ideas out bravely and loudly. The poem which gives its title to the book was inspired by Millet's well known picture. Mr. Markham's greatest poem is an outcry for the recognition of the wrongs of labor. In the Man with the Hoe he sees the type of the down-trodden workman, and in five stanzas thunders his sermon.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for powers;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the red reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

True greatness is measured by one's ability to stamp his impress upon humanity. Mr. Markham would therefore be great if he had done nothing more than to cause the world to pause and consider these four lines written of the servile laborer:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

People of all nationalities clearly see in these words the man with a hoe as painted by Millet and described by Markham; and, as suggested by a Western lady, they have not entirely overlooked the woman with the wash-tub and broom. Hence as a result of the thought he has awakened there is a demand for greater intelligence in the humbler pursuits of honorable industry. The world now wants to know if that "emptiness of ages" really exists in the face of honest labor; for if it does exist there, the same world will correct it, and that upon the inspiration of Edwin Markham, the Poet of Brooklyn, who delights to be remembered as a native Oregonian.

Mrs. Ella Higginson

One of the prettiest little valleys the homeseeker chanced to find in the early days of Oregon, was an amphitheater excavated in the Blue Moun'ains, a thousand feet deep. Every passer-by has noticed its symmetry, remarked its beauty, been inspired by its grandeur, and longed to linger within its great rugged walls. Clear atmosphere, lofty sky, sublimity and sunshine—save when the black storm-cloud angrily crawls up close behind Mount Emily, and with thundering threats sends the stampeding herds pell-mell into the deep canyons, to hide from winds that sway the fir, the tamarack, and the pine. It is one of those places where the heavens fit down so closely over the mountain rim that the valley and the heavens seem to make up the whole world. In fact, it is world enough for those who live there. Nature made it the abode of home-building, progress, and contentment; and the immigrants who settled there seldom have left it to return to the land whence they came.

Once, according to an ancient legend, some Frenchmen traveled that way, and, having ascended a ridge where the old emigrant road peeped over the crest, at the vision lying ahead, suddenly exclaimed "Grand Ronde!" It was in the month of May, and the first view of the picturesque valley broke in upon them at a time when that spot of emerald, hidden away in the Blue Mountains, waves like a summer sea—a time when the lightning begins to sparkle on the minarets above, and a hundred thermal springs steadily send up clouds of hot steam, rarefying the lower atmosphere and inviting the cool, exhilarating breezes from the high snowcliffs of the Powder River Range. Such was the scene that inspired the Frenchmen to exclaim "Grand Ronde," a name which the geographers have been repeating ever since, a name which will be perpetuated in prose and in song.

MRS. ELLA HIGGINSON

LIBRARY OF
CALIFORNIA

Of this charming spot made homelike to the Poetess, Mrs. Ella Higginson has written the following poem:

THE GRAND RONDE VALLEY.

Ah, me! I know how like a golden flower
The Grande Ronde Valley lies this August night,
Locked in by dimpled hills where purple light
Lies wavering. There at the sunset hour
Sink downward, like a rainbow-tinted shower,
A million colored rays, soft, changeful, bright.
Later the large moon rises, round and white,
And three Blue Mountain pines against it tower,
Lonely and dark. A coyote's mournful cry
Sinks from the canyon—whence the river leaps.
A blade of silver underneath the moon.
Like restful seas the yellow wheat fields lie.
Dreamless and still. And while the valley sleeps,
O hear!—the lullabies that low winds croon.

Such was the childhood home of Mrs. Ella Higginson, the charming poet and noted story writer, whose life work bids fair to honor the name of the delightful valley in which her early thoughts were nurtured. Born at Council Grove, Kansas, she crossed the plains while an infant, and with her parents located at La Grande, which is beautifully situated on the most prominent dais of Grand Ronde Valley. The country was sparsely settled, and as yet untried, and there were ponies and ponies and ponies. And it was then that little Ella Rhoads, afterward Mrs. Ella Higginson, acquired the love and the art of horseback riding. Sidesaddles and riding-steeds were as fashionable then as in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and it is said that the little schoolgirl determined to excel the horsemanship of the Queen who made England one of the first nations of Europe. It was her delight, and she practiced the art. On her swift steed she swept over the valley and drank in the poetry of the scenes, the anthem of the winds, and the voice of the thunder as it broke through the mountain gorge. These attuned her muse, and she began to sing to a delighted people. Thus she became a master with the rein and the pen.

True poetry is what the muse has learned in nature

without the aid of books—simply direct communion with created things. In order to fathom these wonders, the poet chooses to be alone where naught can disturb him. Solitude is his opportunity, and silence his s udy hour. He lives amid his thoughts, hence partakes of the sights and the sounds that inspire them. He loves nature's works, for he sees God in everything about him. The lily, the nightingale, the waters and the mountains, all become living things to him, and their influence upon him is but another one of God's marvelous dealings with man. N. P. Willis, upon visiting the American rapids, applied this thought in these words: "This opportunity to invest Niagara with a human soul and human feelings, is a common effect upon the minds of visitors, in every part of its wonderful phenomena." Of the influence of scenery upon the feelings and actions, Bayard Taylor, upon viewing the same falls from another point, wrote: "I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty—a fascination which continually tempted me to plunge into the sea of fused emerald, and lose myself in the dance of the rainbows." Anthony Trollope, although not a poet, has recognized this principle in his utterances upon visiting the falls: "You will find yourself among the waters, as though you belonged to them. The cool, liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful and pure." Accordingly it must not be forgotten that the poet whose life and works we are studying, lived for a long time beside the Willamette Falls at Oregon City. Nor must the fact be overlooked that the Willamette Falls are but a common-sense edition of the Niagara Falls, which so many critics have said stimulate genius and influence poetic art. There is a rumble and a dashing in the lines Mrs. Higginson has written that echo back to the splendid dashing and rhythmic rumble of the mighty falls of our poetic river.

From Oregon City she moved to Portland, Oregon, where she met, loved and was married to Mr. Russell Carden Higginson, a gentleman of Boston culture, who descended from Francis Higginson, one of the founders of New England. In 1882, she, with her husband, moved to New Whatcom, where they have since resided in their cozy upland home, which furnishes a commanding view of the snow domes and the hills, the ocean and the shore, that have suggested so many themes the author has written in pretty musical English, for the peoples of two continents.

While Mrs. Higginson writes both poetry and prose excellently, she has proved herself a true poet, both in verse and in lines not set in metrical array. Many of her short, unpretentious story sentences, are little poems within themselves—prose poems scattered in bits of tragedy, like particles of silver and gold, found in the pathway of the Indian, the leper and the refugee.

As a poet she won her first recognition in literary circles. The *Overland Monthly* editorially said of her: "A few years ago there appeared in various Eastern and Pacific Coast publications frequent bits of verse of such high merit, fraught with so much feeling, and possessing so sensuous a charm, that they sprang into immediate prominence. Many of them were widely copied by the newspapers East and West, and republished in the leading reviews of London and the East. One that attracted universal attention was 'God's Creed,' which appeared originally in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.* The verses quoted are characteristic of the poet:

Forgive me that hear thy creeds
Unawed and unafraid;
They are too small for one whose ears
Have heard God's organ played—
Who in wide, noble solitudes
In simple faith has prayed.

I watched the dawn come up the east,
Like angels chaste and still;
I felt my heart beat wild and strong,
My veins with white fire thrill.
For it was Easter morn, and Christ
Was with me on the hill.

Her poems, which are always musical, breathe a spirit of piety which commend them to the most refined; and her great spirituality will always win her an increasing patronage among the ever-growing circle of readers who learn to regard her as their friend and adviser. Leading London and American reviewers have commented favorably upon what she has written, in her three volumes of poetry, "A Bunch of Clover," "The Snow Pearls," and "When the Birds Go North Again." The Boston *Evening Gazette*, Providence *Journal*, Chicago *Graphic*, *Dilletante*, and the *Northwest Magazine* have said respectively of her work as a poet:

"Its merits are a simple directness, truth to nature, sincerity and feeling that occasionally touches the depth of passion."

"They have a melody to an unusual degree."

"Her work is distinguished by its delicacy and fire. . . . Her genius makes her cosmopolitan."

"Filled with forceful imagery and similes of beauty. . . . An exquisite bit of work."

"Ella Higginson's genius entitles her to be ranked close to Joaquin Miller. . . . There is heart and soul in her work, embodied in the richest and most delicate imagery."

That some knowledge of her poetry can be gleaned from personal inspection, the following selections are given:

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

THE RHODODENDRON BELLS.

Across the warm night's subtle dusk,
Where linger yet the purple light
And perfume of the wild, sweet musk—
So softly glowing, softly bright,
Tremble the rhododendron bells,
The rose-pink rhododendron bells.

Tall, slender trees of evergreen
That know the moist winds of the sea,
And narrow leaves of satin's sheen,
And clusters of sweet mystery—
Mysterious rhododendron bells,
Rare crimson rhododendron bells.

O harken—hush! And lean thy ear,
Tuned for an elfin melody,
And tell me now, dost thou not hear
Those voices of pink mystery—
Voices of silver-throated bells,
Of breathing, rhododendron bells?

SUNRISE ON THE WILLAMETTE.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist
That looms across the valley, fold on fold,
And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed,
Willamette sweeps, a chain of liquid gold.

Trails onward ever, curving as it goes,
Past many a hill and many a flowered lea,
Until it pauses where Columbia flows,
Deep-tongued, deep-chested, to the waiting sea.

O lovely vales thro' which Willamette slips!
O vine-clad hills that hear its soft voice call!
My heart turns ever to those sweet, cool lips
That, passing, press each rock or grassy wall.

Thro' pasture lands, where mild-eyed cattle feed,
Thro' marshy flats, where velvet tules grow,
Past many a rose tree, many a singing reed,
I hear those wet lips calling, calling low.

The sun sinks downward thro' the trembling haze,
The mist flings glistening needles high and higher,
And thro' the clouds—O fair beyond all praise!
Mount Hood leaps, chastened, from a sea of fire.

THE EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP.

The saddest eyes are those that cannot weep;
The loneliest breast the one that sobbeth not;
The lips and mind that are most parched and hot
Are those that cannot pray, and cannot sleep—
It is the silent grief that sinketh deep.
To weep out sorrow is the common lot—
To weep it out and let it be forgot—
But tears and sobs are after all but cheap,
We weep for worries, frets and trifling cares,
For toys we've broken, and for hopes that were,
And fancied woes of passing love affairs;
But only One can ease the breast of her
Whose hurt for fruitless moans has gone too deep.
Pity, O God, the eyes that cannot weep.

THE LAMP IN THE WEST.

Venus has lit her silver lamp
Low in the purple west,
Breathing a soft and mellow light
Upon the sea's full breast;
It is the hour when mead and wood
In fine seed-pearls are dressed.

Far out, far out the restless bar
Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where roaring thro' the narrow straits
The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
Across the lonely deep.

When I sail out the narrow straits
Where unknown dangers be,
And cross the troubled, moaning bar
To the mysterious sea—
Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp
Low in the west for me?

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go north again.

Mrs. Higginson is, however, winning her greatest fame as a short-story writer. Her ability in this field of literature was recognized in the stories she wrote for the *Oregon Vidette*, which suspended publication some years ago. She afterwards won a prize of $500 offered by

McClure's Magazine for the best short story, "The Takin' of Old Mis' Lane," having for her competitors many of the best American writers. Since that time her stories have appeared in the *Century, Harper's Weekly, McClure's Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Lippincott's, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly,* and other leading publications of the East.

These stories of Western life have been published in two volumes, "The Forest Orchid" and "The Flower That Grew in the Sand," the title of the latter volume being subsequently changed by the Macmillans to "The Land of the Snow Pearls." Of the author as a story writer, the *Overland Monthly* says: "Her style is strong, powerful and realistic. . . . She writes from the heart, of the plain, every-day folk she meets, and consequently she touches the heart. Her stories are unpretentious tales of common people, told simply and naturally, yet so vivid and graphic are they, that they charm the reader from the first to the last. She is as keen a student of human nature as she is a close observer of incident and detail, and her sympathetic comprehension of the trials and joys, the hardships and the romances of humble, hard-working people who constitute her characters, and her ability to interpret them with such dramatic power and delicacy of touch as to make the commonplace beautiful, are among the strongest features of her work."

Of her as a story writer, the Chicago *Tribune* said: "She has shown a breadth of treatment and knowledge of human verities that equals much of the best work of France." The New York *Independent* says: "Some of the incidents are sketched so vividly and so truthfully that persons and things come out of the page as if life itself were there." In the *Outlook* we are told that "she is one of the best American short-story writers." From *Public Opinion* we learn that "no Eastern writer can do such work better." And the *Picayune* announces that "she writes of the far West with the sympathy of one who loves it."

The following story, "The Isle of the Lepers," is here given as an illustration of her tremendous power in her chosen field of literary effort:

THE ISLE OF THE LEPERS.

There was an awful beauty on the Gulf of Georgia that summer night. It was as if all the golds and scarlets and purples of the sunset had been pounded to a fine dust and rolled in from the ocean in one great opaline mist.

The coloring of the sky began in the east with a pale green that changed delicately to salmon, and this to rose, and the rose to crimson—and so on down to the west where the sun was sinking into a gulf of scarlet, through which all the fires of hell seemed to be pouring up their flames and sparks. Long, luminous rays slanted through the mist and withdrew swiftly, like searchlights—having found all the lovely wooded islands around which the burning waves were clasping hands and kissing. The little clouds that had journeyed down to see what was going on in that scarlet gulf must have been successful in their quest, for they were fleeing back with the red badge of knowledge on each breast. Only the snow-mountains stood aloof, white, untouched—types of eternal purity.

Through all that superb riot of color that heralded the storm which was sweeping in from the ocean, moved a little boat, with a flapping sail, lazily. In it were a man and a woman. The woman was the wife of the man's best friend.

They had left Vancouver—and all else—behind them in the early primrose dawn. Trying to avoid the courses of steamers, they had lost their own, and were drifting. . . . In less than an hour the storm was upon them. All the magnificent coloring had given place to white-edged black. Occasionally a scarlet thread of lightning was cast, crinkling, along the west. Then, in a moment, followed the deep fling and roar of the thunder. Fierce squalls came tearing up the straits where the beautiful mist had trembled.

The little boat went straining and hissing through the sea. As each squall struck her the sail bellied to the water. There was no laughter now, no love-glow, on the faces in that boat; they were white as death, and their eyes were wild. Veins like ropes stood out in the

man's neck and arms, and the woman could not speak for the violent beating in her throat. She held on to the tiller with swollen hands and wrenched arms. When the boat sank into the black hollows she braced herself and looked down into the water, and thought—of many things. And through all his agonized thought for the woman, the man had other, more terrible thoughts, too.

Straight ahead of them arose the white, chalky shoulder of an island. He realized that he was powerless to avoid it. There was one low place, sloping down, green, to a beach of sand, but the sharp outlines of rocks rose between—and there was no shelter from the wind. Still, it was their only chance. That or death. (He wished afterward that it had been death.) He braced himself and pulled at the ropes until spots of blood quivered before his eyes.

"Port!" he yelled. "Port hard!" But the woman gave one gesture of despair; her hands fell from the tiller, and she sank in a huddle to the bottom of the boat.

It seemed but a moment till the boat struck and they were struggling in the waves. But a strip of headland now cut off the worst fury of the storm. The water was calmer; and, as the man was a powerful swimmer, they, after a fierce battle with the waves, reached the shore and fell, dumbly, in each other's arms, upon the beach, exhausted. . . .

Suddenly, as they lay there, above the sounds of the winds, the waves and the crushing to pieces of their boat upon the rocks, another sound was borne to their ears—a long, moaning wail that was like a chant of the dead, so weird and terrible was it.

They staggered to their feet. Coming down to them from a little row of cabins above were a dozen human creatures, the very sight of which filled them with terror. Some were without eyes; others without hands or arms; others were crawling, without feet. And as they approached, they wailed over and over the one word that their poor Chinese tongues had been taught to utter: "Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!"

Both the man and the woman understood; but the

man only spoke. "Great God! It is D'Arcy Island!" he said, in his throat. "The island of lepers!"

The woman did not speak; but she leaned heavily upon him. The waves pounded behind them, and the firs on the hill above them bowed, moaning, before the storm—some never to rise again. And still, above everything, arose that awful wail—"Unclean! Unclean!"

The man looked down upon her. Already she seemed far, far from him. She had lost everything for him—but he was thinking, even now, of what he had lost for her. They were stranded upon an island whereon there was no human being save the lepers placed there by the British Government—an island at which steamers never landed, and from which escape was impossible, unless they signaled. . . . (And these two dared not signal.) . . . For lepers there are only silence and opium—and death.

His voice shook when he spoke again.

"What accursed luck—what damnable luck—steered us here!" he cried, bitterly.

Then the woman spoke, lifting herself from him and standing alone.

"It was not luck at all," she said, steadily; "it was God."

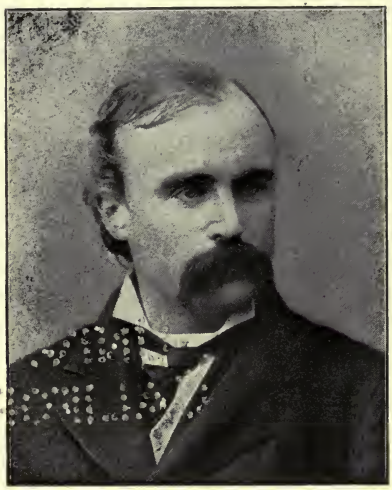
Then, suddenly, she cast all her trembling, beautiful length downward and lay prone, her face sunken to the wet sand. And lying so, she clasped her hands hard, hard, behind her neck, and cried out in a voice that lifted each word, clear and distinct, above the storm—so deep, so terrible was it with all passion, all submission, all despair—the most sublime prayer ever uttered by woman: "Oh Thou God—Who hast guided us two to the one spot on earth where we belong! I see! I understand, Oh, Thou awful God—Thou just God!"

The lepers, crawling back to their hovels, left those two alone, but their weird wail still sank through the falling darkness—"Unclean! Unclean!"

Mrs. Higginson's latest publication is "Mariella," a further study of the Northwest she knows so thoroughly, and whose atmosphere she interprets so vividly in all its

fresh, even crude, youth. A critic says the scenes are laid in the early pioneer days at first and later during the boom of 1888-9. It is the story of a young girl's development in the hard frontier farming life; in the forced social changes and evolutions following the "boom"; and in the offered choice between men of different social standing who love her. The feeling for nature in its special local characteristics, so notable in her stories, is fresh and strong, resulting in charming descriptive touches, among pages full of social insight and keen wit. It is Mrs. Higginson's first novel and is by far her most important and mature work. Simultaneous with this publication will appear three new editions of books already written by Mrs. Higginson, attesting the popularity of her productions in poety and prose. Furthermore, Mrs. Higginson's poems are in great demand with musical composers, the most prominent of whom are Horatio Parker, professor of the theory of music in Yale University; Whitney Combs, of New York, and Charles Willeby, of London, where the leading English contralto, Ada Crossley, has taken them up and made a notable success of them.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



SAM. L. SIMPSON

Sam. L. Simpson

Sam. L. Simpson was born October 10, 1845, in the State of Missouri. His parents, Hon. Ben. Simpson and Nancy Cooper Simpson, started soon thereafter for Oregon, where they arrived in the spring of 1846. Omitting the earlier period of Simpson's eventful life, we note the first lessons in his educational career, when his mother taught him, at the age of four years, his letters, by making them in the ashes upon the broad hearthstone of their pioneer home on the Clackamas River.

His childhood passed through the usual humdrum of pioneer life, which he has commemorated by one short poem entitled the "Winding Path to the Country School." During his earlier "teens" he was clerk for his father in the sutler's store, on the Grande Ronde Reservation, where he met and became the flattered and petted companion of Grant, Sheridan, and other lesser personages of a frontier military post. The latter gentleman presented him with a copy of Byron's poems, which he esteemed very highly, and to which, no doubt, is attributable the similarity of style so noticeable in many of Simpson's poems to those of Byron.

Indeed, the complaining moods of Byron are very conspicuous in Simpson's verses. It is probable that the contact of this brilliant boy with the careless ways of a frontier garrison was the initiative of a life, subsequently, so fraught with grief and disappointment. From the Reservation he went to the Willamette University, at Salem, where he graduated with honors in the class of '65. He was noted for versifying among his college associates, and began about this time to contribute to newspapers of the state.

In 1866 he was prepared to be admitted to the bar, but owing to his age he was not admitted to practice until '67. This year was a noted epoch in Simpson's life. He wrote "Ad Willametam," now known as "The Beautiful

Willamette," in the spring of 1867, and the *Democrat*, of Albany, upon publishing the poem, remarked that the young author might be expected to do something meritorious.

In the fall of '67 Simpson was married to Miss Julia Humphrey, a lady noted for her beauty and accomplishments, not the least of which was her enrapturing voice for song. She was Simpson's "Sweet Throated Thrush," his "Lurlina" of whom he writes:

> Heaven flies not
> From souls it once hath blessed.
> First love may fade but dies not
> Though wounded and distressed.

To the end of his life he was constant in his adoration of his "First Love."

After his marriage he associated with the late Judge R. S. Strahan in the practice of law, and these years were the happiest that mortals ever experience. He soon, however, from that uncontrollable impulse, betook himself to journalism, which he pursued until he died, in 1900.

Judge John Burnett, who read law with him, said, "Simpson is the Burns of Oregon. What Poe was to the beginning, Simpson was to the close of the century. The first singer of Oregon—the preparer of the way." Truly it may be said, he added to his ideal beauty of conception of nature, ever true, a classical expression and descriptive power seldom equalled, if ever excelled. His soul was set to music. The morning stars sang to him as sublime a hymn of adoration of the Creator as to the seers of ages past. The sea had for him a voice enrapturing beyond the appreciation of less inspired beings. Flowing waters had to him "Many things to sing and say." "The Beautiful Willamette" is full of that melancholy music of flowing waters, so aptly descriptive of the same stream in another poem, where he says:

> It gives you back the minor key
> That thrills in music's sweetest lines
> The mystery of minstrelsy.

His imagination interpreted the deep and mournful music of the forest—

"I hear sweet music over there,
The mountain nymphs are calling me,"
He murmured "How divine an air
O soul of mine is wooing thee."

Or swept by winter's storm these forests had a different voice for him—

The Gothic minstrel of the woods,
He sings the lightest lullaby,
Or, swept by winter's fitful moods
The battle chants, and loud and high
The Pyrrhic numbers rise and roll
To midnight stars, and Earth's great soul
Wails in the solemn interludes
Of death and woe that never die.

The shriek of ships, the war of waves.
The fury of the blanching surge—
The desolation of lone graves—
The shouts that still the onset urge—
The sobs of maidens in despair—
All saddest sounds of earth and air—
The harp of Thor o'er peaks and caves,
Blend in the paean and the dirge.

Maybe it was an inherent quality of his soul, or maybe environment, but in all Simpson's work we note the sad undertone—"The wail in mirth's mad lay," "The Sad Refrain" of love. "The thorn beneath the rose" that seemed to have pierced his heart. This thought is forcibly expressed in the following lines:

The breath of immortality
But withers human thought, we love
The summer smouldering on the lea,
The mournful deathsong of the dove.

This idea seems to have become such as passion that he exclaims—

The divinest pleasures arise and soar
On wings that are sorrow laden.

Simpson's nature was the essence of love of all things good and beautiful, gloomed by a sorrow-laden life, but with an abiding faith in the great hereafter. Hear the conclusion:

> O when the angel of silence has brushed
> Me with his wings and this pining is hushed;
> Tenderly, graciously, light as the snow
> Fall the kind mention of all that I know;
> Words that will cover and whiten the sod,
> Folding the life that was given of God;
> Wayward, maybe, and persistent to rove,
> Restful, at last, in the glamour of love.

THE BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

Of the origin of "The Beautiful Willamette," Mr. C. H. Sox, of Albany, Oregon, has written:

It was during Sam. L. Simpson's residence at Albany, Oregon, that he wrote "Ad Willametam" ("Beautiful Willamette"), the grandest and prettiest of his poems, and it was my good fortune to first put this poem into type from the original manuscript. It was printed in the Democrat, April 18, 1868. The editor had this to say of it: "The original poetry, under the title of 'Ad Willametam,' to be found elsewhere in today's Democrat, signed by 'S. L. S.,' we consider a very beautiful poem, and we trust the author will not let this be the last time he will favor us with his literary productions."

After the appearance of this poem in the Democrat, the entire press of the state printed it; the leading California papers then took it up, and shortly afterwards it appeared in many Eastern publications, and was highly praised everywhere.

Simpson was a young man at that time, temperate, unmarried, in fact just out of college, and the poem was written in the seclusion of his own private apartments. I kept the manuscript of the poem for several years, but it became misplaced and lost.

> From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
> Leaping like a child at play,
> Winding, widening through the valley
> Bright Willamette glides away;
> Onward ever,
> Lovely river,

Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.
(Notice the music of the old song.)
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limid, volatile, and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

In thy crystal deeps inverted
Swings a picture of the sky.
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn,
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round today.
Love would wander
Here and ponder,
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy streams.

On the roaring waste of ocean
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss,
'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.

Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever
Down the sloping paths of Time.
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

ONLY A FEATHER.

There is never a rose in the green garden blows
In the time of the dreamiest weather
That enkindles my heart till in rapture it glows
As the flame of this dear little feather.
It is crimson, you see, and so many there be
That may rival its aniline luster,
It is strange that it weaves such a spell upon me,
As the redolent memories cluster.

The philosophers read any secret at need,
And restore a dead field from a flower,
Or a forest with banners from one withered seed,
That has slept in a fossilized bower;
And they'd tell me today, from this tremulous spray,
This endeared and adorable feather,
Of a Romanized warbler that wore it one day
When the sun-birds were singing together.

And I'd nod, and I'd smile, but I'd know all the while
They were lost in a tangle of fable;
There was never a bird in a palm-crested isle
That the orient fairies called Mabel;
And there's no bird that roves in the pomegranate groves,
Or savannas of villas suburban,
That displays such a plume, as it gracefully moves
In a dainty Parisian turban.

And from tip unto tip, with a pause at her lip,
It is useless to tell you the measure
Of the sweet-throated thrush that allured me to sip
The delight of the chalice of pleasure;
For the years, as they flow, have a cadence of woe
That my heart was bowed down to discover,
Since she moulted this plume many summers ago,
As she leaned on the breast of her lover.

Oh, the myrtle-sweet days, how they throng to my gaze
In a crimsoning vista of roses,
And the light of romance reverentially plays
O'er the scene that my fancy discloses;
For my sweetheart is there on the glimmering square,
Where the school girls at evening are trooping,
And her wavering plume, like a flame in the air,
Is gracefully swaying and drooping.

Ah, well, it is right that I sorrow tonight,
And I kneel to the fate that is given,
For the joy of that time, like Prome'hean light,
Was purloined from the treasure of heaven:
It is well that I moan for the day that is gone,
For my life is astray altogether,
And the dreams of my summer like swallows have flown,
And left this memorial feather.

THE CROWNING OF THE SLAIN.

I.

Again, in the month of beauty,
When the blush of the rose is born,
In the kiss which the earth, at robing,
Receives on the bridal morn,
We think of the heroes that slumber,
Away from the light of the sun,
Where the banners of forests are waving,
And the musical rivers run,

II.

The white tented mists in the valley,
Pass dreamily on at dawn,
And the rustling of feet in the greenwood,
Is made by the rabbit and fawn;
It is only the glint of a plowshare,
As it turns in yon distant field,
And never the bayonet-glimmer
By a wheeling rank revealed.

III.

The days, among pearls and lilies,
Awake with a smile of peace,
And pass—reclining at sunset
On a glory of golden fleece;
But never a war-drum startles,
And never the cannon roar—
Nor the angel of battle passes
With brows that are red with gore.

IV.

The flowers have come, in a splendor
Of color and perfect perfume.
The birds build again in their branches,
And the honey-bee rifles the bloom—
The loving and loved, in the gloaming,
And, oft, by the silvery beam,
Are plucking the roses of Eden,
And dreaming the beautiful dream;

V.

But the strong hands folded from battle
Will nevermore toil nor caress—
The roses return, but the soldier
Sleeps on in his patriot dress,
His name and his deeds are forgotten,
His sword in its scabbard will rust,
But the sunshine is brighter above him,
And the olive will spring from his dust.

VI.

Ah, God! in our banners of crimson,
How cling the crape shadows of grief—
How close to the palm and the laurel
Is the funeral cypress leaf?
And 'tis well that we cherish our martyrs—
Else the triumph might seem too dear
That gave back a country unbroken,
But left us no heart for a tear.

VII.

And so, in the month of beauty,
When the sea and the sky are blue,
And we love more tender,
And are true with a heart more true—
Let us gather the flowers in clusters,
And weave them in chaplets fair,
And, wherever a soldier slumbers,
To his low grave side repair.

VIII.

For this is the month of beauty,
When the sea and the sky are true—
A time to be tenderly thoughtful
Of those that have worn the blue,
And who sleep away from the sunshine
In their low and lonesome graves,
While ever, on land and ocean,
The dauntless banner waves.

IX.

And what shall we bring, but flowers,
To hallow the heroes' sleep—
These gifts of the dew and the daylight
That ever memorial keep
Of the spirit immortal—and ever
In bursting the mold of death
Renew the perishing garlands
On the shadowy brow of Faith!

THE MYSTIC RIVER.

(*This poem was composed at the request of Miss Ellen Chamberlin.*)

(Tune, Cantilena.)

I.

Beside the mystic river,
At holy even fall,
Where golden lilies quiver,
And reedy murmurs call—
We pause, dear hearts, at starting,
Each leaning on his oar,
And never knew till parting,
How beautiful the shore!

Chorus—

Touch hands with love,
Touch lips with tears—
The golden lilies chime,
And call us to the river,
And down the tide of time.

II.

The brow of Alma Mater
Ne'er shone with such a light,
And O we know that later,
When tempests come, and night,
That light, forever shining
Along life's troubled main,
Will cheer us, though repining
In darkness and in pain.

Chorus—

III.

The stars march on—the gleaming
Of every diamond crest,
And white plume dimly streaming
Above the world's unrest—

Tell us the martial story
That rules the realm of space—
The combat and the glory
Heroic lives may face.
Chorus—

IV.

The last word must be spoken,
The last song must be sung—
Yet O we give no token
Of how our hearts are wrung,
As here, beside the river,
We lean, and look, and sigh,
And on our faint lips quiver
The long, long words, "Good bye!"
Chorus—

SNOW-DRIFT.

I.

Tenderly, patiently falling, the snow
Whitens the gleaming, and in the street glow
Spectrally beautiful, drifts to the earth—
Pale, in life's brightness, and still, in its mirth:
Swarming and settling like spirits of bees
Blown from the blossoms of song-haunted trees—
Blown with the petals of dreams we have grown
Rosy with heart-dews in days that are gone.

II.

Spirits of flowers and spectres of bees—
Beauty and soil—is 't an emblem of these
Thrown to us silently—cold and so fair—
Treasure we piled in the mansions of air?
Just as if heaven, that gathered our sighs,
Wept for the hope that the future denies,
Dreamingly lifted the glowing bouquet,
Bright from earth's garden, and tossed it away!

III.

Soft as the touch of the white-handed moon,
Waking the world in a twilight of June,
Gently and lovingly hastens the snow—
Weaving a veil for dead nature below;
Kissing the stains from the hoof-beaten street,
Folding the town in a slumber so sweet—
Surely the stars, in their helmets of gold,
Patient must linger and love to behold.

IV.

Thus our endeavor may fail of its prize—
Hope and ambition drop cold from our skies;
Yet on the pathway so lonely and sere,
Rugged with failure, and clouded by fear,
Spirits of beauty come out of defeat,
Cover life's sorrows, and shield its retreat—
Healing the heart as the fall of the snow
Mantles the darkness of winter below.

V.

O, when the Angel of Silence has brushed
Me with his wing, and this pining is hushed,
Tenderly, graciously, light as the snow,
Fall the kind mention of all that I know—
Words that will cover and whiten the sod
Folding the life that was given of God;
Broken, may be, and persistent to rove—
Restful, at last, in the glamour of love.

THE FEAST OF APPLE BLOOM.

I.

When the sky is a dream of violet
  And the days are rich with gold,
And the satin robe of the earth is set
  With the jewels wrought of old;

When the woodlands wave in coral seas
And the purple mountains loom,
It is heaven to come, with birds and bees,
To the feast of apple bloom.

II.

For the gabled roof of home arose
O'er the sheen of the orchard snow,
And is still my shrine, when storms repose
And the gnarly branches blow;
And the music of childhood's singing heart,
That was lost in the backward gloom,
May be heard when the robins meet and part
At the feast of apple bloom.

III.

And I think when the trees display a crown
Like the gleam of a resting dove,
Of a face that was framed in tresses brown
And aglow with a mother's love;
At the end of the orchard path she stands,
And I laugh at my manhood's doom
As my spirit flies, with lifted hands,
To the feast of apple bloom.

IV.

When the rainbow paths of faded skies
Are restored with the diamond rain,
And the joys of my wasted paradise
Are returning to earth again,
It is sadder than death to know how brief
Are the smiles that the dead assume;
But a moment allowed, a flying leaf
From the feast of apple bloom.

V.

But a golden arch forever shines
In the dim and darkening past,
Where I stand again, as day declines,
And the world is bright and vast;

For the glory that lies along the lane
  Is endeared with sweet perfume,
And the world is ours, and we are twain
  At the feast of apple bloom.

VI.

She was more than fair in the wreath she wore
  Of the creamy buds and blows
And she comes to me from the speechless shore
  When the flowering orchard grows;
And I sigh for the dreams so sweet and swift,
  That are laid in a sacred tomb—
Yet are nothing at last but fragrant drift
  From the feast of apple bloom.

THE NYMPHS OF THE CASCADES.

Dedicated to the memory of George E. Strong, a brilliant young journalist, formerly of the Oregonian staff, who, imaging that he heard beautiful strains of music and sweet voices calling him, wandered away from a camp in the Cascade Mountains while his companions were sleeping and was utterly lost, no trace of him, dead or alive, having ever been found.

The camp fire, like a red night rose,
  Blossomed beneath a gloomy fir;
When weary men in deep repose,
  Heard not the gentle night wind stir.
The priestly robes high over head—
  Heard not the wild brook's wailing song,
Nor any nameless sounds of dread,
  Which to the midnight woods belong.

The moon sailed on a golden bark,
  Astray in lilied purple seas;
And forest shadows weirdly dark,
  Were peopled with all mysteries;
And all was wild and drear and strange
  Around that lonely bivouac,
Where mountains, rising range on range
  Shouldered the march of progress back.

The red fire's fluttering tongues of flame,
  Whispered to brooding darkness there,
And spectral shapes without a name
  Were hovering in the haunted air;
And from the fir tree's inner shade,
  A drear owl, sobbing forth his rune
Kept watch and mournful homage paid
  At intervals unto the moon.

The travelers dreamed on serene,
  Save one, whose brow, curl-swept,
Was damp from agony within;
  Who tossed and murmured as he slept,
The fretful fire-light on his face,
  Wavered and danced in fitful play,
Until the old enchanting grace
  Of young ambition on it lay.

The glamour of the rosy light
  The heavy lines concealed,
And trembling shadows of the night
  Beyond him, like sad spirits, kneeled;
For his had been the lustress gift—
  Of genius lent by God to few,
The splendid jewel wrought by swift
  Angelic art of fire and dew.

But like the pearl of Egypt's queen,
  'Twas drowned in pleasure's crimson cup,
And lo, its amethystine sheen,
  In baleful vapors curling up,
Soon wreathed his brain in that dark spell,
  That has no kindred seal of woe;
And phantoms that with Oreus dwell,
  In mystic dance swept to and fro.

Swept to and fro and maddened him
  With gestures wild and taunts and jeers,
And waved the withered chaplets dim
  That he had worn in flowery years;

His spirit furled its shining wings,
Never again to sing and soar,
And wove all wild imaginings
In shapes of horror evermore.

The sleeper started, partly raised
Upon his elbow, leaned awhile,
And deep into the darkness gazed
With wistful eyes and brightened smile:
"I hear sweet music over there,
The mountain nymphs are calling me."
He murmured, "How divine an air,
Oh, soul of mine, is wooing thee."

"Coming!" he whispered, and arose,
And in the air first reached a hand,
To clasp a spirit? No one knows,
Or where he stood can ever stand—
And lo, into the heavy night,
As led by hands unseen, he fled,
A startling figure, clad in white
Into the canyons dark and dread.

'Twas years ago, but trace or track
Of him has never yet been found,
For echo only answered back
The hunter's call and baying hound;
Forever lost, untracked, unseen,
In the upheaved and wild Cascades,
Forever lost, untracked, unseen,
A shadow now among the shades.

From some snow-wreathed and shining peak
His soul swam starward long ago.
And now no more we vainly seek,
The secret of his fate to know.
While fires of sunset and of dawn
Flame red and fade on many a height,
The myst'ry will not be withdrawn
From him, long lost from human sight.

And yet I sometimes sit and dream
Of him, my schoolmate and my friend,
As wandering where bright waters gleam,
In some sweet life that has no end—
Within the Cascades' inner walls,
Where nymphs, beyond all fancy fair,
Soothe him with siren madrigals,
And deck him with their golden hair.

TONIGHT.

DECEMBER 24, 1877.

When the stars gather in splendor, tonight,
Darkness, O Planet, will cover thy face—
Death-ridden darkness, in shapes that affright,
Black with the curses that blacken our race!
And the mist, like the ghost
Of a hope that is lost,
Strangely will hover o'er fields that are bare
And the seas, at whose heart the old sorrow is throbbing—
Restless and hopeless, eternally sobbing—
Madly will kneel in a tempest of prayer.

When the stars gather in armor, tonight,
Planet of wailing, thy fate shall be read!
Steal like a nun neath the scourge from their sight,
Gather thy sorrows, like robes, to thy head!
For the vestal white rose
Of the crystalline snows
Coldly has sealed thee to silence unblessed;
And the red rose is dead in thy gardens of pleasure—
Forests, like princes, bereft of all treasure
Rise and upbraid thee, a skeleton jest!

When the stars gather in vengeance, tonight,
Gibbering history, too, will arise,
Rustling her garments of mildew and blight,
Only to curse thee, O mother of lies!
With thy goblet all drained,
And thy wanton lip stained—

Singing wild songs where all ruin appears—
What shalt thou say of this dust that was glory,
Dust that beseeches thee still with a story,
Deep in whose silence are rivers of tears?

When the stars gather in chorus, tonight,
Singing the lullaby song of our Lord,
Childhood shall come to us, dimpled and bright,
Kissed by His promise, and fed by His word;
And our fears shall depart,
And our anguish of heart,
Rending us darkly the lengthy years thro';
And the dust of the perished shall blossom, and beauty
Garland the lowliest pathway of duty,
Rich with the hopes that our spirits renew.

SIMPSON'S

"BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE"

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Photo by Fulton. THE SISTERS.

From
the Cascades'
frozen gorges
Leaping
like a child
at play;

GATCH FALLS.

Courtesy Art Photogravure Co. THE WILLAMETTE AT CORVALLIS.

Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away:
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,

Courtesy Art Photogravure Co.

SCENE AT ALBANY.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border at thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples in thy tide;

Digitized by Google

Hirstel. SUNSET ON THE WILLAMETTE.

Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden when the day departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.

Thomas.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PACIFIC.

Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limpid, volatile, and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

Courtesy Art Photogravure Co.

WILLAMETTE FALLS.

In thy crystal deeps inverted
  Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn,
  Dimly in our dreams they lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,

Courtesy Art Photogravure Co. WILLAMETTE AT PORTLAND.

Faint and lovely far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance on to-day.

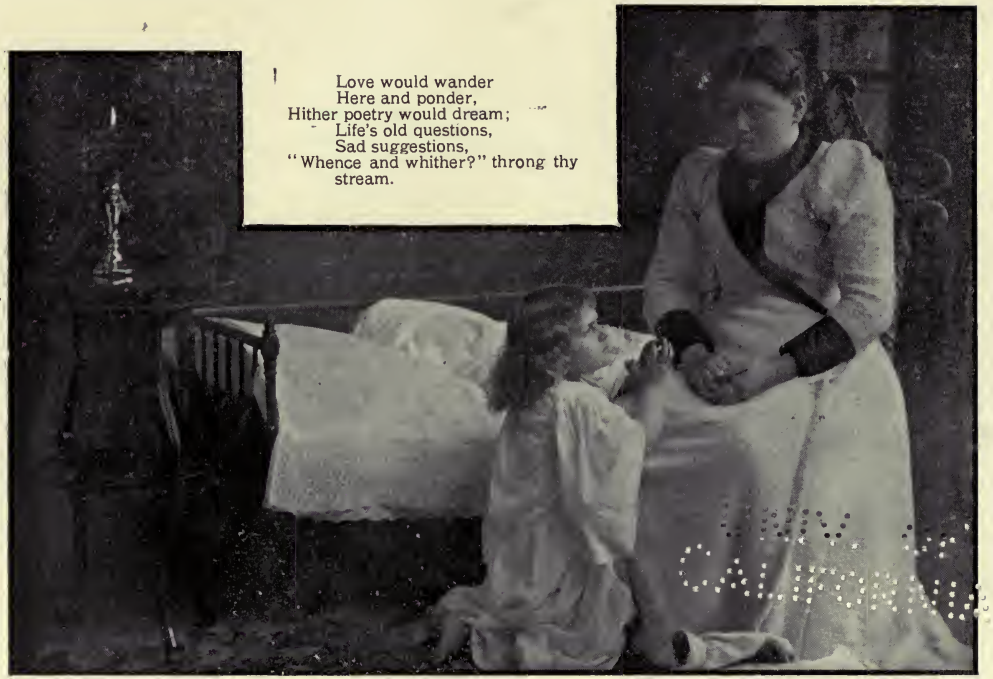
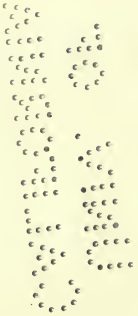


Photo by Phillips.

EVENING PRAYER.



Courtesy Art Photogravure Co. WHERE THE COLUMBIA AND THE OCEAN MEET.

On the roaring waste of 'ocean
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss,
'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.

Courtesy Art Photogravure Co. THE WILLAMETTE NEAR PORTLAND.

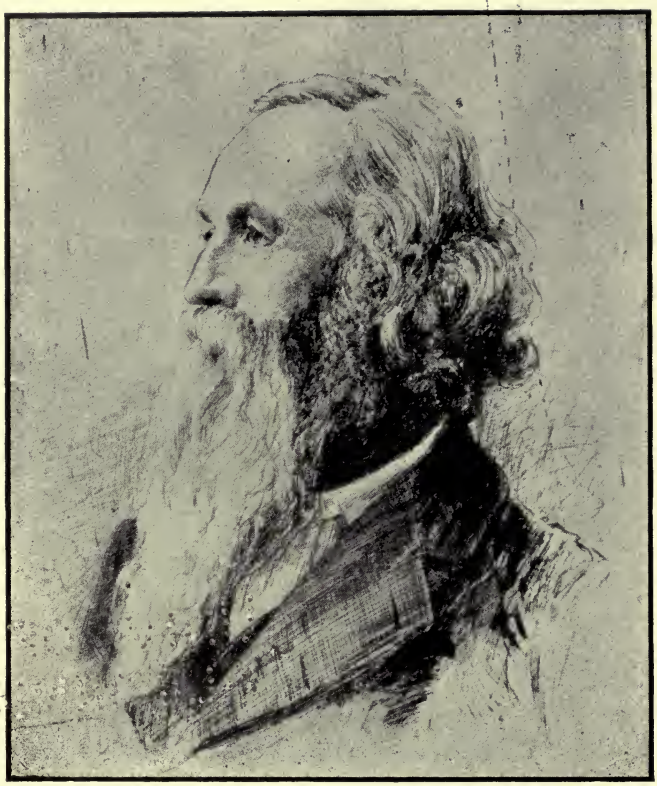
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild forever
Down the sloping paths of Time.

Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Photo by Phillips.

FATHER TIME.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



JAMES G. CLARKE

James G. Clarke

Miss Leona Smith says: "'Poetry and Song,' written by James G. Clarke, for many years a resident of Grants Pass, Oregon, does not possess all the elements necessary to world-wide renown, but it will undoubtedly continue to be an inspiration to many throughout this Nation. The poems have a sweet, soft, sad melody which reveal to us the suffering of the author. They are not the hopeless longings of a soul unsatisfied, but they are the expression of one who is sure of a place in his Father's home. He even fancies that—

> He catches the sweet strains of songs
> Floating down from distant throngs
> And can feel the touch of hands
> Reaching out from angel bands.

"Purity is one of the prominent traits of his writings. He wrote some very tender love poems, but they are all on the strain of 'I cannot live without you.' Many of his poems are of childhood; in one he says:

> Friends of my childhood
> Tender and loving,
> Scattered like leaves over a desolate plain;
> Dreams of childhood, where are you roving,
> Never to gladden my pathway of pain.

"The poem 'Look Up' is representative of his work; it is—

> Look up, look up, desponding soul!
> The clouds are only seeming,
> The light behind the darkening scroll
> Eternally is beaming.
>
> There is no death, there is no night,
> No life nor day declining,
> Beyond the day's departing light,
> The sun is always shining.

Could we but pierce the rolling storms
That veil the pathway southward,
We'd see a host of shining forms
Forever looking onward.

"'The Mount of the Holy Cross,' which is numbered among American classics, is his greatest poem."

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

The Mount of the Holy Cross, the principal mountain of the Saguache Range, Colorado, is 14,176 feet above tide-water. The Cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow summer and winter. The crevices are about fifty feet wide, and the snow in them from fifty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the Cross is some fifteen hundred feet long, and the horizontal arm seven hundred feet. The Cross may be seen at a distance of thirty or forty miles.

The ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly-born continent burst into view;
Like furrows upturned by the plowshare of God,
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod;
And their towering summits, in mighty array,
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact with mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born.
The headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn;
The sun from the trembling sea marshalled the mist
Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed;
And the Winter-king reached from his cloud-castled height
To hang on each brow the first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side:
"O soul of my soul! by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;

The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain;
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain;
Oh, loved of my bosom! Oh, child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee!''

But a sound, like all melodies mingled in one,
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun.
Like music from far-distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air, and ocean were hushed in the spell:
''Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

'' 'Twas mine to create them, 'tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land;
All, all are my creatures, and they who would give
True worship to me for each other must live.
Lo! I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and sea—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this.''

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south, where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar,
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chimes of Nature its advent was rung,
Around it the hair of the Winter-king curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled,
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's cold
breast,
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

Then the spirit of Summer came up from the south
With the smile of the Junes on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valley, the plains, and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills;
The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It will never grow old while the sea breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands on the plains of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the Red Sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore;
As long as the incense from the ocean shall rise
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MRS. EVA EMERY DYE

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye

The *Land of Sunshine*, of Los Angeles, says:

"Eva Emery Dye, whose strong book, 'McLoughlin and Old Oregon,' has been warmly commended, was born in Prophetstown, Illinois, of New England ancestry. There in the historic haunts of Black Hawk, she turned even as a child to the fascination of the past. Graduating from Oberlin College in 1882 she married a classmate, Charles Henry Dye, of Fort Madison, Iowa; and in 1890 they removed to Oregon City, Oregon. The wealth of history and romance in that unharried field appealed strongly to Mrs. Dye; and she plunged at once into ardent cross-examination of the pioneers and pioneer times of the far Northwest. 'Old Oregon' is still new enough so that contemporaries of the first heroes still survive. It is not, like California, two long lifetimes back to the historic beginnings; or New Mexico with more than three centuries and a half of history. And even as it is scant in the documentary treasures of which the older West has such marvelous—though recondite—store, it is richer in the human parchments. And here was Mrs. Dye's bonanza. She has foregathered with these tottering chronicles, and gathered from them their reminiscences. White-headed men and women have told her of the migrations of the early 'Forties; missionaries of the 'Thirties have gone over with her the times that tried men's souls; and still further back, the old voyageurs and fur-traders of the Hudson's Bay Company have given her their eye-witness versions of that Homeric day. Even the Indian—one of the most vital and competent of witnesses, when one knows how to get at him—has not been forgotten in Mrs. Dye's eager research; and every old book, document or letter that she could lay her hands upon was as earnestly devoured.

"The result is in evidence. 'McLoughlin and Old Oregon' is one of the best Western books in its sort—

and a good sort. Taking it in conjunction with Coues's critical 'Larpenteur,' one may have an excellently clear concept of the old Northwest, and of that most romantic corporation in human history, the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its gallantry and all its meanness. Mrs. Dye's home is in Oregon City, Oregon."

Mrs. Dye's book, now in press, is to be called "The Conquest: The True Story of Lewis and Clarke," and deals with the great middle West movement ending with the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke that brought the United States under our dominion. An edition of 15,000 copies is now in press, with A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, to be out in November. The frontispiece is "Judith," the girl for whom Clarke named the River Judith in Montana and whom he afterward married. The incident of their courtship and marriage forms a romantic feature of the book; the special heroine of the expedition itself is Sacajawea, the beautiful Shoshone Indian girl who piloted Lewis and Clarke through the mountains and spent the winter with them at Fort Clatsop by the Oregon sea. Sacajawea's husband, Charboneau, was interpreter and voyageur. In this book Mrs. Dye has made use of many interesting and valuable traditions preserved by the Western Indians concerning these marvelous first white men that came to them out of the East.

JO LANE AND THE INDIANS.

Table Rock is a flat-topped mountain overhanging Rogue River, in Southern Oregon. From this watch-tower, sweeping the valley for miles, the Indians noted incoming immigrants and the movements of gold-seekers. Thus, with accurate knowledge of their strength and movements, the Indians could swoop down with unerring aim and annihilate whole encampments. They became expert robbers, bandits of as wild exploits as any ever celebrated in song or story. Strangers entering the lovely valley of the Rogue little imagined that picturesque peak of the Table Rock sheltered the deadliest foe of settlement and of civilization.

In the days of the gold rush, large companies passed in comparative safety, but many a straggler, many a group of three or four, went out never to return.

In the spring of 1850, Governor Jo Lane, the "Marion of the Mexican War," decided to go down and quiet those Indian banditti. With an escort of fifteen men, a pack-train bound for the mines, and a few friendly Klickitats—born foes of the Rogue Rivers—he made a descent on their country. Camping near some Indian villages, General Lane sent word to the principal chief, "I want a 'peace talk.' Come unarmed."

The chief and seventy-five followers came and sat in a ring on the grass around the *Hyas Tyee* of the whites. Lane very flatteringly and with great ado brought the Indian chief into the center with himself. Just behind sat his Klickitat aides. Before the conference began, seventy-five more Indians appeared, fully armed. "Put down your arms and be seated," said Lane to the new comers. They sat down. General Lane, the hero of many a battle, made a great peace talk. "I hear you have been murdering and robbing my people. It must stop. My people must pass through your country in safety. Our laws have been extended here. Obey them, and you can live in peace. The Great Father of Washington will buy your lands and pay you for them."

He paused for response. The Rogue River chief uttered a stentorian note. His Indians leaped to their feet with a war-cry, brandishing their weapons. At a flash from the General's eye the Klickitats seized the chief. Motioning his men not to shoot, with utter fearlessness Lane walked into the midst of the warriors, knocking up their guns with his revolver. "Sit down," he sternly motioned. The astonished chief, with the Klickitat's knife before his eye, seconded the motion, and the savages grounded their arms. As if nothing had happened, Lane went on talking. "Now," he said, "go home. Return in two days in a friendly manner to another council. Your chief shall be my guest."

The crestfallen Indians withdrew, leaving their chief a prisoner with General Lane. At sunrise an anxious squaw came over the hills to find her lord. Jo Lane

brought her in and treated her like a lady. For two days Lane talked with that savage chief and won his friendship. When the warriors came a treaty was easily concluded.

"And now bring the goods you stole from my people," said General Lane. The Indians bundled away and soon brought in whatever was left. But the treasures of a recent robbery were gone beyond retrieve. Ignorant of their value, the savages had emptied the precious sacks of gold-dust into the river.

"What is the name of this great chief?" asked the Indians of the interpreter. The General himself answered, "Jo Lane."

"Give me your name," said the Indian chief. "I have seen no man like you."

"I will give you half my name," said Lane. "You shall be called Jo. To your wife I give the name 'Sally,' and your daughter shall be called Mary."

General Lane wrote a word about the treaty on slips of paper and signed his name. Giving them to the Indians, he said, "Whenever any white man comes into your country, show him this. Take care of my people."

As long as those precious bits of paper held together the Indians preserved them. Whenever a white man appeared they went to him, holding out the paper, saying rapidly the magic password, "Jo Lane, Jo Lane, Jo Lane"—the only English words they knew. For about a year Chief Jo tried to keep the peace with the ever-increasing flood of white men.

After a while, when all the other Indians around him were fighting, Chief Jo went again on the warpath. General Lane, no longer Governor, was building a home on his claim in the Umpqua Valley, near the present site of Roseburg, when he heard the news. Hastily gathering a small force, he hurried to the scene of hostility. For a hundred miles up and down the California trail the Indians were slaughtering and burning. Houses were destroyed and the woods were on fire, and a dense smoke hid the enemy's track.

As soon as Lane appeared he was put in command. They traced the Indians, and a great battle was fought

at a creek near Table Rock. Chief Jo had been proudly defiant and boasted, "I have a thousand warriors. I can darken the sun with their arrows." But when he saw his warriors falling, and their women and children prisoners, the old chief's feathers dropped. He heard that Jo Lane had come, and sent for a "peace talk." "Jo Lane, Jo Lane," all the Indians began to call—"Jo Lane, Jo Lane"—from bush and hollow.

The General, wounded in the battle, and faint from the loss of blood, ordered a suspension of hostilities. Not wishing them to know that he was wounded, he threw a cloak over his shoulders to conceal his arm, and walked into the Indian camp. His men were amazed, and censured this rash exposure of his life. Far off, as soon as Chief Jo caught sight of Lane approaching, he cried his griefs across the river: "The white men have come on horses in great numbers. They are taking our country. We are afraid to lie down to sleep, lest they come upon us. We are weary of war, and want peace."

Lane sat down by his namesake, Chief Jo. "Our hearts are sick," said the despondent chief. "We will meet you at Table Rock in seven days," was the final conclusion, "and give up our arms." Lane agreed to this, and took with him the son of Chief Jo as a hostage.

During the armistice, reinforcements were arriving—among them a howitzer and muskets and ammunition—in charge of young Lieutenant Kautz, of Fort Vancouver. Also, a guard of forty men, led by Captain Nesmith, from the Willamette Valley. General Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, came, and Judge Deady, who was on his way to Jacksonville to hold court.

The Indians heard of the howitzer long before it arrived. "*Hyas* rifle," they said; "it takes a hatful of powder, and will shoot down a tree." They begged that the great gun might not be fired. The reinforcements were wild to have a chance at those Indians whose campfires nightly shone from Table Rock, but General Lane held them to the armistice.

The day of the council arrived. In the language of Judge Deady, an eye-witness: "The scene of the famous 'peace talk' between Joseph Lane and Indian Joseph—

two men who had so lately met in mortal combat—was worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott and the pencil of Salvator Rosa. It was on a narrow bench of a long gently sloping hill lying over against the noted bluff called Table Rock. Lane was in fatigue dress, the arm which was wounded at Buena Vista in a sling, from a fresh wound received at Battle Creek. Indian Joseph, tall, grave and self-possessed, wore a long black robe over his ordinary dress. By his side sat Mary, his favorite child and faithful companion, then a comparatively handsome young woman, unstained by the vices of civilization. Around these sat on the grass Captain A. J. Smith, who had just arrived from Port Orford with his company of the First Dragoons; Captain Alvord, then engaged in the construction of a military road through the Umpqua Canon; and others. A short distance above, upon the hillside, were some hundreds of dusky warriors in fighting gear, reclining quietly on the ground. The day was beautiful. To the east of us rose abruptly Table Rock, and at its base stood Smith's dragoons, waiting anxiously, with hand on horse, the issue of this attempt to make peace without their aid."

Captain Nesmith, on account of his knowledge of Chinook, was chosen interpreter. "But those Indians are rogues," interposed Nesmith. "It is not safe to go among them unarmed."

"I have promised to go into their camp without arms, and I shall keep my word," said Lane. Nevertheless, one man, Captain Miller, did keep a pistol concealed beneath his coat.

In the midst of the council a young Indian rushed panting in, made a short harangue, and threw himself upon the ground, exhausted. A band of white men, led by one lawless Owens, had that morning broke the armistice, and shot a young chief. Every Indian eye flashed; they began to uncover their guns.

In the face of that band of fierce and hostile savages, every white man thought his time had come, and whispered a prayer for wife and children. Some muttered words that were not prayers. Captain Smith leaned upon his saber and looked anxiously down upon his beau-

tiful line of dragoons, sitting, with their white belts and burnished scabbards, like statues upon their horses in the sun below. And yet no word could reach them of that imminent peril on the mountain side.

General Lane sat with compressed lips on a log. Another and another Indian spoke, belaboring back and forth their anger. As if stopping the mouth of a volcano, General Lane stepped out, calling in a loud tone the Indian murmurs, "Owens is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When we catch him he shall be punished. You shall be recompensed in blankets and clothing for the loss of your young chief." The red men caught the winning words. As Lane went on talking the excitement gradually subsided and the conference went on.

The treaty was concluded, the Indians ceding the whole of the Rogue River Valley and accepting a reservation at Table Rock. They were to give up their arms, except a few for hunting; to have an agent over them; and to be paid sixty thousand dollars by the Government, to be expended in blankets, clothing, agricultural implements, and houses for chiefs.

When all was over the white men wended their way down the rocks. The bugle sounded, and the squadrons wheeled away. As General Lane and party rode across the valley they looked up and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock.

Nesmith drew a long breath. "General, the next time you want to go unarmed into a hostile camp, you must hunt up somebody besides myself to act as your interpreter."

With a benignant smile General Lane responded, "God bless you, Nesmith; luck is better than science." Nevertheless, twenty years later, in just such a case, General Canby lost his life at the Modoc camp.

Wonderful to relate, in all the fierce and frightful Indian wars that followed, the treaty Indians of Table Rock forever kept the peace. When all other tribes around them were on the warpath, they alone remained quiet on their reservation.

THE OREGON SKYLARK.

Descendant of a thousand springs,
The skylark lifts his gladsome wings,
The skylark lifts and sings and sings
The song of all created things.

The skylark sings and summer lifts
Her head among the snowy drifts
Of petal bloom that softly sifts
Thro' breeze and sun and leafy rifts.

The skylark sings and floats and floats,
Upon his melody he gloats,
Outflinging showers of silver notes
As from a thousand silver throats.

The skylark sings and multiplies
His little being as he flies,
A heart athrob far in the skies
Till in the blue his paean dies.

Sing on, sing on, O bird apart,
Check thou my tears before they start,
Thine airy grace, thine untaught art
Lift sorrow from the human heart.

Sing on, sing on, O skylark, sing,
Mine eye attendant on thy wing
Hath caught its tender quivering,
The far vibration of a string.

By angels swept, a winged lyre
That kindles all the heart afire,
That kindles all a saint's desire,
Like thee, to rise, to hope, aspire.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER

Minnie Myrtle Miller

Poetess of the Coquelle

ENCAMPED.

The twilight air is soft and still;
The night bird trills, the crickets sing;
The zephyrs from the distant hill
A thousand pleasant odors bring;
The tents are spread, the snowy tents,
Grouped in the grassy glen;
The bugle note has died away;
And silence reigns again.

—Minnie Myrtle Miller.

Edwin Arnold once said, "Joaquin Miller is one of the two greatest American poets." But Joaquin Miller's life and lines can never be fully understood and appreciated without some acquaintance with Minnie Myrtle Miller, his wife, who stood unrivalled for her peculiar versatility. She could carry a gun into the mountain fastness and slay a deer, an elk, or a bear, on which to dine, or she could relapse into quietude and write a poem that showed unquestioned genius, or she could appear in high social circles with a queenly grace and there entertain the princely and the wealthy.

We know of no one whose life's history more forcibly illustrates the restless longing for larger and higher sphere of action than the subject of this sketch, Minnie Myrtle Miller. Thirty-six years ago, when the war cloud lowered heavy and dark over our land, when there were heard criminations and recriminations everywhere, when the deliberations of our Congress assumed the form of angry debate, when the startling cry of "traitor" was heard echoing through the halls dedicated to liberty, when father and son held bitter converse, and brothers prepared to array themselves as enemies in deadly combat, when every home in the land was shocked by the clash of arms and the tramp of mustering steeds—she

first was known through the public press and beyond the immediate neighborhood of her home. Even there, though furthest removed from the seat of war on the extreme western verge of civilization, she heard among her few associates angry words spoken by youthful tongues and read fiery sentences penned by aged hands. Hers was a nature too gentle, too kind, too sweet to sound or even echo the notes of war. When all the land was a Babel of angry voices, hers was clear and sweet. She wrote of her home, her friends, of the sunlit waves of the Pacific which smoothed the sands for her feet, and told the beautiful stories whispered by the tall pines as she wandered through the groves.

Her name was Theresa Dyer; with the quick ear for the musical, which characterized all her writings, she adopted the nom de plume of "Minnie Myrtle" and sent her productions—both prose and verse—to the neighboring weekly papers. Her future husband, Cincinnatus Heine Miller, since known as "Joaquin Miller," was at that time writing for the same papers, wild, weird and sometimes blood-thirsty stories, signed "Giles Gaston." In one of these, in which he thrillingly depicted a battle on the border with the Indians, he expressed a desire to become acquainted with the sweet singer of the Coquelle, whoever she might be. Although but a youth, he knew none but a sweet young girl, filled with all the pleasing fancies and fallacies of life, could write as she did. In Minnie's next story was given her address; and the correspondence, which a few months later resulted in her marriage to the Poet, began by his mailing her an appreciative letter inclosing a tin-type picture of himself. He was tall, strong, and not graceless in a woman's eye. He found her gentle, handsome and sweet, in the first flush of young womanhood. Their first meeting sealed their fate. Let the Poet tell the story, for he knows it best:

"Tall, dark and striking in every respect, this first Saxon woman I had ever addressed, had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life, except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of her, but I found her with her kind,

good parents, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. In her woody little world there by the sea she was worshipped by the rough miners and lumbermen, and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Procuring a horse for her, we set out at once to return to my post, far away over the mountains. These mountains were then, as now and ever will be, I reckon, crossed only by a dim, broken trail, with houses twenty or thirty miles apart for the few travelers.

"The first day out, toward evening we came upon a great band of elk. I drew a revolver, and with wild delight we dashed upon the frightened beasts, and following them quite a distance we lost our way. And so we had to spend our first night together, tired, hungry, thirsty, sitting under the pines on a hillside holding on to our impatient horses. We reached our home all right, however, at length, after a week's ride, but only to find that my paper had been suppressed by the Government, and we resolved to seek our fortunes in San Francisco. But we found neither fortune nor friends in the great new city, and, returning to Oregon, I bought a band of cattle, and we set out with our baby and a party of friends to reach the new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon.

"And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon Sierras, driving the bellowing cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, down through the roaring canyon! It was wild, glorious, fresh, full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had a willow basket and swung it to her saddle horn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her, laughing, as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso, riding after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the eastern side of the sierras, the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey, every night and day. And this woman was one

of the bravest souls that ever saw battle. I think she never, even in the hour of death, knew what fear was. She was not only a wonderful horsewoman, but very adroit in the use of arms. She was a much better shot, indeed, than myself. In our first little skirmish on this occasion I had taken position on a hill with a few men, while the cattle and pack animals were corralled by the others in a bight in the foothills below to prevent a stampede. And thus intrenched we waited the attack from the Indians, who held the farther point of the ridge on which I had stationed my men. Suddenly Minnie, baby in arms, stood at my side and began to calmly discuss the situation, and to pass merry remarks about the queer noises the bullets made as they flattened on the rocks about us and glanced over our heads. I finally got her to go down, or, rather, promise to go down to camp, for the better safety of the baby. But in a moment she was back. She had hidden the laughing little baby in the rocks, and now, gun in hand, kept at my side till the brush was over and the Indians beaten off.

"Here is a leaf from her journal, or rather, I think, her recollections of the journey, which she left me along with her other papers, when she died: 'One night of that journey I shall not soon forget. There had been some fighting ahead of us, and we knew the foe was lurking in ambush. They made a kind of fort of the freight, and while we lay down in the canyon, baby and I, way up on the high, sharp butte, Joaquin stood sentinel. And I say this tonight in his behalf and in his praise that he did bravely, and saved his loved ones from peril that night. That he stood on that dreary summit, a target for the foe, and no one but me to take note of his valor —stood till the morning shone radiant, stood till the night was passed. There was no world looking on to praise his courage and echo it over the land; only the frozen stars in mystic groups far away, and the slender moon, like a sword drawn to hold him at bay.' "

After seven years of married life they were separated, Joaquin going to Europe, while the saddened mother, with her three children, returned to her father's home. The cause of their separation is still a mystery; whether

some rude shock broke the bonds which love had tied, or ardent love was slowly crushed to death by the attrition of dissimilar natures was never known. Certain it is that neither was happy after their separation. The life of each was saddened before it had well begun. At the early age of thirty-seven, when the poor, tired mother laid down her burden, she was soothed by the tender words and sustained by the strong arm of the poet lover who had won her maiden heart in the springtime of life. She died in New York, surrounded by friends, leaving unfinished several poems and a sketch of her life, which she labored hard to complete before her summons came. It has never been published. The manuscript, although undoubtedly worthy of preservation, became misplaced and cannot now be found. Her friends deeply regret this, but it may be best that it was lost. While it would surely have found a ready sale, it could not but have brought to its readers more tears than smiles. A key to much of this lost story of her life appears to be given in these lines of her poem, "At the Land's End":

> I am conscript—hurried to battle
> With fates—yet I fain would be
> Vanquished and silenced forever
> And driven back to my sea.
> Oh! to leave this strife, this turmoil
> Leave all undone and skim
> With the clouds that flee to the hilltops
> And rest forever with Him.

Something of the love she inspired in those who knew her best can be gathered from the following extract from a faded letter lying before us, written by a lady in New York, with whom the poetess spent the last few months of her life; it was addressed to the eldest sister of Minnie Myrtle, Mrs. Hilborn, of Marshfield, Oregon, and bears date of May 24, 1882: "Minnie was a wonderful woman, and many a heroine has been made great in history by the possession of a small share of her heroic endurance, daring courage, calm self-possession, and loyal heart and creative brain. We could not appreciate her, much as we loved her; grand and sweet she was, and all the

clouds that lowered about her house could not shake her poise of character."

We do not incline to eulogize; but by reading the few poems Minnie Myrtle published we are led to the conviction that had her environment been less severe and her life prolonged to a ripe age, she would have been known and recognized as one of the sweetest songsters of the West. Her sweet disposition, as well as her poetic talent, was contagious. She produced a marked change in the character and writings of her husband. That delicate and refined love for the truly beautiful in nature, and the breadth and warmth of sympathy for the erring and unfortunate which characterizes his writings must be admitted to date from his marriage day. We have seen what is called a composite picture, composed of the best features of two or more individuals. Many of Joaquin Miller's poems may be considered composites, combining the keen perception and fiery dash of the young pioneer, as his early writings display him, with the kindly thought, the gentle touch and the delicate coloring inseparable from all that was said and done by his lost wife. She was the vision that ever beckoned him on and up to sublime heights. Oh, how beautiful seems gentleness and purity and sympathy and truth! They tell us what the soul should be, when time and God's resources have wrought their work upon man. And they are to be cherished as the mariner cherishes the guiding star that stands upon the horizon. They are to be cherished as some traveler lost in a dark, close forest cherishes the moment when the sun breaks through a rift in the clouds and he takes his bearings out of the wilderness toward his home. Visions are God within the soul. This, Joaquin Miller fully realized, and has said, "That which is best in my work was inspired by her."

Though their separation was long a sorrow to both, and the flowers have blossomed for many years over the grave of the poetess, yet in object, aim and desire, they are one today; and the soul of the beautiful bride which the poet wooed and won in the wilds of the Coquelle so long ago, still shines in all his lines and brightens all his pages.

Carrie Blake Morgan

Carrie Blake Morgan spent her childhood days in Union County, Oregon, where she gave unmistakable evidence of rare talent in writing; and it may be said of her that her poems and stories have for years found ready acceptance with many of the best magazines. She devotes much of her time to literary pursuits with her sister, Mrs. Ella Higginson, at Whatcom, Washington. The following were taken from her booklet entitled "The Path of Gold":

NO MAN HATH RIGHT.

No man hath right to rear a prison wall
About himself, and then to sit therein
And sigh for freedom, gone beyond recall,
And make his moan for things that might have been.

Nor hath he right to build himself a stair,
By which to scale his prison's high rampart,
When every stroke must mean some soul's despair,
And every step a bleeding human heart.

THE OLD EMIGRANT ROAD.

Aged and desolate, grizzled and still,
It creeps in slow curves round the base of the hill;
Of its once busy traffic it left little trace,
Not a hoof-print or wheel-track is fresh on its face.

Rank brambles encroach on its poor ragged edge,
And bowlders crash down from the moun'ainside ledge;
The elements join to efface the dim trail,
The torrents of springtime, the winter's fierce gale.

Yet with pioneer sturdiness, patient and still,
It lingers and clings round the base of the hill;
Outlasting its usefulness, furrowed and gray,
Ghaunt phantom of yesterday, haunting today.

MEMORY.

A low-hung moon; a path of silver flame
  Across a lonely stream; a whispering wood;
A vigil drear for one who never came;
  And all around God's peopled solitude.

SACRED.

Deep in each artist's soul some picture lies
That he will never paint for mortal eyes;
And every singer in his heart doth hold
Some sad, sweet tale that he will leave untold.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

I woke at dead of night. The wind was high;
  My white rosebush was tapping 'gainst the pane
  With ghostly finger tips; a sobbing rain
Made doleful rhythm for my thoughts, and I
Strove vainly not to think, and wondered why
  My brain, ghoul-like, must dig where long had lain
  The pulseless dead that time and change had slain.
I fear no living thing. But oh! to lie
  And see the gruesome dark within my room
Take eyes and turn on me with yearning gaze!
  To hear reproachful voices from the tomb
Of duties unfulfilled—might well-nigh craze
  A stronger brain! God save me from the gloom
Of sleepless hours that stretch between two days!

Wallis Nash

The following is an extract from a volume entitled "Two Years in Oregon," published by Hon. Wallis Nash, of Nashville, Oregon. In 1880-1 Mr. Nash visited Oregon, and upon returning to London he wrote his impressions in the volume mentioned. Oregon won him; and upon coming hither for a permanent home, he contributed very liberally to magazines and other publications, announcing the attractions and resources of Oregon—the emerald state.

TWO YEARS IN OREGON.

What the notions of some of our party were you will understand when I mention that all I could say could not prevent the young men of the party from arming themselves, as for a campaign in the hostile Indian country, so that each man stepped ashore from the boat that brought us up the Willamette with a revolver in each pocket, and the hugest and most uncompromising knives that either London, New York, or San Francisco could furnish.

As ill luck would have it, just as we arrived the sheriff had returned to town with an escaped prisoner, and had been set upon by the brother, and a pistol had been actually presented at him. I should say in a whisper that the sheriff, worthy man, had proposed to return the assault in kind, but had failed to get his six-shooter out in time from the depths of a capacious pocket, where the deadly weapon lay in harmless neighborhood with a long piece of string, a handful or so of seed wheat, a large chunk of tobacco, a leather strap and buckle, and a big red pocket handkerchief. So I fancy he had not much idea of shooting when he started out.

But the incident was enough to give a blood color to all our first letters home, and I dare say caused a good many shiverings and shudders at the thought of the wild men of the woods we had come to neighbor with.

The worst of it was, that it was the only approach to a tragedy, and that we have had no adventures worth speaking of. "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you, sir." Still we did know ourselves to be in a new world when we stepped ashore from the large white-painted, three-story structure on the water, that they called a stern-wheel river boat, and in which we had spent two days in coming up the great river from Portland. It was the 17th of May, just a month after leaving Liverpool, that we landed. The white houses of the little City of Corvallis were nestled closely in the bright spring green of the alders and willows and oaks that fringed the river, and the morning sun flashed on the metal cupola of the courthouse, and lighted up the deep blue clear-cut mountains that rose on the right of us but a few miles off.

When we got into the main street the long, low, broken line of booth-like, wooden, one-storied stores and houses, all looking as if one strong man could push them down, and one strong team could carry them off, grated a little, I could see, on the feelings of some of the party. The redeeming feature was the trees, lining the street at long intervals, darkening the houses a little, but clothing the town, and giving it an air of age and respectability that was lacking in many of the bare rows of shanties, dignified with the title of town, that we had passed in coming here across the continent.

The New England Hotel invited us in. A pretty plane-tree in front overshadowed the door; and a bright, cheery hostess stood in the doorway to welcome us, shaking hands, and greeting our large party of twenty-six in a fashion of freedom to which we had not been used, but which sounded pleasantly in our travel-worn ears. The house was tumble-down and shabby, and needed the new coat of paint it received soon after —but in the corner of the sitting-room stood a good parlor organ. The dining-room adjoining had red cloths on the tables, and gave a full view into the kitchen; but the "beefsteak, mutton-chop, pork-chop, and hash" were good and well cooked, and contrasted with, rather than reminded us of, the fare described by Charles

Dickens as offered him in the Eastern States when he visited America thirty-nine years ago.

The bedrooms, opening all on to the long passage upstairs, with meager furniture and patchwork quilts, the whole wooden house shaking as we trotted from room to room, were not so interesting, and tempted no long delay in bed after the early breakfast-gong had been sounded soon after six. Breakfast at half-past six, dinner at noon, and supper at half-past five, only set the clock of our lives a couple of hours faster than we had been used to; and bed at nine was soon no novelty to us.

The street in front was a wide sea of slushy mud when we arrived, with an occasional planked crossing, needing a sober head and a good conscience to navigate safely after dark; for, when evening had closed in, the only street-lighting came from the open doors, and through the filled and dressed windows of the stores.

Saloons were forbidden by solemn agreement to all of us, but the barber's shop was the very pleasant substitute. Two or three big easy-chairs in a row, with a stool in front of each. Generally filled they were by the grave and reverend seigniors of the city—each man reposing calmly, draped in white, while he enjoyed the luxury, under the skillful hands of the barber or his man, of a clean shave. At the far end of the shop stood the round iron stove, with a circle of wooden chairs and an old sofa. And here we enjoyed the parliament of free talk. The circle was a frequently changing one, but the types were constant.

The door opened and in came a man from the country: such a hat on his head! a brim wide enough for an umbrella, the color a dirty white; a scarlet, collarless flannel shirt, the only bit of positive color about him; a coat and trousers of well-worn brown, canvas overall (or, as sometimes spelled, "overhaul"), the trousers tucked into knee-high boots, worn six months and never blacked. His hands were always in his pockets, except when used to feed his mouth with the constant "chaw." —"Hello, Tom," he says slowly, as he makes his way to the back, by the stove. "Hello, Jerry," is the instant

response. "How's your health?" "Well; and how do you make it?" "So-so." "Any news out with you?" "Wall, no; things pretty quiet." And he finds a seat and sinks into it as if he intended growing there till next harvest.

We all know each other by our "given" names. I asked one of our politicians how he prepared himself for a canvass in a county where I knew he was a stranger this last summer. "Well, I just learned up all the boys' given names, so I could call them when I met them," was the answer. "I guess knowing 'em was as good as a hundred votes to me in the end." It was a little startling at first to see a rough Oregonian ride up to our house, dismount, hitch his horse to the paling, and stroll casually in, with "Where's Herbert?" as his first and only greeting. But we soon got used to it.

But the barber's shop was, and is, useful to us, as well as amusing. The values and productiveness of farms for sale, the worth and characters of horses, the prices of cattle, the best and most likely and accessible places for fishing, and deer-shooting, and duck-hunting—all such matters, and a hundred other things useful for us to know, we picked up here, or "sitting around" the stoves in one or other of the stores in the town.

Another good gained was, that thus our new neighbors and we got acquainted: they found we were not all the "lords" they set us down for at first, with the exclusiveness and pride they attributed to that maligned race in advance; while we on our side found a vast amount of self-respect, of native and acquired shrewdness, of legitimate pride in country, state, and county, and a fund of kindly wishes to see us prosper, among our roughly-dressed but really courteous neighbors.

There was a good deal of feminine curiosity displayed on either side, by the natives and the new-comers. When we went to church the first Sunday after our arrival, there were a good many curious worshipers, more intent on hats and bonnets of the strangers than on the service in which we united. We heard afterward how disappointed they were that the stranger ladies were so quietly and cheaply dressed. We could not say the same when

callers came, which they speedily did after we were settled in our little home—such tight kid gloves, and bright bonnets, and silk mantles! It was a constant wonder to our women-folk how their friends managed to show as such gay butterflies, two thousand miles on the westward side of everywhere.

Colonel John Kelsay

TO THE OREGON PIONEER.

The chilling autumn winds blow hard upon you now; many of you are far down on the sunset side of Time and will soon pass from this life. Long will you and your acts be remembered by a grateful posterity. Your early settlement of this country and the many dangers and difficulties you have encountered will outlive the English language.

William R. Lord

Rev. William R. Lord, author of "The Birds of Oregon and Washington," is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Boston, May 6, 1847. He graduated at Amherst in 1875, and at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1878. His years of ministry have been passed in the larger cities of the country, New York, Boston, St. Paul, and latterly in Portland, Oregon.

Upon coming to Oregon Mr. Lord was attracted to the bird-life of the state; and after familiarizing himself with it undertook to do for the people of the Northwest Pacific States what may have been done for the Atlantic Coast, that is to make comparatively easy the identification of the birds more commonly seen. He wrote a book entitled "The Birds of Oregon and Washington," which has already gone through several editions. In doing this work, Mr. Lord has been greatly assisted by his fellow student and wife, Mrs. Lord, who shares with him an interest and joy in these winged creatures.

THE BIRDS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

A Word to Beginners and Teachers.

Certainly all education should tend to ennoble character and furnish the sources of the highest happiness. If this be the end sought, then a sympathetic and aesthetic interest is the thing we must seek to get and give, in our pursuit of knowledge of birds.

Indeed, it is a pursuit fairly dangerous to our own possible enjoyment, when we set out with opera-glass and note-book to name and catalogue the birds, lest we shall be less satisfied to listen with exquisite satisfaction to some superb singer, than to get his description in our note-books. It is not a tithe as important that we should know the name and habits of a bird as that we should answer his ecstasy of song with ecstacy of delight. Dr.

Henry Van Dyke has given us a motto for the societies which are opposing the heartless and harmful practice of using birds for millinery purposes. It is: "A bird in the bush is worth ten in the hat." Should not every bird-student have at the beginning of his note-book some sentiment like this? "A bird in the heart is worth more than a hundred in the note-book." In a word, let us, in the study of birds, learn to take more time to listen to the beauty of song and to look upon the beauty of form, of color and of movement, than to add their names to our lists and familiarize ourselves with their curious habits.

The Western Meadowlark.

If this part of our country had no bird except the Meadowlark, it would be, in respect of bird song, blessed above any other land I know. Such a rarely beautiful, endlessly varied and wonderfully incessant singer! No bird anywhere has a fuller or richer note; none such variety of songs, except, perhaps, the Mocking-bird and the Longtailed Chat; none like this bird makes varied and joyous melody in summer and in winter, too; in rain, in snow, in cold. Not a day in the winter of 1900 and 1901, have the Meadowlarks upon a hill near Portland failed to voice the happiness, or bid depart the gloom, of their human neighbors. No one knows the bird until he has listened to the many different songs that he sings while perched upon tree or fence, or again upon a telegraph pole, or even upon the ridgepole of a house; nor yet unless he has caught a peculiar and most rapturous song while the bird is on the wing—a song so unlike those we are accustomed to that it seems not to have been uttered by Meadowlark at all.

How to Domesticate and Tame Birds.

Everybody enjoys the familiar presence of "wild" birds. Even persons who have never thought much of these winged creatures are pleased when the Wrens or Bluebirds force themselves into notice by nesting in the letter box at the gate, or pre-empting a cranny under the piazza roof.

People do not realize that, with a very little trouble, they might have a hundred bird neighbors in summer, where now there are none, or only a pair or two, who have come uninvited and unprovided for. Every home in the country or near our cities, and very many in the towns, and even in the cities themselves, might have, with each coming of spring, a score of feathered friends returning from a faraway southern wintering.

Nothing so civilizes and humanizes children as this care and interest. In Worcester, Massachusetts, in one district where the care and protection of birds have been taught to and inspired in the children of a public school, vandalism has ceased among the boys. They are busy providing bird-boxes, watching for nests in the trees, guarding the fledgings against cats and dogs, and their hearts have softened meanwhile. Were it only a measure for taming and civilizing boys, the taming of birds would be worth while.

But what a minstry of delight do these angels of song and grace bring to old and young, when once we have taken them under our care! "Let but a bird—that being so free and uncontrolled, which with one stroke of the wing puts space between you and himself—let him be willing to draw near and conclude a friendship with you, and lo, how your heart is moved."—Mme. Michelet.

J. H. Ackerman

THE POWER OF LITERATURE.

There are two ways of viewing any object: it may be viewed concretely and scientifically or it may be viewed in accordance with its aesthetic or moral value. As the result of the first we have knowledge; of the second, culture.

Each has what in the widest sense must be called its body of literature. But how much stronger the literature of the second! How much more appealing to our innate love of the good, the beautiful! How much more moving to the human heart the artist's description of the tented field than the quartermaster's list of all the implements of war therein contained! What power lies within the artist's dream as compared with the bare realities of a sombre catalogue! Literature, the literature of power, is based upon real culture.

How much then of our public school work ministers to the daily need of the pupil for moral and aesthetic education? Little of it except reading can be strictly put under the classification. Formerly this fact was considered of little importance and the child's nature was misjudged and in consequence starved. We now know that it is not the abnormal child alone who cares for literature, but all, even the every-day children around us are more or less susceptible to its influence. The childish appreciation of literature shown by great writers should not be taken to prove the lack of this appreciation in others, but rather to prove that a child may love a good book even as he does the sunlight or the quiet beauty of green fields and shining water courses.

On account of the undue importance attached to facts as mere facts, for many years the child who was dull in their acquirement was never allowed to quicken his powers by delving in fable and romance. Now we are

beginning to realize that a child as a child, or as he reaches the mysterious merging into manhood or womanhood, lays, for better or for worse, the foundations of his future taste for real or false jewels of literature. The literature of power should not be shut out of our elementary schools. Let its acquaintance be made through the medium of books and libraries, through tall buildings and broader opportunities, till our people shall be a people of growing literary power, a people appreciative of poetry and the broader humanity, and shall be guided to the heart of poetry, humanity, to what in human is divine; and shall be led to love the beautiful within and "behold good in everything but sin."

Peter H. Burnett

A BIT OF LOGIC.

I never knew so fine a population, as a whole community, as I saw in Oregon most of the time I was there. They were all honest, because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober, because there was no liquor to drink; there were no misers, because there was nothing to hoard; they were industrious, because it was work or starve.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway

Before the days of reading circles in Oregon there were a few ladies who believed that a woman could raise her family properly and yet have time for books and other literary diversions that furnish food for the mind. Prominent among these was Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, for many years editor of the *New Northwest*. She wrote for women who believe that they should be emancipated from many of the features of society that tolerate intemperance. She advocated the theory that woman has a responsibility to assume, and that every mother should fearlessly attack intemperance in the home, in society and at the ballot box. This was the theme of the gospel she preached.

She also wrote many beautiful stories in prose and versified David and Anna Matson, a paraphrase of Whittier's story. Some of her poems are: "The Dirge of the Sea," "West and West," "The Nocturnal Wedding," "The Destiny of Freedom," "Thoughts in Storm and Solitude," "Laudamus," and "After Twenty Years."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

(*Written by Mrs. A. S. Duniway on the Great Plains opposite her mother's grave, near Fort Laramie, May 5th, 1872.*)

Adown the dead and distant years
My memory treads the sands of time,
And blighted hope a vision rears,
Enriched by solitudes sublime.

And down the mys'ic, dreamy past
In chastened mood I wander now,
As o'er these prairies, old and vast,
Move lines of oxen, tired and slow.

Their rough-ribbed sides and hollow eyes
  And listless gaze and lazy tread,
As under cloudless, burning skies
  Our way o'er trackless wastes they led,
  But visions are of long ago.

Today, an iron horse, "The Storm,"
  All panting rushes o'er the plain;
His breath with steam is quick and warm,
  As on he thunders with our train.

Afar the Rocky Mountains rise,
  Their rugged steeps adorned with snow,
While o'er the hill the antelope hies,
  And Indians wander to and fro.
The buffalo gazes from afar,
  Where erst in trust secure he fed,
Ere man upon him had made war,
  And he was wont at will to tread
  Anear our oxen, sure and slow.

Fort Laramie, across away,
  Beyond yon hills that intervene,
My memory sees as on that day,
  Just twenty years ago, 'twas seen.

There, in the echoing hills, hard by,
  Surnamed "The Black," adorned by woods,
My mother laid her down to die,
  In those grand, awful solitudes.
The wild coyote yet roams at will,
  The timid hare and buffalo,
The antelope and serpent still
  In freedom range, and come and go,
  While Indians gaze in scornful moods.

Gone are the oxen, patient brutes,
  And drivers, with the song and jest.
Of ruder days they were the fruits,
  And toiling well, they did their best.

Their day is past, and now, at ease,
We glide along at rapid pace,
Gazing abroad, while though's of these,
The days of yore, take present place.
And I am self-forgetful, too,
For through the long, eventful past,
Since last I dreamed beneath the blue,
Arched dome above these plains so vast
I find of twenty years no trace.

My mother sleeps, dear God, as slept,
Her peaceful form when we that day
Laid her to rest, marched on and wept,
Too sad to talk, too dumb to pray.

Was it the breath of angel's wing
That fanned, erewhile, my fevered brow?
Did I hear heavenly seraphs sing,
When eyes and ears were closed just now?
O, mother, memory, God, and truth,
While yet I tarry here below,
Guide oft thy faltering, trembling one.
May I regret not years, nor youth,
Nor that my life thus far is done,
As through these wilds once more I go.

THOUGHTS IN STORM AND SOLITUDE.

The rain, the sobbing and pattering rain,
Is falling in torrents tonight;
While the winds in loud chorus join in the refrain,
Keeping time to the sobs of the pattering rain
And the throbs of my heart in its dull aching pain,
As I toss on my pillow tonight.

O, rest and oblivion, where are you flown?
'Tis a question I ask o'er and o'er;
But the elements answer with many a moan,
Crying, "Rest and oblivion, where are you flown?"
And Hope in her might scarcely stifles a groan,
As the question is asked o'er and o'er.

The rain, the shrieking and sibilant rain,
  Rusheth down in wild frenzy tonight;
The wild winds shout on in their madness again,
Defying the shrieking and sibilant rain,
While I s'ruggle for sleep, but the effort is vain,
  For repose hath departed tonight.

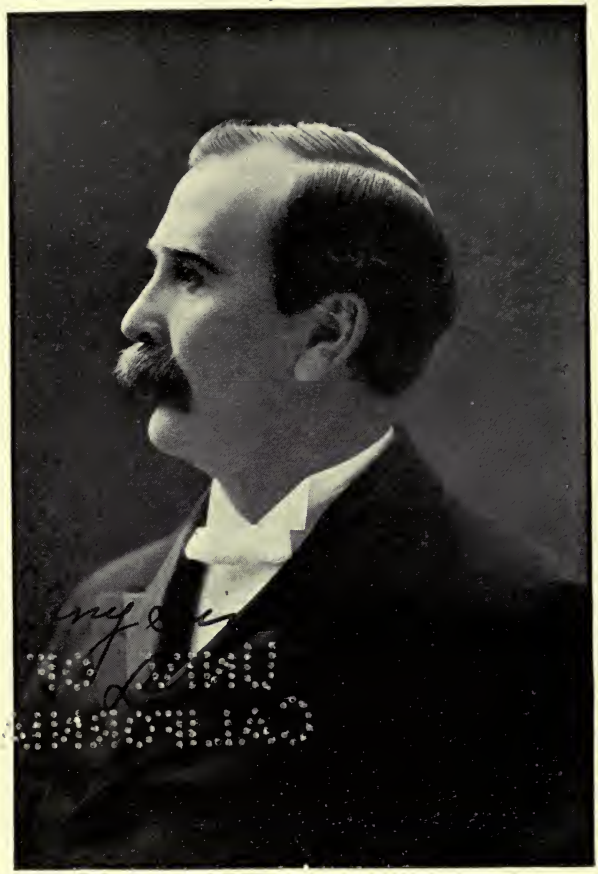
Grim darkness hath settled o'er earth like a pall;
  Assassins and thieves dare not stir;
The All-Seeing Eye beholds earth's children all,
Seeth even the darkness o'er us, like a pall,
Noteth even the sparrow, his flight and his fall,
  And I know there is nothing to fear.

Now, rain, the pelting and pitiless rain,
  Husheth down the rude voice of the wind;
How potent the spell that such spirit hath lain—
How strong art thou, pelting and pitiless rain,
As back to his home on the mountain and main,
  Thou drivest the rude, shrieking wind.

'Tis day-dawn. Sweet slumber steals over my brow
  While silently weepeth the rain.
I care little for sorrow or storm-ragings now,
While thrice-welcome slumber steals over my brow,
I'm at peace with the world and my neighbors, I trow,
  While silently weepeth the rain.

Albany, Oregon, November, 1868.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

Louis Albert Banks

What good can come out of Nazareth? has been answered again. From infancy to childhood, and from childhood to the boy preacher of sixteen, we find him in Oregon. Charles Parkhurst, the great divine and reformer, says of him: "Louis Albert Banks, after leaving Philomath College, commenced to preach the gospel in Washington Territory, and many were converted. From seventeen to twenty-one, he taught school and studied law, being admitted to practice in the courts. He received his first regular appointment from Bishop Gilbert Haven, and was stationed in Portland, Oregon. Fearless as a reformer, in his pulpit, he has been shot down by the infuriated saloonist, and mobbed by the anti-Chinese rioters." He has occupied some of the wealthiest pulpits of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, where he has met with remarkable success as a minister and as an author.

His principal books are "Censor Echoes," "The People's Christ," "The Revival Giver," "White Slaves," "Common Folks' Religion," "Honeycombs of Life," "The Heavenly Tradewinds," "The Christ Dream," "Christ and His Friends," "The Saloon Keeper's Ledger," "Seven Times Around Jericho," "The Hero Tales from Sacred History," "An Oregon Boyhood," "Sermon Stories for Boys and Girls," "The Christ Brotherhood" and "Immortal Hymns and Their Story."

Dr. Banks's popularity as an author is such that the great reformer in writing an introduction to one of these books said, "To be invited to a place beside the author of the volume, and to present him to the reading public, is a delightful privilege."

Mr. Banks's books and sermons may fitly be termed "the Wild Flowers of Oregon," for he has culled the lambs' tongue, the rhododendron, the wild lilac, the field lily, the honeysuckle, and the wild grape, and taken this

handful of wild flowers from the hills and valleys of Oregon and woven them into beautiful sermons and books—thus furnishing a delightful source of help to thousands of men and women on both continents. Indeed, his style may be defined as the wild flowers of Oregon so delicately transplanted from the mild atmosphere of the West into the conservatories of the rigid East that they have lost none of their original fragrance or beauty. Thus, through Dr. Banks our scenery has flowered out upon an eastern landscape and developed into a beautiful style which he may proudly call his own; and while the scholars of the East may notice the exotic elements in it they cannot resist the pleasure it gives them; therefore, they will encourage Dr. Banks in preserving his literary identity in the fast-flowing stream of books he is pouring out upon the reading public.

Belle W. Cooke

The following poems were written by Mrs. Belle W. Cooke, of Salem, a lady who has obtained considerable distinction. She is the author of an interesting volume of poems, and wherever known is recognized as a woman of culture and high social attainments. Her home at the present time (1902) is in San Francisco, California.

SEATTLE.

Queen city by the Northern Sound,
  High seated on thy sloping hills,
Begirt with snowy mountains round,
  Thy beauty all my being thrills.

When burns the sunset in the west,
  With crimson bars and purple shades,
On dark Olympus' snow-flecked crest
  A misty crown gleams out and fades.

While on Tacoma's kingly face
  The rosy blushes gleaming lie,
And changeful hues, with wondrous grace
  Across the watery mirror fly.

When morning looks through fringe of trees,
  And tips the western peaks with gold,
And misty veils curled by the breeze
  Lie on the water, fold on fold—

Then rocky gorge, and tree-crowned spur,
  Touched by the pencil of the dawn,
With rounded heights, and groves of fir,
  Spring out to greet the beauteous morn,

The ice-crowned king with shadows cold
  Sparkles and glistens white and grand,
And beauty wakes in wood and wold,
  And beams from nooks on every hand.

Long may thy beauty bless the earth,
  And teach the lesson God doth mean,
And nobler men in thee have birth
  Than ever yet the world hath seen.

I KNOW NOT.

I know not what the day may bring
  Of sorrow or of sweetness,
I only know that God must give
  Its measure of completeness;
I reach for wisdom in the dark,
  And God fills up the measure—
Sometimes with tears, sometimes with cares,
  Sometimes with peace and pleasure.

From hours of grief and saddened face
  True wealth of heart I borrow,
And heavenly wisdom oftenest comes
  Clad in the guise of sorrow;
I know not which is best for me
  Of all his mercy bringeth,
I know his praise every day
  My willing spirit singeth.

I know not what my life may yield
  Of fruit that will not perish,
I know God gives both seed and soil,
  And all the growth must cherish.
How great his work! How small my part!
  I wonder at my weakness,
And his great patience fill my heart
  With gratitude and meekness.

I know not what e'en heaven can give
  To blessed souls who gain it;
I know God's goodness it must show,
  For earth cannot contain it.
And if eternity but rings
  With love, the same sweet story
That earth is telling every day—
"Thine, Lord, shall be the glory."

Dr. T. L. Eliot

Of Doctor Eliot, Hines's "History of Oregon" says: "Mr. Eliot has the distinction of having held the longest pastorate in the City of Portland or in the State of Oregon. He was called from the City of St. Louis in 1867, while yet a young man, to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church of Portland, worshiping in a very unpretentious chapel, situated on the site of the present large and beautiful edifice. From 1867 to 1893 Mr. Eliot continued as its pastor, when he voluntarily resigned his charge on account of impaired health, thus giving a full quarter of a century of extraordinarily useful service to his church and the state of which he has been so eminent a citizen." Doctor Eliot has visited the Holy Land and published his observations and impressions of that region in two very attractive volumes.

TEMPERANCE.

(From a sermon on Temperance delivered at Portland, Oregon, by Rev. T. L. Eliot, September 16, 1862.)

See how clear and high, how deep and broad, the principle which can be laid down—how it covers all cases, without regard to individual differences of conscience or taste. See how this statement of the case proves that after all it is Christianity that must conquer the evil of intemperance. Must we wait until everybody has it proved to him individually, personally, that it is a sin for him to touch liquor? My friends, the cause would die by inches under such a process. In spite of all that zealous temperance reformers say, it is an open question, as to whether abstractly considered, there may not be a right use and individual good coming from the stimulative action of proper doses of alcohol. I say it is an open question, by no means proved; and if it were so, there would remain the fact that thousands upon

thousands of individual consciences, looking upon it as a mere personal matter, are at liberty. But this principle of Paul's, this principle of Christ's comes in to every such case; it is an appeal to high and low, to every class and condition—shall your liberty be a stumbling-block? Does your abstract right, become by the condition of society, a concrete wrong? Has your example any weight? Have you any duty toward society standing just as it does and as you do? Now there are hundreds of thousands who in this principle, if it could reach, and be clearly before them today, would see a Christian law where they saw no conscience law. They would see that in the sight of God and Christ they were called on to use their liberty as a ladder and not as a stumbling-block. There are men who will say "I can drink—I can afford it, I can be moderate, it does me good, more or less, I can step up to a bar, and not feel injured." But look you! the community is tainted, nine tenths of the liquor is poisoned and drugged, every other man has the plague spot of an inherited thirst for liquor, ninety-five retail saloons—nearly, all—are plying nefarious arts, ringing in their victims. It is notorious that they live upon the infirm and weak of purpose—the hard-drinking, and those running down hill—these air holes to the pit, are dragging in young men, corrupting boys, sending out their fumes into the very home and sanctuary. Physical and moral idiots stalk the streets, the asylum and the jail rise up as witnesses against us—drink if you can, in the face of this! Why, my brother, it seems to me that I would as soon throw pitch upon a house on fire, or eat with the knife that had cut another man's throat! Once realize the nature and extent of this evil in your midst, the heart-ache, the bitter, burning woe, the degradation that lie at the door of this awful drinking habit, and you must pause! You must see, that liberty, or no liberty, there is but one thing to do—that you must cast your influence high, clear, positive, or woe be unto you in that great day when Christ shall judge between you and your fellow man.

Anonymous

REMEMBERED BY WHAT SHE HAS DONE.

Lines read at the forty-fifth anniversary of an Oregon Church, in which the music was regularly furnished by a choir consisting of the family of a lady who during half her lifetime had been their organist and leader.

The spirit has flown; and the song unsung
Has tuned the harp long left unstrung;
And the heart beats the notes of the love aglow
With the echoing tones of the long ago.

We heard her sing, for loved ones,
To the swelling notes of the old organ tones,
Till the zephyrs that lingered in the church old and gray
Transported fond memories from the far away.

We heard her sing in the Sunday School
Where the little ones learned the Golden Rule,
From the books that are now both tattered and torn.
But precious to us for the tidings they have borne.

We heard her sing at the graveyard lonely and cold
Where friends had been laid midst sorrows untold,
Where the mourners met round the lonely bier
To offer a tribute and a farewell tear.

We went to her grave when her voice was stilled,
And our saddened hearts with memories thrilled;
And we listened, but her song was no more,
For the singer was standing on another shore.

She had crossed to the land, in which we are told,
There are cities and harps and crowns of gold,
To mingle for aye with the joyous throng
That ever will ever sing a rapturous song.

And she's singing tonight in the invisible choir
With voices attuned to the heavenly lyre;
And the song that she chants is the sweetest by far,
For she's singing the song of Bethlehem's star.

We returned to church again and again
To hear the same sweet gentle strain
Which was sung by lips attuned anew
By her who had bidden the earth adieu.

Oft and again throughout the days
Our hearts were uplifted in joyous praise
By the spirit of song which, like an angel's breath,
Whispers gently though the singer is silent in death.

ANGELS ARE WAITING FOR ME.

A saint whose wearied body rests in the silent city crowning a little Oregon hill, and whose sacred memory is a precious legacy to those who survive her, and whose example, like an angel's touch, gently impels upward, caught a few glimpses of the higher heaven from the heaven she lived in here below; and before the final hour came, gave expression in poetic, psalm-like language to her rapture upon the visions she beheld. These utterances were entrusted to a youth who wove them into verse.

After the poem descants briefly upon her departure from the home of her birth to a far-distant land to share with the loved ones of earth in bearing the burdens and toil for Him who bled for our wrong, in the full consciousness of a glorious victory, she says: "His peace as a river now flows through soul and body so free that glory abounds in my heart while angels are waiting for me." She continues:

"The Bible is plain to me now;
For Jesus explains as I read,
And lines for me verses ne'er sung—
With manna my spirit they feed!

There's such a bright light round the cross;
And over the dark, stormy sea,
The friends who before me have gone
Are angels now waiting for me.

"Among the long ranks that they form
In Glory, my Savior there stands
With multitudes grand, who are saved,
And marking in beautiful bands;
'They're coming in thousands' with Him—
Those bright ones o'er there can you see,
Whose luster illumines that throng?
Those 'angels are calling for me.'

"Those mansions and cities so fair
Are teeming with armies in white,
The courts will be empty of them—
'They're coming to me' in their flight;
'More coming!' Now 'Glory to God!'
'They stand by my bed.' 'Can you see?'
I'm waiting; yes, 'waiting'; because
Those 'angels are coming for me.' "

ROSES AND LILIES.

The ruddy rose, amid the thorns
And leaflets green which she adorns;
Sustains her charm, preserves her grace,
And heavenward lifts her lovely face.

Although her rough companions pierce,
With lances keen and daggers fierce,
The rose unsullied lives and dies
As do the brave, the true, the wise.

And though in life one oft receives
A pang that sorely, sadly grieves,
'Tis sweet to know that roses bloom
Midst winds and rain and thorns and gloom.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

In Memoriam

PROF. McELROY'S GRAVE

From out their bosoms pure as snow,
The lilies of the valley grow;
Their leaves are still; their heads they bow,
As if to heaven they make a vow.

Since from the heart the actions grow,
A duty to ourselves we owe,
To do the right, and that in love,
Though fading here to bloom above.

The rose adds beauty to her thorns;
The lily pastures green adorns;
The world conceals its faults to please,
While innocence and lilies abound in the leas.

Aromas from these flowers unite,
And lure our prayers to yonder height,
Where mingling in sweet bliss and praise—
Enriching heaven through endless days.

Bloom on, bloom on, thou lily pale,
In meadow green and fertile vale;
Thine own soft colors give to thee
A tender look of modesty.

Blush on, blush on, thou ruddy rose;
Thy crimson face with beauty glows;
Pure symbol thou of a sinless breast,
Where truth and peace, like angels rest.

E. B. McELROY.

Professor E. B. McElroy, who served three terms as State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Oregon, and held the chair of English in the Oregon Agricultural College, also in the University of Oregon, died at his home in Eugene, May 4, 1901, and was buried in the Odd Fellow's Cemetery near Corvallis on the following Sunday. On the ensuing Decoration Day a eulogy was

delivered before Ellsworth Post, G. A. R., of Corvallis, from which the following extract was taken:

The McElroy Eulogy.

Near the home of Professor McElroy in the City of Eugene, there is a neat church, built on a stone foundation thickly studded with marks of pebbly white. Upon approaching the building, however, the stones prove to be ancient cemeteries, filled with shells of animals which lived long ago upon the shore of some forgotten sea; and here and there you may observe the traces left by the waves, the tracks of birds that walked along the sand one day, and the print of the leaf that fell and lay there. Within a million years or more the shore hardened into rock, and the rock like storied urn has held every trace throughout succeeding centuries. In like manner will be preserved the work of Professor McElroy, who has been so active in the promotion of Oregon public schools, doing those things and exerting those influences that thousands of children now living and thousands of children belonging to generations yet unborn will take permanently into their lives.

What is taken into men's lives leaves its lasting impressions—more enduring than time, more precious than shell or leaf or templed stone; for a useful life with its hallowed influences goes forth in a thousand unseen meanderings to the winds of the earth, forever and forever. Yet the man is even greater than his influence or his handiwork. The Bible reveals it, science teaches it, experience proclaims it, the learned and unlearned believe it. Therefore, if the shell of an animal from the palaces of the deep exist a thousand or a million years to adorn a temple for a man to worship in that his life may expand into a nobler, purer and more exalted character, how much longer will survive that man of worth and influence for whom the silent shell was created?

When the superstructure of the temple has decayed, time and storm have worn away the historic foundation, the shells have been exposed to view, have crumbled and vanished forever, and man has forgotten even the edifice

where once multitudes assembled for worship, the enduring work of the Oregon Educator will live and be more beautiful as it grows to assume nobler proportions. And centuries hence when the school house and the chapel will have largely accomplished their mission, when literature has winged her flight to the western shores of America, and scholars have made classic the story of Oregon, then teachers and students will make pilgrimages to the shrine on yon little hill where a pathway will be worn across the green to the grave of him we love. When the little oak which shelters that hallowed spot shall have older grown, fallen and been forgotten, kind hands will gently smooth the sod and plant a vine by the grassy mound where we laid him. There amidst quietude and pensiveness many a flower will be plucked as a memento, and many a prayer breathed at the last resting place of him who contributed his best endeavors to the establishment of common schools; and the pilgrims, when they return to their homes, will resume their labors with renewed determination to emulate the noble qualities found in their fellow beings. Flowers will bloom as beautiful and the birdsong be as gay, men build and occupy, the earth swing through space as safely as if in the hand of God, and the sun, moon and stars sustain their glory then as now; but the undimmed lamp of learning which our benefactor lifted to the Oregon school house spire will shine with increasing effulgence and with glory more resplendent, illuminating the pathway of men, brightening their future and blessing their labors; and the world ever changing, ever improving, ever growing heavenly will be better for the life of this educator, patriot and gentleman, who gave the choicest within him for the betterment of mankind.

Sidney H. Marsh

A PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

(*An extract from the inaugural address of Sidney H. Marsh, President of Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.*)

There is a necessity which neither profits nor pleasure can satisfy, and for which all art and science are inadequate. It is this want that true and genuine learning would seek to satisfy. We need, as rational and accountable beings, surrounded by the fogs of sinful ignorance, a light that shall dispel darkness. Lost like a traveller amid the tangled jungles of tropical regions, we need a guide to the mountain summi's and the open ways. We need a knowledge of ourselves and our circumstances, of men and things. We need the light that investigations into the laws of language and laws of thought may perchance give us. We need to know what principles, and whence, have governed men in divers countries and different ages, and under varied circumstances; perhaps from such a study of history we may better know ourselves. These studies are indeed valuable for other ends, but chiefly because they tend to satisfy the craving thirst for knowledge, which our souls demand, not for their pleasure, or temporary happiness, but for their permanent well-being. I know that there is much thought and intellectual activity which does not, and cannot satisfy these spiritual cravings, which is a wandering of the intellect to and fro in the earth without any ascension above it. There is much acquisition that is not true knowledge, much theorizing that does not really increase the insight. The history of literary men is full of evidence of misspent power, power misspent for the great purposes of thought, though not unfruitful per-

haps in inferior, temporary and temporal good. We have painful evidences of the unsatisfactoriness of thought not rightly directed in minds delicately organized, where the cause of need was perhaps obscurely felt, where the insufficiency of all their efforts wrung tears and groans, clothed though they were in the most lovely garb of imagination and poetry. Such spirits have felt the inaptness of their own theories as an increase of their sufferings and want. Their own thoughts have thus returned to sting them, and driven like the daughter of Inachus, they have sought in vain during a life of flight, a Prometheus to reveal a future release from their sufferings. Such have been many among the Germans, who have spent a life in theorizing, and, although ever unsatisfied with their own efforts, have still been compelled to theorize right on. Such have been many among the English, such, many among our own people, who like Shelly and Keats, most sad examples, were "pard-like spirits, beautiful and swift," who "Actæon-like fled far astray, and as they wandered o'er the world's wilderness, their own thoughts along the rugged way pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey." But such misdirections of power, such consequent uselessness of knowledge for all its higher ends, far from disproving its spiritual purpose, indicate rather the connection, the dependence upon, the subservience of the intellect, considered as a faculty, to the spirit and its wants. For without some spiritual initiative, all thought in the higher departments has been ineffectual, and a life spent in theorizing has produced no enduring results.

John Buchanan

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

I care not for station, I care not for wealth,
I care not for honors nor fame;
I pray for the blessings of freedom and health,
And friends that are worthy the name.
Friends that are loyal, friends that are true,
Till life's fitful journey shall end;
There's no other treasure, for treasures are few,
So dear as a true-hearted friend.

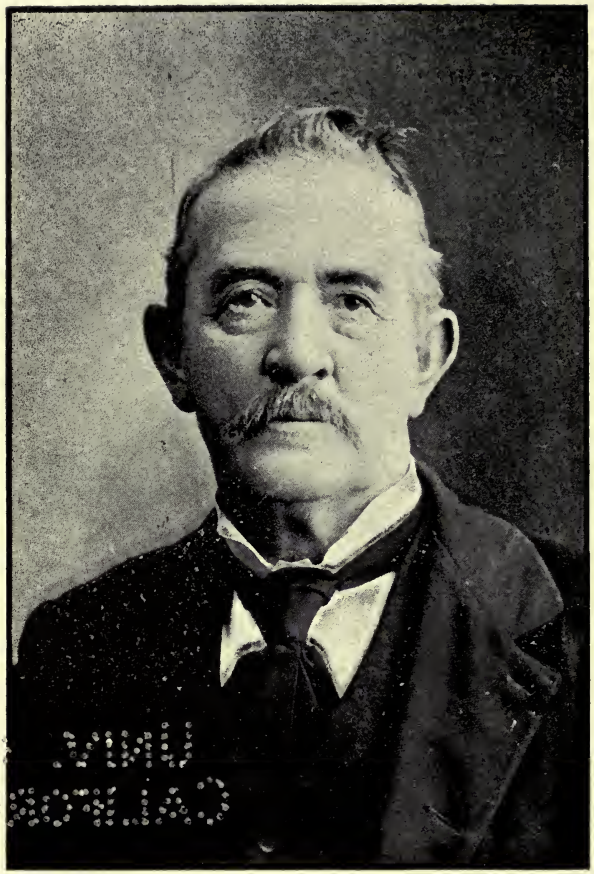
I fear not an enemy's vengeful attack,
I fear not the trouble he sends;
With Truth for my armor and friends at my back—
A few loved, congenial friends.
A true friend's a treasure I value far more
Than treasures in nuggets or dust;
Let others choose riches abundant in store,
I'm rich with a friend I can trust.

THE WILLAMETTE.

Let others incline to sing of the Rhine,
Or of Hudson's fairy dells;
I sing of a stream that flows on like a dream
To the tune of wedding bells.
For of all the streams 'neath the sun's bright beams,
The Willamette is dearest to me,
Which springs from repose in a prison of snows,
And joyously bounds to the sea.

I hail with delight that river so bright,
Which cheerily flows along;
And ever the strain of a glad refrain,
I hear in its merry song.
Far dearest of all the rivers of earth,
Is that fair river to me,
And brightly it flows from the region of snows,
Till lost in the arms of the sea.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



JOHN BURNETT

John Burnett

John Burnett came to Corvallis in 1858; was admitted to the bar in 1860, since which time until his death (in 1900) he was actively engaged in his profession. He was elected Presidential Elector in 1865; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the state in 1874; appointed Judge of the Second Judicial District; and in 1878 he was elected Senator from Benton County. Judge Burnett was a self-made man. Being a man of the people he interested himself in all public enterprises, local or general; and it was a part of his creed to religiously guard alike the interests of the opulent and the humble. Inclined to be strongly intellectual, he was also very sympathetic; hence he easily enjoyed the distinction of being classed among the ablest public speakers of the state, both as an advocate at the bar and as a popular orator on other public occasions.

THE ALBANY ORATION.

(*Extract from an oration delivered by Judge John Burnett, at Albany, Oregon, July 4, 1878.*)

Many trials and perils have environed the good ship of state since she was first launched, but each trial has only served to show her strength and durability, and the skill of her architects. The War of 1812 proved our ability, in our infancy, to cope with one of the first military powers on the globe, and in the crowning victory at New Orleans to defeat the men who afterwards at Waterloo broke the military power of France and prostrated the great Napoleon at the feet of the British Lion. In the war with Mexico we proved to the world our ability to protect our citizens from insult, let it come from what quarter it may, and conquered a peace by the powers of American arms. The courage and heroism of American soldiers as proven upon every battle field

from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico adds another bright page to American history. The rebellion of 1861, unjust and causeless as it was, was the greatest strain upon our Government to which it had ever been subjected. It was the crucial test, the sunken reef, upon which has been wrecked every Republic that has preceded us.

When the war of 1861 first began, the crown-heads of Europe clapped their hands in glee, and prophesied dire calamity to the American Republic. They said to us, "You cannot carry on a war. You have no army. You can't make soldiers like Europe has." But on a line of battle extending over a period of less than five years, more than two million and a half of men had been trained to the most efficient soldiery on the globe. Then they opened their eyes and admitted that our people made good soldiers.

General Sheridan said, on coming back from the great battle of Sedan, that he saw no fighting equal to the fighting of American citizens. When the war closed they said, "You have a vast army, that must be admitted, but when you come to disband them you will have trouble. They will carry the morals of the soldiers' camp into your villages and towns, and you will have riots and conspiracies." But two millions and a half of men melted away from the battle—went as quietly as the drops of snow in spring melt, and every flake turns to working drops of dew that grasped the flower, the grass, the vine, the shrub, the tree. There never has been one riot, there never has been one conspiracy. We have never had any difficulty whatever with our disbanded soldiery. They have proved that, though having been brought up in civil life, they were competent to perform military services of the highest character, and then they all went back to citizenship again, and bore witness to the world that they loved the duties of the citizen more than the duties of the soldier.

Ah! said Europe, you are still bound to be ruined by your war, for nothwithstanding you marshalled an army in a few years from the private walks of life that in size and efficiency was the wonder and admiration of the

world, and before which the armies of Xerxes, Hannibal and Napoleon sink into insignificance, and notwithstanding the fact that this great army was disbanded at the close of a successful war and melted away among the people from whence they came, leaving no trace of their organization except the splendid victories they gained and the magnificent peace they conquered, yet you have got to pay a debt that will tax your people beyond all endurance. Besides all this waste of life and expenditure of property there is six thousand millions of dollars that stands against you. Six thousand millions! Your people will never bear taxation.

What are the facts? All of that debt that could be reached has been paid, principal and interest, in gold coin. Another thing connected with the late Civil War that is hard for foreign nations to understand, is the rapid restoration of good fraternal feelings between all sections of the country, which has been going on ever since the surrender at Appomattox, until now on this day, the people will be gathered together in every city, town and neighborhood in this broad land, from the frozen regions of Alaska to the everglades of Florida, and from the pine-clad hills of Maine to where rolls the Oregon, to rehearse the story of the valor of a common ancestry in the heroes of '76, and renew their devotion to an unbroken and glorious union.

I join in that grand refrain and I am proud to lend my voice to swell the anthem as it goes up to heaven from thousands of throats of free men—"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Such a condition of affairs would be impossible under any other form of government. At the close of the war there were no attainders, no confiscations, no executions. The President of the United States had enforced obedience to the constitution and laws and the argument of the great Webster in the United States Senate, in answer to Calhoun and Hayne, was as potent a weapon in preserving the Union as the sword of General Grant.

All of these things should inspire us on this day above all others with a more exalted idea and a more impassioned devotion and faith in our country.

EXTRACTS.

The roar and smoke of battle fill the atmosphere and Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill announce that the American Revolution is fully inaugurated. We pass on a few years and the battle of Yorktown brings the struggle for American independence to a successful close. The genius of Washington ascends to the clear upper sky to preside over the child of Columbus. Under his guiding hand and influence the fruits of the War for Independence were preserved and a government finally framed that has excited the envy and admiration of the whole world.

Seasons of sorrow make all the world akin and open the fountains of the best feelings of the human heart.

We seldom think of the great event of death till the shadow falls across our own pathway, hiding from our eyes the faces of loved ones whose loving smile was the sunlight of our existence. This severing of earthly ties is the greatest trial we have in this life; and as link after link slips away from love's chain, we are led to feel more and more that this is not our abiding place. There are very few who can look around and say, "My heart's treasures are all here."

With us the reign of the common people is supreme. Public sentiment informed and instructed by an independent, able and fearless press will correct as far as possible the evils that afflict the body politic; for though "She travel with a leaden heel, she strikes with an iron hand."

B. F. Irvine

THE MAST ASHORE.

Did the ship go down? What tale concealed
  Of wreck and death, lies here with thee?
What hapless victims loud appealed
  To Him for help that night at sea?
Did lightning bolts, and winds and waves,
  In awful mood, the good ship beat—
Aye, beat till all on board found graves,
  With billows for a winding sheet?

Did the ship go down? Perhaps her fate
  Is told in phantom ship that oft
The ocean roves; her sails wide set,
  And ghostly sailors staring 'loft
Where perching raven croaks of doom;
  And hollow wail and storm-blown cry
Of help are heard through gathering gloom,
  As though once more that night were nigh.

Did the ship go down? Not e'en her name
  Is known. Nor those who sailed and died;
Nor whither bound, nor whence they came,
  Nor where in all the ocean wide
They went to doom. We know no more
  Than this—this mutely told by thee—
They proudly sailed for distant shore,
  And now they sleep beneath the sea.

Yes, the ship went down. All ships go down
  When Time and Tide command. E'en men
Who voyage life with hopes full-blown,
  Go down. They sail a day, and then
The billow-beats of vice and strife
  Unship the masts and sweep the decks,
Till beach that bounds the sea of life
  Is strewn with melancholy wrecks.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

Red lips, curved with a roguish air;
Sun-tint curls like the cupids wear;
Eyes that laugh with a mischief rare,
And his face with gladness beaming.
Pockets crammed with his childhood toys;
House upset with his endless noise;
Four years old, and a king of boys,
With his days in sunshine streaming.

Paints with mud on a spotless wall;
Ties tin cans to the dogs that call;
Wades the pond till, with slip and fall,
Little head and heels go under.
Pounds and bangs at a fastened door;
Scatters toys on a tidy floor;
Laughs out loud ere the prayers are o'er,
And is chided for his blunder.

. . . . . .

Marble slab in the churchyard lone;
Sleeping lamb on the silent stone;
Drooping flowers on the new mound strewn,
Where the four-year-old lies sleeping.
Childhood chair that the boy loved best;
Empty shoe that the wee foot pressed;
Anguished heart in a mother's breast,
As she sits beside them, weeping.

Neighbor boys loved the four-year-old;
Sit in tears when his fate is told;
Whisper low of the churchyard mold,
Where the playmate lost, lies sleeping.
Swing no more on the back-yard gate;
Noisy tread of the boyish feet
Heard no more down the silent street,
Where the mother lone sits weeping.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MATTHEW P. DEADY

Each dark cloud has a lining bright;
Sweet morn dawns on the darkest night;
Far up there, in the mystic light,
  Is a scene for grief beguiling.
Eyes that laugh with a mischief bold;
Fair head crowned with its curls of gold;
Sweet boy face of the four-year-old,
  Is from heaven's window smiling.

Matthew P. Deady

THE AMERICAN SETTLER.

The American settler was always animated—often it may have been unconsciously—with the heroic thought that he was pre-eminently engaged in reclaiming the wilderness—building a home—founding an American state and extending the area of liberty. He had visions, however dimly seen, that he was here to do for this country what his ancestors had done for savage England centuries before—to plant a community which in due time should grow and ripen into one of the great sisterhood of Anglo-American states, wherein the language of the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton should be spoken by millions then unborn, and the law of Magna Charta and Westminster Hall be the bulwark of liberty and the buttress of order for generations to come.

William P. Lord

EDUCATION.

(*Extract from Governor William P. Lord's Message to the Nineteenth Regular Session of the Legislative Assembly of Oregon.*)

Common Schools.

The general diffusion of knowledge is the best guaranty of the stability of republican institutions. Their safety and prosperity depend on the spread of knowledge among the masses. The fact is now recognized that intelligence in communities is essential to social progress and political reform, is conducive to sobriety and industry, and serves to establish justice and promote the public interests. As a means of disseminating intelligence, our common schools are most active and potent factors. There are no other instrumentalities comparable with them for the accomplishment of this object. They seek to increase the general average of human intelligence by the education of the rising generation, and in this way to elevate the citizen and strengthen the state. The state cannot neglect its educational interests, without loss of public intelligence and detriment to its well being.

Normal Schools.

The object of the normal schools is to furnish teachers for our common schools. The scope of their work includes special instruction in those branches of education which are taught in the public schools, and thorough training in the science of teaching. The effect of their work, when successfully prosecuted, is to increase the usefulness of the teacher and elevate the standard of our public schools. Our normal schools are a useful and indispensable adjunct to our common school system.

Agricultural College.

It is the life and prosperity of our country to keep up and maintain its institutions, dedicated to the work of education in all its departments, to their utmost efficiency, although it may require some expenditure of the public revenue. Our people, to a large extent, are engaged in agricultural and industrial pursuits. A sound, practical education along the lines of these callings or vocations is a need of our people, and its benefits to the state cannot be overestimated. To fill this want is the object of our Agricultural College, in our educational system. Its chief end and aim is to give its students a thorough agricultural and mechanical training, as distinct from college or university courses. It is a different education in its practical results from a university education, but is not in conflict with it. In this age when so many industrial projects require mechanical or scientific education for their management, the Agricultural College affords excellent opportunities for acquiring such an education.

University.

There are those who think our University should not receive financial support, while there are others who think it is bad policy and worse economy to withhold from it any needed aid. It is no doubt true that taxation is for the general benefit, and that objects of its fostering care should conserve the public good. But the fact that comparatively few can enjoy the University's advantages is not conclusive that its benefits are not for the public welfare. If the University is an essential part of our educational system, in conducing to the progress and development of our state, and to the prosperity and intellectual greatness of the people, it is of general benefit and entitled to receive public support. The University aims to furnish such an education as will enable those—always the few—who possess the requisite abilities, to become useful citizens and leaders of thought in the professions, in statesmanship, in the various branches of learning, in philanthrophy, and works of charity, in pro-

moting industrial projects and conducting commercial enterprises, and in devising methods for the moral and political advancement of the people. Its existence is due to recognition of the fact that the state needs captains in every department of life, affecting human happiness and welfare, and that, as a means to this end, it should provide an institution whose course of study would lay the foundation to supply them.

S. F. Chadwick

A MAY DAY IN OREGON.

Nature smiling through her rills, streams, hills, valleys and mountains, greets us this morning and welcomes us to partake of her bountiful hospitality. How beautiful she is. Clothed in her attractive habiliaments of spring; in her tender, strong, but gracious reproduction of everything in her kingdom for the sustenance of man. Here are flowers of every hue and description, filling the air with fragrance; the woods and forests are made attractive by the shrill notes of nature's sweet songsters. Spring, in all her beauty, like hope in its innocent fullness, charms as it possesses us, filling us with the promise of offerings the mind craves, and bespeaks the approach of an abundant harvest for our physical well-being; a season of plenty for the husbandman, his fields, flocks and herds; a season in which, with a light heart, he may go forth to the hills, valleys and fields and welcome this plenteous outpouring from the liberal hand of the Great Giver of all things.

Samuel A. Clarke

Samuel A. Clarke, author of the following poems, arrived in Oregon, from Ohio, in 1850. He edited the *Oregonian* during the last year of the war. He published the Salem *Statesman* in '68; after disposing of his interest in that journal, he purchased the *Willamette Farmer* in company with D. W. Craig. He now lives in Washington, D. C. The *Native Son Magazine* once said of Mr. Clarke: "Since '62 he has commanded an enviable reputation as a writer. His descriptive articles have received highest praise, his articles on history unexcelled, and his verse liked by all who care for rhyme."

LIFE.

There's nothing sadder than the years
  That have no useful trend;
There's naught that weakens like the tears
  The heart cannot defend;
There's nothing fainter than the hope
  That has no polar star,
Nor narrower than must be the scope
  That reaches out too far.

The springtime's bud will end in bloom,
  Will burst and be the rose;
The early summer's rare perfume
  Is born of winter snows.
The harvest-time's uncounted wealth—
  The autumn's bend of fruit—
Teach how the winter works by stealth
  When nature seems so mute.

And ever, as the dawning glows,
  The morning star grows dim
Beside the ray the sun god throws
  Across the mountain's brim.

We lose the lesser in the great—
The day is fairly won
When all the heaven, consecrate,
Worships the risen sun.

By love and faith, and hope and light,
The bud, the leaf, the flower—
The winter's trust, the spring's delight,
The summer's fruiting hour—
These make the full and rounded year,
And years make life supreme,
Through which we know the smile, the tear;
To sow, to reap, to dream.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

I gathered some weeds by the wayside—
Weeds that had blossomed to flowers—
Sweet clovers, late daisies and goldenrods—
New bathed by the midsummer showers:
As I did it the flash of the lightning
Lent its glow to the evening hours.

I grouped them with red of the clover
Contrasting with daisies white;
The goldenrod's glow bending over
Like flashes of ligh'ning flight;
Any eye then could discover
They made a bouquet of delight.

What then to do with this bloom-life,
Thus gathered by idling hands?
In the great city halls was a fair one
Sat waiting for fate's commands;
I gave them to her, and she twined them
In the midst of her sun-gold bands.

They had beauty enough mid the strayings
That grew by the tangled wayside;
They shone with bright look as the playings
And flashes of lightnings betide;
But twined in her tresses betrayed there
The charm of her own grace and pride.

The fragrance and bloom of the wildwood
Have ever known charm for us all;
The wandering footsteps of childhood
May gather them ere they fall;
But supremer graces of womanhood
Hold even the wild flower in thrall.

SNOW DROP MEMORIES.

It was on the twenty-third of February, 1892, the fortieth anniversary of our wedding day, that I came from the orchard and having staid at the old home over night, started to go to Portland, at early day, when I saw, under the bay window, a bunch of snow drops in bloom, that had been planted by my wife many years before. She had been dead three years. I gathered several and that evening, as retiring at the Esmond, I sat on the bed's edge and wrote the following verse:

Years, many a one,
Have come and gone:
Their fears, their hopes have sped:
Since in life's down,
In yonder town,
With holy vows we wed.

Our hopes were high
As she and I
Made home upon this hill:
In sunny hours
She planted flowers.
That tell me of her still.

As March winds sweep
Her snow drops peep
Through drifts of fallen leaves:
They love to bloom
When winter's gloom
Is nursing harvest sheaves.

Does she who trod
This garden sod
To tend the tiny flower,
Transplanted to
Scenes ever new
Forget her evening hour?

The city's hum
Since then has come—
It climbs the hill today:
Our young have flown—
They seek their own:
My locks are turned to grey.

The old home spot
Is near forgot—
'Tis lonely; she's not here;
But snow drops still
Bloom on the hill
As March winds bring them cheer.

Soon hyacinths
And tulips tints
Of purple, pearl and gold,
On this parterre
Will grace confer
And all spring's hues unfold.

And, later still
The daffodil,
The lilac, and the rose,
Will—one by one—
To warmer sun
Give greeting: But who knows,

If that fond hand,
At whose command
This spot to beauty grew,
In fairer sphere
Than we know here,
Tends flowers earth never knew.

Lischen M. Miller

THE HAUNTED LIGHT.

AT NEWPORT BY THE SEA.

Situated at Yaquina, on the coast of Oregon, is an old, deserted lighthouse. It stands upon a promontory that juts out dividing the bay from the ocean, and is exposed to every wind that blows. Its weather-beaten walls are wrapped in mystery. Of an afternoon when the fog comes drifting in from the sea and completely envelopes the lighthouse and then stops in its course as if its object had been attained, it is the loneliest place in the world. At such times those who chance to be in the vicinity hear a moaning sound like the cry of one in pain, and sometimes a frenzied call for help pierces the death-like stillness of the waning day. Far out at sea, ships passing in the night are often guided in their course by a light that gleams from the lantern-tower where no lamp is ever trimmed.

In the days when Newport was but a handful of cabins, roughly built, and flanked by an Indian camp, across the bar there sailed a sloop, grotesquely rigged and without a name. The arrival of a vessel was a rare event, and by the time the stranger had dropped anchor abreast the village the whole population were gathered on the strip of sandy beach to welcome her. She was manned by a swarthy crew, and her skipper was a beetle-browed ruffian with a scar across his cheek from mouth to ear. A boat was lowered, and in it a man about forty years of age, and a young girl, were rowed ashore. The man was tall and dark, and his manner and speech indicated gentle breeding. He explained that the sloop's water casks were empty, and was directed to the spring that poured down the face of the yellow sandstone cliff a few yards up the beach. Issuing instructions in some heathenish, unfamiliar tongue to the boatmen, he devoted himself to asking and answering questions. The sloop was bound down the coast to Coos Bay. She had encountered rough weather off the Columbia River bar, and had been driven far out of her course. To the young lady, his daughter, the voyage proved most trying. She was not a good sailor. If, therefore, accommodations could be secured, he wished to leave her ashore until the return of the sloop a fortnight later.

The landlady of the "———" had a room to spare, and by the time the water casks were filled, arrangements had been completed which resulted in the transfer of the fair traveler's luggage from the sloop to the "hotel." The father bade his daughter an affectionate adieu, and was rowed back to the vessel, which at once weighed anchor and sailed away in the golden dusk of the summer evening.

Muriel, that was the name she gave, Muriel Trevenard, was a delicate-looking, fair-haired girl still in her teens, very sweet and sunny-tempered. She seemed to take kindly to her new environment, accepting its rude inconveniences as a matter of course, though all her own belongings testified to the fact that she was accustomed

to the refinements and even luxuries of civilization. She spent many hours each day idling with a sketch block and pencil in the grassy hollow in the hill, seaward from the town, so well known to pleasure-seekers of today, or strolled upon the beach or over the wind-swept uplands. The fortnight lengthened to a month and yet no sign of the sloop, or any sail rose above the horizon to southward.

"You've no cause to worry," said the landlady. "Your father's safe enough. No rough weather since he sailed, and as for time—a ship's time is as uncertain as a woman's temper, I've heard my own father say."

"Oh I am not anxious," replied Muriel, "not in the least."

It was in August that a party of pleasure-seekers came over the Coast Range and pitched their tents in the grassy hollow. They were a merry company, and they were not long in discovering Muriel.

"Such a pretty girl," exclaimed Cora May, who was herself so fair that she could afford to be generous. "I am sure she does not belong to anybody about here. We must coax her to come to our camp."

But the girl needed little coaxing. She found these light-hearted young people a pleasant interruption, and she was enthusiastically welcomed by all, young and old alike. She joined them in their ceaseless excursions, and made one of the group that gathered nightly around the camp fire. There was one, a rather serious-minded youth, who speedily constituted himself her cavalier. He was always at hand to help her into the boat, to bait her hook when they went fishing, and to carry her shawl, or book or sketch block, and she accepted these attentions as she seemed to accept all else, naturally and sweetly.

The Cape Foulweather light had just been completed, and the house upon the bluff above Newport was deserted. Some members of the camping party proposed one Sunday afternoon that they pay it a visit.

"We have seen everything else there is to see," remarked Cora May.

"It is just an ordinary house with a lantern on top,"

objected Muriel. "You can get a good view of it from the bay. Besides it is probably locked up."

"Somebody has the key. We can soon find out who," said Harold Welch. "And we haven't anything else to do."

Accordingly they set out in a body to find the key. It was in the possession of the landlady's husband who had been appointed to look after the premises. He said he had not been up there lately, and seemed surprised after a mild fashion that any one should feel an interest in an empty house, but he directed them how to reach it.

"You go up that trail to the top of the hill and you'll strike the road, but you won't find anything worth seeing after you get there. It aint anywhere like the new light."

With much merry talk and laughter they climbed the hill and found the road, a smooth and narrow avenue overshadowed by dark, young pines winding along the hill-top to the rear of the house.

It stood in a small enclosure bare of vegetation. The sand was piled in little wind-swept heaps against the board fence. There was a walk paved with brick, leading from the gate around to the front where two or three steps went up to a square porch with seats on either side. Harold Welch unlocked the door, and they went into the empty hall that echoed dismally to the sound of human voices. Rooms opened from this hallway on either hand and in the "L" at the back were the kitchen. storerooms and pantry, a door that gave egress to a narrow veranda, and another shutting off the cellar. At the rear of the hall the stairs led up to the second floor, which was divided like the first into plain, square rooms. But the stairway went on, winding up to a small landing where a window looked out to northward, and from which a little room, evidently a linen closet, opened opposite the window. There was nothing extraordinary about this closet at the first glance. It was well furnished with shelves and drawers, and its only unoccupied wall space was finished with a simple wainscoting.

"Why," cried one, as they crowded the landing and

overflowed into the closet, "this house seems to be falling to pieces." He pulled at a section of the wainscote and it came away in his hand. "Hello! what's this? Iron walls?"

"It's hollow," said another, tapping the smooth black surface disclosed by the removal of the panel.

"So it is," cried the first speaker. "I wonder what's behind it? Why it opens!" It was a heavy piece of sheet iron about three feet square. He moved it to one side, set it against the wall, and peered into the aperture.

"How mysterious!" exclaimed Muriel, leaning forward to look into the dark closet, whose height and depth exactly corresponded to the dimensions of the panel. It went straight back some six or eight feet and then dropped abruptly into what seemed a soundless well. One, more curious than the rest, crawled in and threw down lighted bits of paper.

"It goes to the bottom of the sea," he declared, as he backed out and brushed the dust from his clothes. "Who knows what it is, or why it was built?"

"Smugglers," suggested somebody, and they all laughed, though there was nothing particularly humorous in the remark. But they were strangely nervous and excited. There was something uncanny in the atmosphere of this deserted dwelling that oppressed them with an unaccountable sense of dread. They hurried out, leaving the dark closet open, and climbed up into the lantern-tower where no lamp has been lighted these many years.

The afternoon, which had been flooded with sunshine, was waning in a mist that swept in from the sea and muffled the world in dull grey.

"Let us go home," cried Cora May. "If it were clear we might see almost to China from this tower, but the fog makes me lonesome."

So they clambered down the iron ladder and descending the stairs, passed out through the lower hall into the grey fog. Harold Welch stopped to lock the door, and Muriel waited for him at the foot of the steps. The lock was rusty, and he had trouble with the key. By

the time he joined her the rest of the party had disappeared around the house.

"You are kind to wait for me," said he, as they caught step on the brick pavement and moved forward. But Muriel laid her hand upon his arm.

"I must go back," she said. "I—I—dropped my handkerchief in—the—hall upstairs, I must go back and get it."

They remounted the steps, and Welch unlocked the door and let her pass in. But when he would have followed, she stopped him imperiously.

"I am going alone," she said. "You are not to wait. Lock the door and go on. I will come out through the kitchen." He objected, but she was obstinate, and, perhaps because her lightest wish was beginning to be his law of life, he reluctantly obeyed her. Again the key hung in the lock. This time it took him several minutes to release it. When he reached the rear of the house Muriel was nowhere to be seen. He called her two or three times and waited, but, receiving no reply, concluded that she had hurried out and joined the rest, whose voices came back to him from the avenue of pines. She had been nervous and irritable all the afternoon, so unlike herself that he had wondered more than once if she were ill, or weary of his close attendance. It occurred to him now that possibly she had taken this means to rid herself of his company. He hurried on, for it was growing cold, and the fog was thickening to a rain. He had just caught up with the stragglers of the party, and they were beginning to chaff him at being alone, when the sombre stillness of the darkening day was rent by a shriek so wild and wierd that they who heard it felt the blood freeze suddenly in their veins. They shrank involuntarily closer and looked at each other with blanched cheeks and startled eyes. Before anyone found voice it came again. This time it was a cry for help, thrice repeated in quick succession.

"Muriel! Where is Muriel?" demanded Welch, his heart leaping in sudden fear.

"Why you ought to know," cried Cora May. "We left her with you."

They hurried toward the deserted house.

"She went back to get her handkerchief," explained Welch. "She told me not to wait, and I locked the door and came on."

"Locked her in that horrid place? Why did you do it?" exclaimed Cora, indignantly.

"She said she would come out by way of the kitchen," replied he.

"She could not. The door is locked, and the key is broken off in the lock," said another. "I noticed it when we were rummaging around in there."

They began to call encouragingly, "Muriel, we are coming. Don't be afraid." But they got no reply.

"Oh let us hurry," urged Cora, "perhaps she has fainted with fright."

In a very few minutes they were pouring into the house and looking and calling through the lower rooms. Then upstairs, and there, upon the floor in the upper chamber, where the grey light came in through the uncurtained windows, they found a pool of warm, red blood. There were blood drops in the hall and on the stairs that led up to the landing, and in the linen closet they picked up a blood-stained handkerchief. But there was nothing else. The iron door had been replaced, and the panel in the wainscote closed, and try as they might, they could not open it. They were confronted by an apparent tragedy, appalled by a fearful mystery, and they could do nothing. They returned to the village and gave the alarm, and re-enforced, came back and renewed the hopeless search with lanterns. They ransacked the house again and again from tower to cellar. They scoured the hills in the vain delusion that she might have escaped from the house and wandered off in the fog. But they found nothing, nor ever did, save the blood drops on the stairs and the little handkerchief.

"It will be a dreadful blow to her father," remarked the landlady of the "———." "I don't want to be the one to break it to him." And she had her wish, for the sloop nor any of its crew ever again sailed into Yaquina Bay. As time went by, the story was forgotten by all but those who joined in that weary search for the

missing girl. But to this day it is said the blood-stains are dark upon the floor in that upper chamber. And one there was who carried the little handkerchief next to his heart till the hour of his own tragic death.—*Pacific Monthly Magazine.*

Geo. L. Curry

TROUBLE.

With aching hearts we strive to bear our trouble,
Though some surrender to the killing pain;
Life's harvest fields are full of wounding stubble,
To prove the goodness of the gathered grain.
With aching hearts we struggle on in sorrow,
Seeking some comfort in our sorest need;
The dismal day may have a bright tomorrow,
And all our troubles be as "precious seed."
As precious seed within the heart's recesses,
To germinate and grow to fruitage rare,
Of patience, love, hope, faith and all that blesses,
And forms the burden of our daily prayer.
With aching heart we cling to heaven's evangels,
The beautiful, the good, the true, the pure,
Communing with us always like good angels,
To help us in the suffering we endure.
Indeed, to suffer and sustain afflictions
Is the experience which we all acquire;
Our tribulations are the harsh restrictions
To consummations we so much desire.
With aching hearts life's battle still maintaining,
The pain, the grief, and death we comprehend,
As issues we accept without complaining,
So weary are we for the end.
Alas! so weary, longing for the ending,
For that refreshing rest—that precious peace,
That common heritage, past comprehending,
When all the heart-aches shall forever cease.

Dr. Thomas Condon

Of all men Dr. Thomas Condon, author of "The Two Islands," has without doubt accumulated the largest fund of information touching the geology of Oregon. For a third of a century and more this apostle of science has been steadily exploring mountain and valley and plain gleaning knowledge, and has traversed every Oregon shore, examining the old sea-banks for the strata that lie one above the other like so many unfolded scrolls—scrolls on which strange things have been written by an unseen hand—age-marked scrolls which speak of the works and show the finger prints of Father Time. As a reward of patient research science has revealed to this student of nature the marvelous story of Oregon reaching back countless centuries before the land was visited by man. And the narrative, scientific but simple, has been produced in a volume in a style that appeals alike to the learned and to the unlearned; young and old. Only in the one book is it given; but it is told so fully, it is safe to assert, one's knowledge of Oregon cannot be said to be complete till he has read the story of "The Two Islands" as written by Doctor Condon.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

AN EXTRACT.

But a few years ago light, heat, electricity, chemical reactions and mechanical motion were supposed to be due to entirely separate acts of creation. It is now clearly seen that these and other physical forces are only separate links of one chain of underlying natural force. It is demonstrated that nothing of this underlying force is ever wasted. The motion of a mill, of an arm, of a steam engine, occurs because heat or some other link of the chain is changed into motion. The

motion thus created expands itself by becoming again heat or electricity or some other form of the same chain of forces. Nothing of all this is now made or destroyed, not even wasted.

These things are now the commonplace facts of science. The natural effect of them on human thought would be, that whereas we once thought God created light alone, we now know he must have created a wider fact of which light is only a part. And with scientific Christians this was the only effect the change produced. Would that it had been left to this!

How this view of the truth could lessen anyone's adoring reverence of the Infinite Source of all this wider force and profounder power is difficult to understand; that it should carry with it a tendency to atheism is incredible, for somewhere in the long chain of sequences the Creator's power must come in. The normal effect upon our belief would be expressed by such a statement as this: "I once believed God created a small fact; I now see he must have created a whole system of facts at once."

This tendency to wider, more generalized facts is the one characteristic of recent scientific experiments. Our thoughts must be adjusted to this current of things if we would keep our theology a working power among men.

Still more plainly is this wider generalization marked in the domain of chemistry. In chemistry, as in other departments of science, experiments continually reveal other and wider facts and forces underlying our surface ones.

The discoveries of late years through the use of the spectroscope have added greatly to this conviction. These show that the distant stars are composed of chemical elements like those of our own earth. This certainly gives one a sufficiently generalized idea of the nature of the materials out of which sun, moon and planets are made. If we consider these materials as we find them in the rocks around us, we shall find evidence enough of development from single elements to complex combinations.

As a surface fact nothing can be more simple than a

piece of chalk, yet if you examine it closely you will find its simplicity to vanish and in the place of that simplicity a most complex combination of chemistry, history and mineralogy. It tells of the lowly life of a company of animals existing in the deep regions of the ocean, milleniums ago, extracting the carbonate of lime from the waters around them and through the wonderful chemical forces of life converting this lime carbonate into bony skeletons which on the death of the animals were consigned to the deep oozy bed of the ocean to become chalk. It tells of a subsequent elevation of this ancient chalk bed into a mountain mass of a neighboring continent. How far from simple, either in time, in place or in chemistry, is this strange mixture of rock and of history!

Yet you may say of this piece of chalk, "God created it." So he did, but how? Evidently by a long process of development from simpler elements of time, force and material, to what you now find it.

Henry H. Woodward

Near where the Umpquas meet, "the veteran soldier-poet," Henry H. Woodward, has pitched his tent and sung his song. Quiet, homelike and peaceful are his haunts; sweet, tender and serene his song. A half century of travel and war and touch with men rings in the "Lyrics of the Umpqua." The spirit of his song is love and friendship and religion as influenced by the land and the sea; and he records a memorial to many a friend who lives in poetry but not in the history of men. It is true that he is neither a Shakespeare, a Milton, nor a Byron, but his writings prove to us that he has a good heart, that he upholds the right, and speaks a cheery word to every fellow traveler; hence we sit down contentedly under his melodies, little regarding the strain of his song or the march of its music.

Mrs. S. Watson Hamilton

On taking up a volume of Byron, the careful reader will feel that the author had chosen Edmund Spenser as his model. And while some of the proofs for his opinion may be so subtle as to baffle analysis, yet the inevitable conclusion will the that he is correct. So, in reading "The Angel of the Covenant" for the first time, the reader will feel that the authoress has taken Milton as her model, developed a theme, and then written the book with her Bible on her knee. "The Angel of the Covenant" is probably the longest religious epic written in Oregon. The peculiar nature of the subject and the lengthy treatment given it has destined the poem to resemble the "Paradise Lost," in that its number of admirers will probably exceed its number of readers. It is not at all presumptuous to assert that the poem will live a century; hence it must be a satisfaction to believe that one's writings will go on preaching some immortal truth to the children of men long after the author has finished her work.

Throughout the poem Mrs. Hamilton deals with stern religious truths as eloquent facts, and exhibits a devotional spirit directed by that wisdom that comes from philosophy and interpretation; her poems are therefore intellectual. She rarely alludes to nature, but, if she were to enjoy a bouquet of flowers, she would revel in their variety, arrangement and beauty, and be delighted with their fragrance, which would be poetical; unconsciously she might go a step further and ask why are they beautiful. This would still be poetical. But when she begins to analyze their aromas to ascertain the kinds and the proportion of each that pleases her she enters a realm of investigation which causes most minds to think so intensely that the heart loses its opportunity to feel.

Hence, at times the poem becomes somewhat metaphysical, and consequently appreciated by those who read it more as mental than as spiritual food. It is worthy of a place on the center table of every Oregon home where religious thought is given.

E. S. McComas

THE OLD PIONEERS.

They have come from the valley, and from the mountains down,
They are gathered from the country, from the city and the town,
They came to swap reminiscences of time now on the wane,
Of the anxious months of dangers, of "the trip across the plains."
Their ranks are getting thinner and their forms are bending low,
Their eyes are growing dimmer and their locks are white as snow,
Give them every comfort, tho' they carry well their years,
They are grand old men and women, these "Old Pioneers."

Let their annual reunions continue ever on
Until the last old pilgrim among them is gone!
They have sown the golden wheat where the camas once did grow,
And the palace car now follows the trail the pack mule used to go.
The school house takes the place of the Indian "Wickeyup,"
And they who wrought the change deserve the "Golden Cup."
Scatter flowers in their pathway, adown declining years,
They are grand old men and women, these "Old Pioneers."

Blanche Fearing

All peoples have had their blind bards who gave the world some message that was withheld from those "who having eyes yet see not"; and we say this is a Homer who inspired the soldiery of the world, or an Ossian who made Scottish legends more precious, or a Milton who "undertook what no man ought to have undertaken, and did with it what no other man could have done"—described heaven. It would be presumptuous to claim that we have had either of these, but we have had a blind poetess who like a comet swept suddenly across our orbit. Her name was Lilian Blanche Fearing. No one knew whence she came or whither she went; but some time in the quiet City of Rosburg she learned of a sleeping infant and left these lines, which may be found in her book entitled "The Sleeping World":

LET HIM SLEEP.

Oh, do not wake the little one,
With flowing curl upon his face,
Like strands of light dropped from the sun,
And mingled there in golden grace!
Oh, tell him not the moments run
Through life's frail fingers in swift chase!
"Let him sleep, let him sleep!"

There cometh a day when light is pain,
When he will lean his head away,
And sunward hold his palm, to gain
A respite from the glare of day;
For no fond lip will smile, and say,
"Let him sleep, let him sleep!"

Hush! hush! wake not the child!
Just now a light shone from within,
And through his lips an angel smiled,
Too fresh from heaven for grief to win;
Oh, children are God's undefiled,
Too fresh from heaven to dream of sin!
"Let him sleep, let him sleep!"

B. J. Hawthorne

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

When many people at the same time manifest great interest in an object, a strong current of popular opinion sets in towards that object—an irresistible current. When the balance of ignorance in a community is greater than the balance of knowledge, it is certainly time that the current should be formed. Yes, even before the community begins to suffer for want of knowledge.

The interest manifested in education by this country is an indication of our high appreciation of the necessity and benefits of schools. The schools are a power for good. Whatever a citizen can do to aid popular education, aids the development of the community in which he lives; aids it materially as well as spiritually.

I would beg leave to state that the moral and intellectual welfare, that the material welfare of this mighty Nation is in the hands of the school teachers—is dependent upon the education of its citizens.

The safety of our republican and democratic form of government will be found in universal education. It is not enough to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, but philosophy, literature, aesthetics and higher culture in all the branches of human knowledge. The foundation of our educational establishment was laid on a rock near the Atlantic—additions to the original have been built until now it reaches the far-off Pacific. May the structure rise and rise until it reaches heaven.

Jesse Applegate

AN EVENING ON THE PLAINS.

But time passes; the watch is set for the night, the council of the old men has broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter. The flute has whispered its last lament to the deepening night. The violin is silent, and the dancers have dispersed. Enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here as elsewhere has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep.

He hears the ten o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returning guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been made a rule, that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy.

Tonight he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they

have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine tomorrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and, unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

Binger Hermann

The following extract was taken from Binger Hermann's address upon "The Life and Character of the Hon. Charles Crisp, Late Speaker of the House of Representatives":

"Like the spire on some lofty cathedral seen at close view, when neither its true height nor its majestic proportions can be accurately measured, so is ex-Speaker Crisp, in according to him his just place in history in so brief a period after his death. His splendid life work will shine forth in even greater luster as time goes on, for then the mists which more or less obscure every active, ambitious genius, surrounded by enmities and personal antagonisms, will have faded away, and expose to view the intrinsic worth and the perfect symmetry, the strength and beauty of this well-balanced life."

Again he says:

"The light of our friend was extinguished while it was yet day—yea, at high noon. He was still in the midst of his usefulness, and no premonition pointed out the untimely end. The summons came, and the work was done. It is difficult to realize that this is true. Do we comprehend the uncertainty of life? Is it so frail? We hear the answer in the expiring breath and see it in the open grave. It leaves an admonition to us all: 'Do thy work today; for thee there may be no tomorrow.' May we not hope that if not here there may be that tomorrow in the celestial realms, 'in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?' "

J. Quinn Thornton

Born March 24, 1810, near Point Pleasant, Mason County, Virginia. With his parents he moved to Champaign County, Ohio, in infancy. Educated at the University of Virginia, studied law, and admitted to practice. Removed to Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri, in 1835, where he taught school, practiced law, and for a short time edited a political paper. March 8, 1838, married Nancy M. Hogue at Hannibal, Missouri, and removed to Quincy, Illinois, where he practiced law. Came to Oregon in 1846. Judge of the Supreme Court under the Provisional Government of Oregon. Was appointed by Governor Abernethy a commissioner to go to Washington to urge upon Congress the necessity of providing a territorial government for the Pacific Northwest, and drew up the bill extending the jurisdiction of the United States over the Oregon country. Wrote a book entitled "Oregon and California." Died in Salem Sunday night, February 5, 1888, and buried in Lee Mission Cemetery, where his body lies in an unmarked grave.

A GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A humble grave was dug under the spreading boughs of a venerable oak, and there the remains were followed by a silent, thoughtful and solemn company of emigrants, thus so forcibly reminded that they too were travelers to that land "from whose bourne there is no return." The minister improved the occasion to deliver to us an impressive sermon as we sat around that new-made grave in the wilderness, so well calculated to impress upon the mind the incalculable importance of seeking another and better country, where there is no sickness and no death.

I had often witnessed the approach of Death; sometimes marking his progress by the insidious work of consumption; and, at others, assailing his victim in a less doubtful manner. I had seen the guileless infant, with

the light of love and innocence upon its face, gradually fade away, like a beautiful cloud upon the sky melting into the dews of heaven, until it disappeared in the blue ethereal. I had beheld the strong man, who had made this world all his trust, struggling violently with death, and had heard him exclaim in agony, "I will not die." And yet death relinquished not his tenacious grasp upon his victim. The sound of the hammer and the plane have ceased for a brief space; the ploughman has paused in the furrow, and even the schoolboy with his books and satchel has stood still and the very atmosphere has seemed to assume a sort of melancholy tinge, as the tones of the tolling bell have come slowly, solemnly, and at measured intervals upon the moveless air, and hushing the mind to breathless thoughts that fain would know the whither of the departed. But death in the wilderness —in the solitude of nature, and far from the fixed abodes of busy men—seemed to have in it solemnity that far surpassed all this.

Prince L. Campbell

AN OLD VIOLIN.

O quaintly-carved, grotesque old violin,
Than thee Cremona's shops no rarer prize,
Nor fairer masterpiece, e'er held within
Their ancient walls. Thy melodies arise
As soft as angels' harps heard through the skies.
The subtlest sweetness thou hast gathered in
From all thy sweetest notes, till now there lies
To thee the store of years, which thou didst win
By freely giving. So, I've thought, do men
From noble deeds the choicest blessing reap:
The sweetness given out returns again
Unto the giver, and the soul doth keep
A still increasing store as more is given,
Till, like thy notes, each thought seems sent from heaven.

Elwood Evans

THE OREGON REPUBLIC.

Penetrating the veil and looking behind, what do we realize? Our fellow countrymen and women, few in numbers, but steadfast in purpose, who had been forgotten by their government, yet neglect could not weaken their loyalty and love. Submitting patiently to that injustice, always true to birthright and origin, they carried with them love of republican institutions, had established, and upon that very day were successfully administering, a government of the people, by the people. Oregon already contained within it an infant republic. Here was a thriving, loyal American commonwealth, started by children of the great republican household, who, though for a time discarded, had ever been animated with unabated zeal for the glory and grandeur of their parent government.

When I contemplate this history, this undying devotion to fatherland, this patriotic love of their native institutions. I know not which most to commend—their implicit confidence in the title of their country to Oregon which they never failed to assert on every proper occasion, and so sure were they that it would be maintained, their patriotic avowal was that the government, they constituted their trusteeship of the territory, should only continue "until such time as the United States shall extend jurisdiction"—their signal and undying love for republican institutions, breathing through every line of the fundamental code of the government they founded; or their eminent conservative wisdom as displayed in that system, the laws enacted and their administration. How truly

> "Each man made his own stature, built himself;
> Virtue alone outbids the pyramids,
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Henry S. DeMoss

SWEET OREGON.

(As sung by the DeMoss family, official song-writers of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.)

I'm thinking now of a beautiful land,
Oregon, Oregon;
With rivers and valleys and mountains grand,
Oregon, sweet Oregon;
From the mountain peak all covered with snow,
A swift crystal streamlet ever doth flow
By the home of my youth, which I shall adore,
Oh! Oregon, my home.

Chorus—

Oh Oregon, sweet Oregon,
My native home, I long for thee;
My native home, I long for thee.

I think of the forests and the prairies wide,
Oregon, Oregon;
The mines, the fish, and the ocean tide;
Oregon, sweet Oregon;
Where the mighty Columbia rolls down to the sea;
And while the pines are echoing in the breeze,
Like a beautiful dream to my memory comes
Sweet Oregon my home.

I long to dwell in my mountain home,
Oregon, Oregon;
Away from thy vales I shall never roam,
Oregon, sweet Oregon;
I sigh for thy boun'iful harvest again,
Thy fruit and thy calm gentle rain;
And thy pure, balmy air, which wafts freedom's best song;
Oh! Oregon, my home.

Rabbi Bloch

THE JEWISH MILESTONE.

Let us then reason: If the unfolded book of nature has its inspiring lesson for a poet's invocation, how much more should the mighty volumes written by the hand of Providence invite us to profound contemplation? Our Passover stands forth as the grandest milestone, as the epoch that marks the starting point in the evolution of liberty. With the Passover, Egypt began the early spring of humanity, still wrapped in the deadly frost of slavery. Israel's departure from Egypt was the starting point on the journey to Sinai, over whose ideal peak that sun should rise, whose fire and light was strong enough to melt every iron shackle and stamp every man with the image of his Creator.

Whether celebrated on the shores of the Nile, or on the hallowed banks of the Jordan, by a Joshua or Josiah, in the days of exile on the Euphrates, or in the golden era of the Maccabeans under conquering Rome, or its dissolution, whether crouched in dark ghettos or hunted by intolerant mobs—the Passover remained our consecrated milestone, that inspires us to heroic endurance and perseverance in the cause of truth, and the hopes of a brighter dawn on the horizon of mankind. Passing over the streams and mighty rivers of time, and from milestone to milestone, set by grief or joy. it was the ever-cheering voice of Israel's songs that drowned all sorrow and aroused anew our vigor, marching to tempo of time's tread, ever nearer and nearer to Israel's goal. The old and withering walls of the middle ages began to crumble into dust under the heavy stroke of the advancing age of reason. With every breach a new passageway was made to the advanced hosts of humanitarians. The Jew amongst them entered the cause dearest to him, and

on every battlefield he proved that the heroism of the Maccabees was still abiding in his race.

The final glory, however, has not yet come. The battle is still going on. Here and there and everywhere social questions await its final solution. In the heat of the combat strange revelations of human nature are brought about. Amongst these, the old prejudice has concentrated itself in the opposition to Jewish freedom, honestly won in the last 2000 years. But this, too, will succumb, and the last blot against mankind will be wiped out. Meanwhile we must not desert Israel's old camping grounds. Our holy days must never degenerate into mere feasting days. These must more than ever become the high watch-towers from which to hail the sign of ages, and from which shall float forever the old banner of Judaism, cheering the old and the young, and summoning the true and brave to the old song of the Passover: "O give thanks to the Eternal, for He is good, for unto eternity endureth His kindness."

Harrison R. Kincaid

WAR.

(*Extract from an editorial upon the threatened war with Chile.*)

Man, in all ages, has been the most destructive and turbulent animal on the globe. He has always delighted more in excitement and war than in peace and the pursuits of learning, morality and harmonious development. The world is one great field of carnage where the armies of countless ages have marched to battle and where millions and hundreds of millions have been slain and their bones strewn, layer upon layer, over every continent and at the bottom of every sea. One war has followed another, in regular succession, in all civilized and savage nations, as one wave follows another over the ocean. . . . The United States has been the most peaceable, intelligent and progressive nation of which history gives any account. But the spirit of war, the rattle of drums, the sound of bugles, the neighing of prancing steeds, the clashing of steel, the roar of artillery and all the symbols of war of ancient times thrill the hearts of the American people far beyond any other passion or sentiment. The spirit of war, which has desola'ed the earth in all ages, is not dead but only slumbering in our people. We have already had several wars during our brief national existence and may have many more. The people worship warriors—great fighters—far more than they do the greatest intellectual and moral giants the world has ever produced. No man, however great he may have been intellectually and morally, has ever been elected President of the United States over any kind of a military hero. And no party or man has ever opposed a war in this country, just or unjust, without having been swept out of power by popular indignation.

J. Fred Yates

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

(*From an address delivered at Portland, Oregon, October 13, 1898.*)

As we dwell for a time upon the beautiful story of Damon and Pythias we cannot but be benefited by its recital, and derive new lessons from it which will actuate our better motives toward each other, and toward our fellow men, and give us new inspirations which we can carry back with us into the practical affairs of life.

As we never tire of looking at the beautiful blendings of color and tints of the rainbow, so we never grow weary watching the weaving threads that wove the lives of Damon and Pythias together; and as the rainbow is not more beautiful than each separate color so not more beautiful is the knitted web of these two characters than is each separate thread of the web entwined around their names.

Damon and Pythias—at the mention of the names thought bounds backward and upward, and faith grows warmer with the thrill of joyful memory. Theirs were the examples of the highest types of simple fidelity, of the virtues of princely natures, though found in private spheres.

How great a man may be who never sits on a throne, nor emblazons a page of history, with his human glory by simply doing his individual duty to God and to man. To see others exalted without envy or jealousy, to devote himself to generous deeds of true friendship, to be loyal to others under all circumstances, to be faithful to God, and Christlike to man, may perchance not gain for him a niche in the galleries of the world's great heroes and heroines, but it means true greatness and noble heroism. Because of this the name of Damon will go down to posterity as one of the greatest of profane or divine his-

tory, and will remain immortal in the records of time. His was a princely nature without being a prince, and he had the qualities of kingliness without being a king.

As we stand at the estuary of some river where its mighty flood passes into the ocean, it often seems to us that its current is actually reversed; the tidal wave beats strongly from the sea, and the superficial waves beat upward from the stream. But down beneath the surface, with unceasing flow, the true current of the river moves steadily on. So it is with the principles displayed in the lives of those who imitate the examples of Damon and Pythias; the true current is ever flowing toward the right. In such lives we find the qualities of candor, courage, confidence, loyalty, tenderness and unselfishness, which grow into true nobleness and true manhood, until character rises to the full zenith of greatness and power.

Rev. H. K. Hines

ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD.

The following is the closing of an account of the "Ascent of Mount Hood," made in July, 1866, by Rev. H. K. Hines, D. D., author of Hines's History of Oregon. The paper was prepared for the Royal Geographical Society of London, by request of Sir Robert Brown, of Edinburg, Scotland, and was read before that society which passed unanimously a resolution of thanks to Dr. Hines, which was conveyed to him by letter with the personal compliments of Sir Roderick Marchison, who was then its president. It is given as a specimen of Dr. Hines's descriptive writing:

Standing upon the summit of the mountains when the ethereal brightness of the early northern summer was spread over the landscape near and far, it was given me to behold scenes that were their own and only parallel. I am in despair, go where I may on earth, of finding others like them. It was not the sublimity of the great mountains alone, nor yet the altitude which lifted me so high above the rolling, billowy breast of the great ranges sleeping their rocky slumbers so far beneath my feet, eastward, westward, southward and northward away to the far and blue horizon. It was not the reaching in and out of the great glittering riverflow which cleft mountain from mountain like a silver sea, and seemed ever listening to the whispering forth and back of tempest and lightning from pinnacle to pinnacle far above its sleeping sweetness. It was all these, and much more, aggregating and blending their sublimities in a creation of indescribable grandeur before and below me. And then, above, the sky seemed so near! almost within touch of my fingers. Where I had so often seen the clouds wander on their airy journeys so far above was now as far below. They were silver-flecked robes wrapping the icy foot of the mountain, and I stood far on their sun-

ward side and gazed down on their shining broidery of infinite brightness. And yonder, near a hundred miles northward, the storm-king broke his clouds and dashed his thunderbolts in harmless violence against the rocky sides and icy glaciers of Mount Adams, whose peaks glowed in unclouded light above the swift beat of the storm. The hour was auspicious, as if chosen of God, in which to greet the footsteps of mortal where few but the Immortal had ever trod before. It was a glorious welcome to this colossal masterpiece of His creation.

Yonder, two hundred miles to the north, the huge, rugged, inverted icicles of Mount Baker pierce the snowy drifts fallen around their base, while in the intervals between are deep ravines, vast gorges, and rude, craggy peaks, as if the earthquakes had taken this whole western world in their frenzied arms and tossed its mightiest rocks in wild disorder across the plains. South, another hundred miles, over the deep chasms of rivers, and the dread blackness of vast lava-piles frozen into rocks by the winter of ages, Diamond Peak seems almost a rival to the mountain on which I stand. Eastward, in the foreground, sweep far away the golden plains of the Des Chutes, John Day and Umatilla Rivers, enframed within the piney crests of the great Blue Mountain Range, a hundred and fifty miles distant. On the west the evergreen summits of the Coast Range cut clear against the blue sky, with the Willamette Valley, unsurpassed in beauty on the earth, a hundred miles in length, sleeping in quiet loveliness at their feet. The broad, silver belt of the Columbia, without a peer in grandeur and purity on the continent, winds down through its bordering of sunlit vales and shaded hills toward the ocean, which I see blending with the blue of the horizon through the broad vista between the lofty capes that sentinel its entrance to the sea, an hundred and fifty miles away. Within these almost measureless limits, which I had but to turn upon my heel to sweep with my vision, was every variety of vale and mountain, lake and prairie, bold, beetling precipices and gracefully rounded summits, blending and melting into each other, and forming a whole of unutterable magnificence.

Now, as often as thought recurs to the moment when I stood upon that awful height, the same awe of the Infinite God "who setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power," comes over my soul. I praise Him that He gave me strength to stand where His power speaks with words few mortals ever heard, and the reverent worshippings of mountains and soltudes seem ever flowing up to His Throne.

Mrs. Harriet K. M'Arthur

SENATOR NESMITH AND HIS TUTOR.

Senator Nesmith always was passionately fond of books, and, notwithstanding misfortune and hardship, at that time exhibited much of the same high spirit and love of fun and humor that he always retained. The tutor he remembered most vividly was one Gregor MacGregor, to whom he went to school one hundred and twenty days and received one hundred thrashings. He admitted it was the only school where he ever learned anything, and, notwithstanding a genuine feeling of regard for his old tutor, had vowed he would thrash him if he was ever large enough. The time came, but he did not execute his threat. In the year 1860, when Mr. Nesmith went to the United States Senate, he journeyed into New England to revisit the scenes of his early days. He went to see his old tutor, and said, "Mr. MacGregor, I have always intended thrashing you in return for your early cruelty to me, and now I think I can do it." "Weel, Weel, Jeems," said the auld Scot, "if I had given you a few more licks you would have been in the Senate long before now."

Valentine Brown

Valentine Brown, of Portland, Oregon, has recently written and published two volumes, "Poems" and "Armageddon," of which the latter is probably the stronger book. The almost monosyllabic style of his beautiful strain is illustrated in the following verses:

HELEN.

From a wide, wide sea, came a joy to me,
Came a tiniest, daintiest star,
And my quiet rooms its light illumes
With the fairest tints which are.

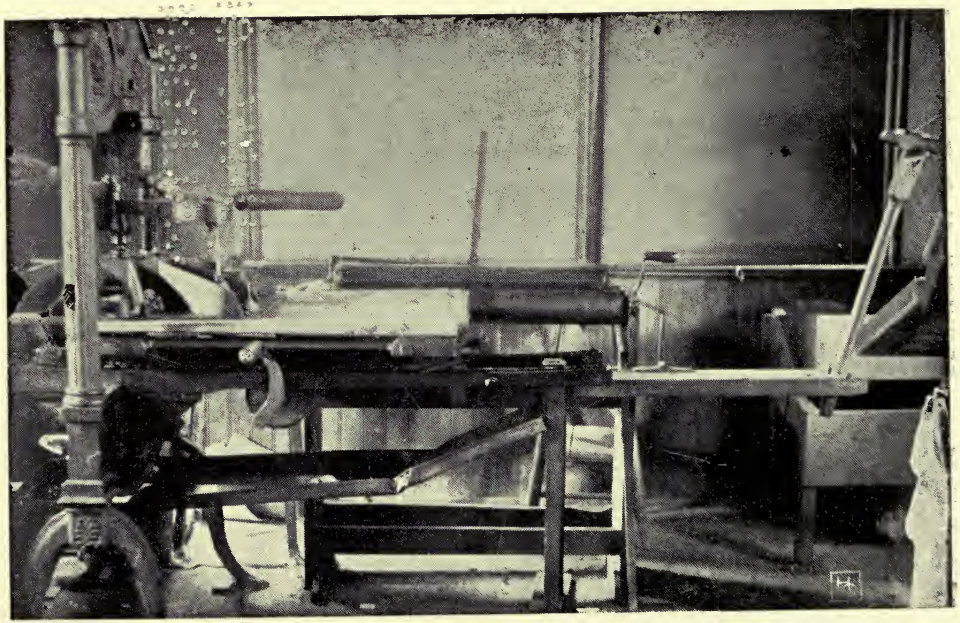
It is not a gleam from the land of dream,
Nor a star from the azure sky,
But a life and light, which day and night
Must either smile or cry.

'Tis a babe as sweet as one would meet
Where the babes of heaven be,
And this I know, but a month ago
From heaven she came to me.

Her joyous coo is a song anew,
And her wee cry moves my heart,
And the angels where all things are fair,
Must have sighed from her to part.

But she surely brought to my mortal lot
Heaven's own sweet delight,
For I bend and kiss my little miss,
And she smiles with all her might.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



THE "SPECTATOR" PRINTING PRESS

George H. Himes

TWO HISTORIC PRINTING PRESSES.

George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, has written:

The first printing press used by Americans on the Pacific Coast was sent from Boston, Massachusetts, to Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1819, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (the Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregational Churches of the United States), with type, fixtures, paper, etc., all together costing $450.00. It was used by the early missionaries at Honolulu for printing translations of different portions of the Scriptures, hymns, etc. A brass tablet upon the press bears the following inscription: "A Ramage Patent Printing, Copying and Seal Press, No. 4." Description: Height, twelve inches; length of impression lever, two feet; platen, twelve by fourteen and three-fourths inches; bed, twelve and one-half by sixteen and three-eighths inches; length of track, thirty-one inches; size of largest sheet that can be printed upon it, ten by fourteen inches. The press stands on a strong wooden frame thirty inches high, twenty-six inches wide and thirty-seven and one-fourth inches long, in the form of a Roman cross. The impression is applied by means of a screw instead of a compound lever. Speed probably about one hundred and fifty impression per hour. The American Board Mission in Honolulu sent the plant as above noted to the American Board Mission in Oregon, of which Dr. Marcus Whitman was the head, and it arrived at Vancouver, on the Columbia River, about April 10, 1839. It was transported by canoes and pack animals to Lapwai, now in Idaho, as quickly as possible, placed in position, and the first proof sheet struck off on May 18, 1839. A dozen or more editions of portions of the New Testament, primers, hymnbooks, etc., were

printed, and in 1847 it was removed to The Dalles. Early the following year it was removed to the farm of Rev. J. S. Griffin, near the present City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, and used by Mr. Griffin in printing a monthly magazine called *The Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist,* which was suspended after eight issues. Years later Mr. Griffin presented the press to the Oregon Pioneer Association, and through this organization it came into the possession of the Oregon Historical Society, and may be seen in the rooms of that society in the City Hall, Portland, together with a number of the publications printed upon it.

The first newspaper on the Pacific Coast, *The Oregon Spectator,* was issued February 5, 1846. The press and type were brought to Oregon from New York late in the previous year by the Oregon Printing Association. The press used was a Washington Hand Press, bed, twenty-five by thirty-eight inches, and this is still in active service in the office of the *Oregon State Journal,* Eugene, H. R. Kincaid, proprietor. The Printing Association, above alluded to, was composed of the following persons: William G. T'Vault, president; James W. Nesmith, vice president (afterwards United States Senator); John P. Brooks, secretary; George Abernethy, treasurer (he then was the Provisional Governor of the Territory of Oregon); Dr. Robert Newell, John E. Long, John H. Couch, directors. The constitution of the Printing Association was as follows:

"In order to promote science, temperance, morality and general intelligence; to establish a printing press; to publish a monthly, semi-monthly or weekly paper in Oregon—the undersigned do hereby associate ourselves together in a body to be governed by such rules and regulations as shall, from time to time, be adopted by a majority of the stockholders of this compact in a regularly called and properly notified meeting."

There were eleven "Articles of Compact." No. 8 says: "The press owned by or in connection with this Association, shall never be used by any party for the purpose of propagating sectarian principles or doctrines, nor for the discussion of exclusive party politics."

William G. T'Vault was the first editor, with a salary of $300.00 per year. He resigned at the end of two months. His successors were Henry A. G. Lee, George L. Curry, Aaron E. Wait, Rev. Wilson Blain, D. J. Schnebly, and C. L. Goodrich, in whose hands the paper expired in March, 1855.

John Minto

A GRANGER'S LOVE SONG.

Come to the grange with me, love;
Come to the farm with me,
Where the birds are singing and the flowers are springing,
And life is happy and free.

While the wheat grows in the field, love,
And the fuel is cut from the grove,
Neither want nor cold shall the night dreams haunt;
Only plenty and comfort and love.

Chorus—
Come to the grange with me, love, etc.

We'll build our home by the hill, love,
Whence the spring to the brooklet flows;
On the gentle slope where the lambkins play
In the scent of the sweet wild rose.

Chorus—

In the labors, joys, and cares of the grange, love,
In shelter and shade of the grove,
Life's duties we'll meet in companionship sweet,
And there rest from our labors in love.

Chorus—

Narcissa White Kinney

DESCENT OF THE AVALANCHE.

We are told so often that it is wasted effort to try to reform the world or any portion of it. Especially is this said in reference to the temperance reform. The drink habit is such an ancient habit! The liquor traffic is so fortified by appetite and wealth and politics, which they tell us nothing can destroy.

Do you see those rocks upon that mountain side? Rocks hoary with age! Seemingly strong as steel and firm as adamant. Before man was, they were! Can they ever be removed? But see again! God's agencies are at work. Just a flake of snow, a drop of rain, and God's hoary frost. Then another drop and another flake—and another and another; months pass, years pass. The rock remains, but the glacier grows. And now see again! A new agency has been at work—God's golden sunbeam, until at length that mass of icy snow stands so nicely poised that it only requires the flutter of an eagles wing to send it down a thundering avalanche —and every jutting crag and every opposing rock is only a crushed and mangled mass at the bottom of the precipice!

Can the liquor traffic ever be destroyed? For years past God's agencies have been at work. A demonstration in a laboratory, a lesson in a public school, a lecture on a public platform, a written page, a printed column! Saloons go on. Patrons throng their doors. None notice the ever increasing multitude who are total abstainers. Few note the fact that yearly the drinking man is outlawed by all business firms. Few hear the tread of the youthful feet—keeping time to the music of "Alcohol a Poison, a Poison"; "Saloons Must Go—Saloons Must go." But the avalanche is growing and

at length it will only require the flutter of an angel's wing to set in motion this mighty thing called public sentiment and send it hurling down the mountain side, and every brewery and distillery—every saloon and bar-room will be crushed beneath its weight.

E. Hofer

MID-SUMMER BIRD SONG.

A NATURE POEM.

Our mating done,
Love's course is run,
On bouyant wing our spirits rise;
All passion past,
We're free at last—
We march and counter march the skies.

Our young are reared,
The fields are cleared,
The sun a golden glamour throws;
Our broods are grown,
And fledglings flown—
The air with autumn perfume glows.

We lilt and sing
And flit and fling
Through every copse and heather;
We coast and glide
By country side—
Week in, week out, of golden weather.

We bask through days
Of azure haze,
And carol into dewless nights;
We sink to rest
On earth's warm breast
And wake the morn with new delights.

We flash and fly
We skim the sky
And hurtle down the vaulted dome;
All winds are fair,
All days are rare,
Where'er our marshalled armies roam.

The wild grain grown,
The thistle blown,
And all the world in dainties dressed,
Our life is free,
No care know we—
Both earth and air yield us their best.

J. R. N. Bell

IMMORTALITY.

As the nineteenth century is closing, human inquiry in reference to human destiny is deepening. The darker problems that challenged human credulity, and drove many an inquirer into the realms of doubt in the past, are now shining out as clear as noonday—the mists and fogs dispelled—the illuminating rays of scholasticism, investigation and religion are making clear the problems hitherto obscure. We welcome the light. Shine forth O glorious day! Students of all schools of learning drink deep of pure thought—quaff the gurgling streams of knowledge as they flow so freely by your doors. Here is an Arch. Understanding, knowledge and wisdom, these three, but the greatest of these is wisdom. These form one column of the Arch. Faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love. These form the other column of the Arch. How grandly they rise; they begin on earth, they rise to heaven. Wisdom is the highest of the first column, and love is the highest of the second column; they are of equal height, and curve towards each other, but they are not united—something is wanting—what is it? It is the keystone—that keystone

will complete the Arch—it will unite soul and spirit—God and man—a complete unity. The name upon that keystone is a secret name, and no man can read it except him that receiveth it. Above the Arch is a streamer, and upon it, in soft and beautiful characters, rising into the resplendency of God's fadeless light, is the inscription "Immortality." Then bring forth the keystone, let it rest upon the two columns as they curve towards each other, let wisdom and love be united, and man is redeemed, man is complete. Let us celebrate the completion of the work with songs and with minstrelsy—with our grandest choruses and best oratorios. Let us bring our choicest, sweetest flowers—bring the rose and the lily, the tulip and the pink, the sweet jassamine and voluptuous hyacinth, and the amaranth and orange blossoms and all the flowers from the wildwood—now weave them all into a garland—a crown—let this coronation of music harmonize with man's perfect bliss—the crown of flowers his adornment—the keystone in the Royal Arch—his immortality a face—and man is now redeemed, full-orbed, restored to his original unity; rehabilitated with all the possibilities of a divine fraternity, and with all the blessing of a perpetual theophany.

James Wiles Nesmith

Senator James Wiles Nesmith was born in New Brunswick, July 23, 1820. He received his education in country schools, and determining to try his fortune in the West, he arrived in Oregon City, in October, 1843, where his abilities were at once recognized. In 1849 he moved to Polk County, which was his home the remainder of his life. Mr. Nesmith served as Captain in the Cayuse and Rogue River Wars, and as Colonel in the Yakima War. He helped to organize the provisional government; was elected Judge in 1845; was United States Marshal in 1853-5; Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon and Washington; in 1860 he was elected United States Senator, and in 1873 he was elected Representative to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Joseph G. Wilson. He died June 17, 1885. The following eulogy is an extract from an address delivered in the House of Representatives, Monday, April 27, 1874.

NESMITH'S EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER.

But sir, had Charles Sumner possessed the stateman's creative power, he was too pure a man for the politics of our day and generation. In his high position it was not possible for him to be the paid advocate, it was not possible for him to be the associate of men who, while waving the banner of freedom with one hand, stole from the public treasury with the other. Why, sir, he was so pure and single-hearted that he could not even understand such characters.

Differing, as I honestly and heartily did, with Mr. Sumner upon the great issues out of which his fame grew, I feel it incumbent upon myself to say that while my own opinions upon those questions remain at variance with his, I concede to him an honesty of purpose in urging his peculiar theories, with a pertinacity unparalleled in our political history. Defeat strongly inspired

him with renewed energy; and when the popular vote of the Nation, as it did at times, condemned him and his cause, he, phoenix-like, arose from the ashes of defeat, to advocate with fresh ardor and invigorated courage the "equality of the races before the law."

His courage was of a higher order than that inspired by mere brute force. He adhered to his theories through contumely, adversity and disgrace; and when the results of his labors, his sufferings and his courage elevated those who had defamed and despitefully used him, from obsurity to power, he bore their renewed reproaches with but slight retaliation or complaint.

In my humble estimation, Mr. Sumner never appeared greater than when he magnanimously proposed in the Senate that the achievements of our gallant troops in an intestine war should be obliterated from their flags. An envious and malignant man would have desired to see our Southern brethren humiliated by the emblazonment of their disasters upon that proud banner, which we all, as American citizens, desire to hail as the emblem of a great and united nationality.

The evil passions growing out of the war had become so furious and unreasoning as to cause his own state to condemn his generous impulses upon that subject, but I thank God that his last moments on earth were cheered with the rescinding resolutions of the representatives of a people, themselves the descendants of those who felt, upon sober, second thought, what was due to a people who had gallantly risked their lives in their adherence to what they conceived to be the principle that "all just government is derived from the consent of the governed." His familiarity with English history had demonstrated to him the folly of perpetuating hatred and sanguinary reminiscences in a people who, in the nature of things, should be homogeneous. In the latter part of his life he gave evidence of his abhorrence of the white political slavery, no less than that which pertained to the African.

Mr. Speaker, inexorable Death has claimed Charles Sumner as his own, and the grave has closed over his mortal remains. We shall never in our generation look upon his like again, simply because there are no sur-

roundings to develop such a character. The freedom of the African is assured, and it now remains the highest duty of the statesman to assure the freedom of the citizen.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war"; and the man who by persistent direction of peaceful agencies converts a nation of politicians to his views, is as much entitled to the triumphal arch as is the mere soldier who, by the unreasoning power of brute force, completes a victory with the sword and points to the hecatomb of the slain as his passport to power. The saddest thing about Charles Sumner's life to me is that he survived himself—that he lived to see other men occupying the proud position, and wielding the power he had created, with no higher motive promoting them than the self-aggrandizement to be found in wealth.

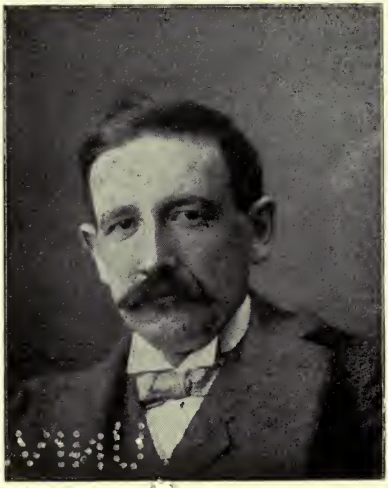
He is gone from among us. His chair in the Senate to which all eyes were turned when any great question agitated the grave body will never be filled by a public servant more pure in his motives, more elevated and courageous in his action, or truer to his convictions. Let us keep his virtues in remembrance. May his monument be of spotless marble, for it cannot be purer or whiter than his life.

W. Lair Hill

THE HOME BUILDING.

A voyage of adventure brought not back the golden fleece, and the argonauts no longer poured over the Sierras into California, nor overflowed her northern mills to seek fugitive fortune in Oregon. The home builders, too—blessings on them everywhere and forever!—whose caravans, freighted with the precious burden of wife and children and household goods, the lares and penates of a gentler than a Trojan race, had whitened the desert with a constantly increasing stream direct to Oregon.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



HOMER DAVENPORT

Homer Davenport

When a great genius is just rising to view, the astonished world says, "Who would have expected it?" So it was said of Homer Davenport who rose out of Silverton to glitter among the artists of the world. Busy men and women who had mingled with his modest ancestry for decades could scarcely realize that there had been generations of unassuming greatness—a veritable wealth of mind—that time and circumstances and God had wrought into an extraordinary man. They were glad—so glad they could hardly believe it—yet they were wont to think of him as a sort of intellectual accident emanating from nothingness and springing suddenly into the front ranks of modern artists. But genius comes not in this manner. "Who is this Nast?" was the question whispered throughout the world. "Whence came he?" rung down the electric lines of the continents. "How came he by this God-given power?" was the question of the hour. And the answer was, "He hails from an Oregon hamlet and he is the evolution of a talented family and favorable environments." His mind is the offspring of an ancestry that has given the world great men and women in almost every department of human endeavor; and his intellectual faculties early reveled in the scenery of Oregon, and fed upon the nourishment of the ages. Then you cast your eye upward to behold the onward march of Genius, and you find him there—a great man who puts life and magic into every touch of his wonderful brush. This is Homer Davenport, the greatest cartoonist of America.

But let the father, T. W. Davenport, tell the story.

"Homer C. Davenport was born on his father's farm, located in the Waldo Hills, some five miles south of Silverton, Marion county, the date of his birth being March 8, 1867. His mother's maiden name was Miss Flora Geer, daughter of Ralph C. Geer. She was married to

the writer of this article November 17, 1854, and died November 20, 1870.

"His extraordinary love for animals, and especially of birds, was exhibited when he was only a few months old. Unlike other babies, toys afforded him but little amusement. Shaking rattle boxes and blowing whistles only fretted him, and his wearied looks and moans seemed to say that he was already tired of existence.

HOMER WATCHED HIS FATHER HOEING CORN, AND REPRODUCED THE SCENE ON THE BARN DOOR.

"Carrying him around into the various rooms and showing pictures soon became irksome, and in quest of something to relieve the monotony of indoor life, his paternal grandmother found a continuous solace for his fretful moods in the chickens. But it was worth the time of a philosopher to observe the child drink in every motion of the fowls, and witness the thrill of joy that went through his being when the cock crew or flapped his wings.

"Such a picture is worth reproducing. Old grandmother in her easy chair on the veranda; baby sitting upon the floor by her side; the little hands tossing wheat at intervals to the clucking hen and her brood, the latter venturing into baby's lap and picking grain therefrom, despite the warnings of the shy old cock and anxious mother. This lesson with all its conceivable variations learned, ceased to be entertaining, and a broader field was needed. So grandma or her substitute carried baby to the barnyard, and there, sitting under the wagon shed, acquaintance was made with the other domestic animals, which afforded him daily diversion. At first their forms and quiet attitudes were of sufficient interest, but as these

became familiar more active exhibitions were required, and the dog, perceiving his opportunity, turned the barnyard into a circus of animals.

"After his mother's death the family was subjected to several months of social isolation, during the rainy season, when Homer, just recovered from the dread disease of smallpox, was kept indoors. During these dull months he worked more assiduously at drawing than ever since for pay. Sitting at the desk, or lying prone upon the floor, it was draw, draw, draw. Fearing the effect of such intense application upon the slimsy fellow, his grandmother tried various diversions without much success. She could interest him with Indian or ghost stories, but such gave him no bodily exercise, and only set him to drawing 'how granny looked when telling ghost stories'

[Among Homer's subjects for illustration was his father, whom he pictures in various ways on the fences, barn or wherever he could find a board large enough to accommodate the scene he wished to portray. For years this habit brought about no ideas in his father's mind of future prominence for his son, but rather a feeling of irritation at being drawn as he was, and in ludicrous positions. As a result he put in considerable time in trying to develop, with the aid of a branch of hazel-bush, a more matter of fact manner of action in Homer. He had to finally give it up, however, for the latter kept on making his cartoons. often showing 'what father did when he got mad at them.' These incidents the justly proud parent has seemingly forgotten, but this article would not be complete without giving them mention, so the liberty was taken to supply the ommission.—Editor *Oregon Native Son.*]

"Plainly observable, even thus early, was his love of the dramatic in everything having life. Though much attracted by beautiful specimens of the animal kingdom, his chief satisfaction came from representing them in their moods. His pictures were all doing something. Horses, dogs, monkeys, chickens, ducks, pigeons, were exhibiting their peculiar characteristics, and so fitted to

the occasion as to awaken the supposition that the artist was 'en rapport' with all animated nature. A mad horse was mad all over, and an ardent dog showed it in every part, regardless of proportions.

"Homer's early method of work, if an impulsive employment may be dignified by the term method, was 'sui generis,' and probably unique, if not wonderful. Coincident with the drawing of a mad horse, was the acting by himself. The work would be arrested at times, seemingly for want of appreciation or mental image of a horse in that state of feeling, and then he took to the floor. After vigorously stamping, kicking, snorting and switching an improvised tail, which he held in his hand behind his back, until his feelings or fancy became satisfied, the picture was completed and referred to me with the question, 'Is that the way a mad horse looks?' 'Yes, he appears to be mad through and through.'"

DAD FOUND THE PICTURE, THEN FOUND HOMER.

When Homer approached early manhood, his father said of him:

"We had a general merchandise store, and he had experimented enough in selling goods to know that his mind could not be tied to the business. Customers buying tobacco got it at their own price, and shopping women objected to his habit of stretching elastic tape when selling it by the yard. There was fun in such things, but no perceptible profit. He opened the store in the morning while I was at breakfast, and took his afterwards. Upon going in one morning and finding the floor unswept I soon saw what had engaged his attention during the half hour. A magnificent carrier pigeon on

the wing, and above it in colored letters this legend: 'How glorious the flight of a bird must be.'

"Homer afterward attended the Commercial College in Portland, devoting much of his time to art; then spent a short time in a California art school, which he soon left because he was compelled to draw by scribe and rule. He was soon employed by the Portland *Mercury,* then by the San Francisco *Chronicle,* the *Examiner,* and finally by the New York *Journal,* where the genius of the unschooled Oregon boy proved him equal to the ambition of his employer.

"He works from the small hours in the afternoon until near midnight, at the New York *Journal* office, in the *Tribune* building, New York City, and after breakfast in the morning he and his two children live in the barnyard, which has a larger assortment of choice animals than his father's had. His rests, relaxation and inspiration are with his earliest idols."

A. W. Patterson

Dr. A. W. Patterson, of Eugene, Oregon, published the *Western Literary Magazine,* much of the material coming from his own pen. It contained a serial of some length—"The Adventures of Captain Samuel Brady," the Indian fighter of the West, the material for which was obtained from Brady's daughter, then a poor old woman living in an alley in Pittsburg. He wrote a history of the West, but this never reached circulation, being burned in the bindery. He also prepared a hand book named "Forty Principles of the English Language." His poem, "Onward." from which the following extract is taken, was published in book form in 1869. In 1873 Doctor Patterson entered into contract with A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, California, to prepare the manuscript for a set of school readers and a speller to be known as the Pacific Coast Series. Accordingly he wrote the first three readers and the speller; but being unable to finish all by the required time, upon his suggestion, Samuel L. Simpson was employed to prepare the remaining fourth and fifth readers.

ONWARD.

Midst tangled wildwoods, or in prairie nook,
Beside the pleasant stream, or winding brook,
Mirrored with wild flower on the wavelets' breast,
Gladdening some fertile region of the West,
Where settler's cabin only late has been,
The beauteous rising village may be seen!

The curling smoke ascending through the trees—
The sounds of workmen coming on the breeze—
The clustering buildings busily rearing there—
The saw mill grating on the troubled air—
The hum of voices—the occasional song—
The shout, the laugh among the merry throng—
With all the mingling tumult on the ear,
Proclaim, indeed, that village life is here!

Silence no longer o'er the valleys broods,
Echo reverb'rates through their solitudes;
Around is heard the ax-man's measured stroke,
And far prevails the awe of stillness broke!
The wild deer, startled, leaves the lowland brake—
Water-fowl, screaming, quit the marshy lake—
The bison bounds away with matchless might—
The wolf, dismayed, is skulking from the sight—
The Indian too—no less a wild-like race—
Resigns, though more reluctantly, the place.
Saddened in heart, with mute and steadfast gaze,
He lingers mournfully o'er the wildering maze.
See! how with wonder in his troubled eye,
He marks that spire uprising, strangely high;
Surveys the restless, creaking millwheel turn,
And strangers' curious skill with deep concern;
Around are closing in the white man's fields,
He e'en in turn, at length dominion yields!
And goes, disturbed, the early hunter too;
Following his game, he thrids the wilds anew!
Beside yon springlet where the alder grows,
His shapeless cabin unfrequented rose.
The idling savage but his casual guest,
He lived as loved the daring hunter best.
But now more distant depths of solitude
Are sought, where hum of life may not intrude;
His dogs and gun, companions of his way,
The restless Leather-Stocking of his day!

. . . . . .

Crowds are gathering over hills and plains.
Some from New England's joyous, purling rills—
Some from the Allegheny's wide-spread hills—
Some from more western vales, or Southern slopes—
Some where the high Canadian landscape opes;
Others as well, from Europe's peopled shores,
Where Rhine or Rhone his ancient current pours;
Where Norway frowns, Italy's summer smiles;
The Celt and Saxon plow the British Isles:
But vain to tell whence severally they hail,
The wide world sends them from every hill and dale!

. . . . . .

A wonder often wakens in the eye,
So great the turmoil, so intent they ply;
The coming stranger, with a slackening pace,
Pauses to gaze in silence on the place;
The gray-haired woodsman, visiting the town,
Lingers in mazement till the sun is down!
Buildings around on every hand are seen
Ascending, as by magic, o'er the green.
The cabin rises by the spreading shade,
As well, the dome that looks o'er grove and glade
With many a structure architect ne'er planned,
The homely fashion of a border land,
Till looms the village in the evening sun
Greater, as each succeding days is done!

And while the busy builders fill the air
With ceaseless echoes of their restless care,
There is a stir of trade around the "store"—
The mill-wheel rumbles by the sedgy shore—
The blacksmith's anvil rings, his bellows blows—
The teamster brawls and whistles as he goes—
The salesman shouts adown the crowded street—
The jockey clamors where the loitering meet—
The speculator talks of corner lots—
The marksman wagers on his sounding shots—

The school room even mingles in its cares—
The lawyer pettifogs—the gambler swears—
The quack boasts skill—the preacher talks of sin—
The cobbler beats an alto to the din!
While many another, busied not in vain,
Whate'er his part, as loudly strikes for gain.

. . . . . .

Thus hum the ever-active hours away,
The noisy tumult of the eager day,
Unceasingly, while echoing far and long,
Is borne the cadences of mighty song.

Thomas Franklin Campbell

Thomas Franklin Campbell was born in Rankin County, Mississippi, May 22, 1822, and died at Monmouth, Oregon, January 17, 1893. He came to Oregon in 1869, and became the president of Christian College at Monmouth. He founded the *Christian Messenger*, which he edited while he had charge of the school. He was the president and inspiration of the college until 1882, when the institution was merged into the State Normal School. At the time of his death he was pastor of the Christian Church at Monmouth, Oregon. He published two volumes of popular lectures, "Know Thyself" and "Genesis of Power." Few men have had a wider influence in the educational and religious affairs of Oregon than this scholar who took for his motto: "True politeness is a light coin, but above par all over the world."

LANGUAGE.

Language is the universal medium between spirit and spirit. Whatever its form, whether sign or sound, oral or written, it must be translated into words understood by him who hears them before it can be effective in arousing thought in the mind of another.

A word is, therefore, the complete investment of a single element of spiritual power. It is not a mere sound of the voice, nor a combination of letters representing a sound, but a definite thought conceived or uttered in articulate sound. If merely conceived in the mind, it is formulated energy ready for utterance.

It is like a ship freighted for a distant port, ready to weigh anchor; or a train ready to move, only waiting the signal of the conductor. When uttered it speeds its flight with the velocity of sound, discharging its cargo of thought in the expectant mind. Thus, for illustration, a party has in his mind power to cause another, moving at a distance, to turn and move in the opposite direction. The power can accomplish nothing while it remains in

his breast. It must be formulated, brought out, sent forth, and lodged in the mind of the other. This is done by coining the appropriate sentence and uttering it with the voice, so that it reaches the ear and the understanding of the other. The intelligence is of sufficient interest to cause him to turn and move the other way.

Another, intending to visit the city, is changed in purpose by power in his neighbor's mind, which was conveyed to him in words, showing that it was his interest to remain at home.

Language is in these, and all similar instances, the medium or vehicle by which the power is conveyed from its source to its object. It is an instrument of Divine appointment, sublime in simplicity, wonderful in result.

Unlike the ship or the train, which having reached its appointed port or depot, and discharged its freight, incumbers the bay or obstructs the track, and needs to be removed; the sound corresponding to the ship or train, having reached its destination and deposited its burden of thought in the mind of the hearer, vanishes, utterly disappears, nor leaves a wreck behind.

It is the most convenient and inexhaustible of all media. With the thought comes the sentences to him who has been trained in language.

Unlike any other medium of conveyance, which reaches a single destination and discharges a single cargo, the same word uttered by a single impulse reaches one or a thousand or ten thousand minds at the same instant, discharging the same treasure of knowledge in each, the sound dying immediately and leaving the identical thought formulated in every mind. Its ability to multiply as a medium is limited only by the number of minds within hearing distance.

This medium, though wonderful, is, nevertheless, entirely artificial, and as in any other art, its application must first be learned; and then he who would use it must manufacture all the words he needs for every occasion.

This is quickly and easily done. Having the organs of speech as instruments, and the atmosphere as material, he can construct as many vehicles of thought as may be necessary to communicate with his fellows.

The felicity with which conversation is carried on between fluent talkers, shows how readily any number of words may be coined without apparent effort. This is the result of skill, acquired by practice. The infant can neither make nor mould the voice into articulate sounds until taught. No one ever spoke until he heard some other speak.

The deaf are always dumb. The first man had no mother to teach him, hence no mother tongue. He must have been taught of God, his Father. Language is, therefore, a Divine art. The noun is the basis of every tongue. God taught his son the art of naming. "Whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof."

How long it took Adam to acquire a complete vocabulary the record does not show, nor is it stated how long they conversed together as Father and son, either before or after the advent of Eve.

Between the latter advent and the fall, much time must have intervened; for in the adjudication of their transgression both Adam and Eve displayed skill and ingenuity in the use of language.

Inspiration need not be claimed, nor miraculous power invoked in this origin of language. A Divine teacher with students mature in body and mind, was all-sufficient for the result.

When God gave man language, religion became a necessity; without it religion is impossible. The elements of good and evil were in man's heterogeneous nature; but, "the knowledge of good and evil," was involved in the terms that expressed.

Satan, who was also master of language, and knew its potency as an instrument, used it freely to prepare the way for sin and death. So ingenious was he in the use of words that he deceived the woman, and then caused her to become his instrument, adding Satanic eloquence to her charms of grace and beauty, to cause Adam, knowingly and willingly, to transgress, involving himself in ruin. Satanic spiritual power is still formulated in words uttered by those whom he deceives, and

who become his willing tools to lead others captive at his will.

Since language is only a medium, it may be used by Satan, as well as by man, to transport thought from mind to mind, and to bring spiritual pressure to bear upon free agents, to cause them to act in harmony with the power impressed.

Controlled by Satan, through the promptings of the flesh, "the tongue," put by metonymy for the words it utters, is a little member, and boasteth great things. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members that defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell; . . . the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." The wisdom which guides such a tongue, is said to be, "earthy, sensual, devilish."

The disciples of Satan have coined a very large vocabulary of words appropriate to only Satanic power, or human power with Satanic characteristics; and by the use of these more than any other differential trait, may the disciples of Satan be recognized.

Pure speech out of a pure heart should ever distinguish, "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people."

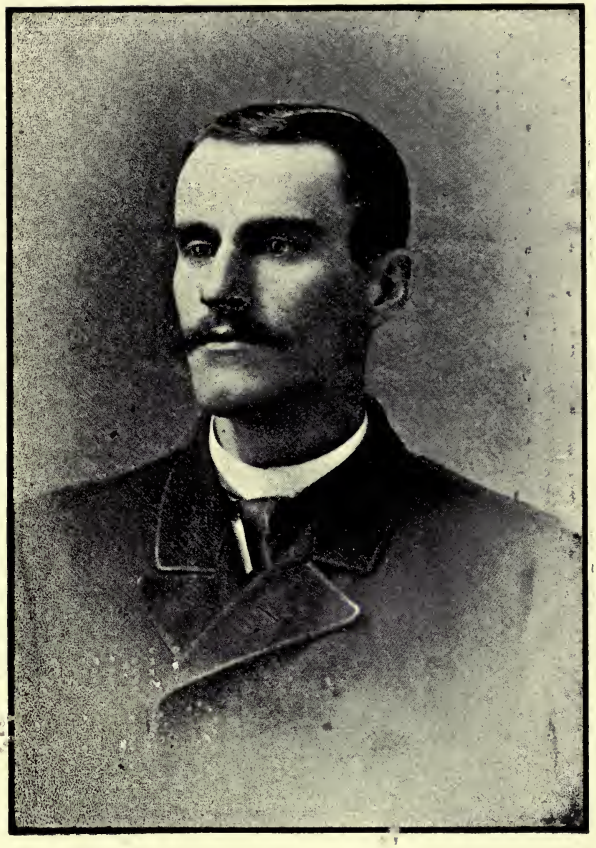
Rev. G. H. Atkinson

THE PIONEERS OF 1848.

The year which we celebrate marks a fruitful period for the Pacific Northwest; 1848 was the turning point in our history. Alternate hopes and fears had moved the people up to this date. There had been no recognition by Congress. Laws had been enacted and executed by the pioneers. Society had begun to organize in a few centers, and public sentiment was respected; but our Nation had not recognized this small band of American citizens on her extreme frontier along the Pacific Ocean until 1848. The earlier pioneers—the hunters and trappers, the missionaries and their wives, and the immigrant families of the settlers—had found the path and opened the way hither, and offered a safe and welcome home to all new comers. Great was their task and nobly they completed it.

They had organized the Provisional Government in 1842-4, on the American plan of equal rights and equal justice to every citizen, and had included all as citizens who were so held under state and national laws. They had ventured the experiment of self-government as a duty of self-protection, and not in disrespect or defiance of Congress or the Constitution. Having marched two thousand miles westward over the famed "American Desert," and over three mountain ranges, and still standing on American soil, they wished no divorce from the home government, but, rather, a stronger union with it. The fires of patriotism burned more, not less, brightly within them under the force of their long and painful tramp to plant and defend the "Flag of Our Nation" on this Pacific frontier.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



FREDERIC H. BALCH

Frederic Homer Balch

Frederic Homer Balch, the author of "Bridge of the Gods," was born at Lebanon, Oregon, December 14, 1861. As a child, stories of war fascinated him, and as he grew older, the study of ancient history was his especial delight. Books were expensive then, and few of the frontier families could afford libraries; but occasionally an Eastern family settled near his home, and among their possessions were often books, which were always willingly loaned to the boy who so appreciated their contents. He once wrote to his sister, "Much of the education I have is due to the ceaseless reading and re-reading of Macaulay"; and of Milton he wrote, "How I thrilled and exulted in the mighty battle of Satan for the throne of God; in his fierce defiance and unbending hate, after the battle was lost; and in the dusky splendor of the palace, and the pomp, with which he and his followers surrounded themselves in hell."

When about thirteen years old, he wrote poetry and historical sketches. He had an intense love for his native state, and from boyhood made a study of its early history, and of the Indians along the Columbia. This gradually inspired him with a desire to preserve the legends of a fast-disappearing people—weaving their traditions in with the first attempt at civilization in Oregon, and embellishing the whole with the magnificent scenery of the Northwest—writing romances that would be to Oregon what Scott's were to Scotland.

This ambition, formed in his boyhood, grew with him so that subsequently he collected and carefully stored away a vast fund of knowledge regarding the Indians, their habits, religious beliefs, traditions and mode of living. He devoted himself to the one ambition, studying their habits, religious beliefs, traditions and mode of the farm. Schools and colleges are so plentiful today that the student of the present cannot realize the struggles of an ambitious boy to educate himself thirty years ago, in the then thinly-settled West.

When about twenty-one, he entered the ministry, and for several years did missionary work, organizing churches, spending his days in the saddle and his evenings in the pulpit, going into the remote settlements where sermons were practically unknown; and ever kept his appointments absolutely regardless of health or weather.

With all the added duties of this new work, he carried on the search for material for his book, continuing his study of Indian lore as zealously as before. Much of his vacation was spent in traveling over the Northwest gleaning information from every available source, and verifying doubtful statements. After a long and thorough search for information, much study and slow questioning of Indians from many tribes—especially the aged ones—he was firmly convinced of the previous existence of the "Bridge of the Gods" of Indian tradition.

After a time he settled in the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Hood River, so gaining a little more time for writing; and there, during a vacation, he began "The Bridge of the Gods." After its completion he entered a seminary in Oakland, California, to take a course in theology. In all the years past he had thought but little of himself, his work so fully absorbing his attention. When within a few weeks of completing the seminary course, illness attacked him and he had not the strength to rally. Bravely and patiently he battled against the disease, as all through life he had fought and overcome obstacles that threatened the overthrow of his cherished plans. "The Bridge of the Gods" had just been published, and it seemed now as if the work and plans of a lifetime were soon to be realized. Hard indeed it was to lay down his work, the writing and research that was as a part of his life, and the ministry he so loved, but he uttered no word of complaint. With his wonted gentleness and patience he simply said, "It is all right, the Master has work for me elsewhere that I could not do here." His decease occurred in Portland, Oregon, June 3, 1891.

Through the years of his ministry he neglected neither his literary nor his pastoral work, and there are many

today who will tell you that the words and the example of the young minister still abide with them and that his beautiful influence yet shines in their lives.

With the indomitable energy bequeathed to him by pioneer life Mr. Balch had outlined several other books, and had partly written one—"Tenasket," a tale of Oregon in 1818; "Genevieve," a story of the Oregon of today; "Crossing the Plains," and "Olallie," and other stories, some of which are yet in manuscript only. All these were to be of Oregon, her past, her early settlers and Indian tribes, and would have been rich in the legends and customs of the race now but a handful in a region where once they reigned supreme.

THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS.

CHIEF MULTNOMAH IN COUNCIL.

The chiefs of the Willamettes had gathered on Wapato Island, from time immemorial the council ground of the tribes. The white man has changed its name to "Sauvie's" Island; but its wonderful beauty is unchangeable. Lying at the mouth of the Willamette River and extending for many miles down the Columbia, rich in wide meadows and crystal lakes, its interior dotted with majestic oaks and its shores fringed with cottonwoods, around it the blue and sweeping rivers, the wooded hills, and the far white snow peaks—it is the most picturesque spot in Oregon.

The chiefs were assembled in secret council, and only those of pure Willamette blood were present, for the question to be considered was not one to be known by even the most trusted ally.

All the confederated tribes beyond the Cascade Range were in a ferment of rebellion. One of the petty tribes of Eastern Oregon had recently risen up against the Willamette supremacy; and after a short but bloody struggle, the insurrection had been put down and the rebels almost exterminated by the victorious Willamettes.

But it was known that the chief of the malcontents had passed from tribe to tribe before the struggle commenced, inciting them to revolt, and it was suspected

that a secret league had been formed; though when matters came to a crisis, the confederates, afraid to face openly the fierce warriors of the Willamette, had stood sullenly back, giving assistance to neither side. It was evident, however, that a spirit of angry discontent was rife among them. Threatening language had been used by the restless chiefs beyond the mountains; braves had talked around the camp fire of the freedom of the days before the yoke of the confederacy was known; and the gray old dreamers, with whom the *mimaluse tillicums* (dead people) talked, had said that the fall of the Willamettes was near at hand.

The sachems of the Willamettes, advised of everything, were met in council in the soft Oregon spring-tide. They were gathered under the cottonwood trees, not far from the bank of the Columbia. The air was fresh with the scent of the waters, and the young leaves were just putting forth on the "trees of council," whose branches swayed gently in the breeze. Beneath them their bronze faces were more swarthy still as the dancing sunbeams fell upon them through the moving boughs, thirty sachems sat in close semi-circle before their great war-chief, Multnomah.

It was a strange, a sombre assembly. The chiefs were for the most part tall, well-built men, warriors and hunters from their youth up. There was something fierce and haughty in their bearing, something menacing, violent and lawless in their saturnine faces and black, glittering eyes. Most of them wore their hair long; some plaited, others flowing loosely over their shoulders. Their ears were loaded with hiagua shells; their dress was composed of buckskin leggings and moccasins, and a short robe of dressed skin that came from the shoulders to the knees, to which was added a kind of blanket woven of the wool of the mountain sheep, or an outer robe of skins or furs, stained various colors and always drawn close around the body when sitting or standing. Seated on rude mats of rushes, wrapped each in his outer blanket and doubly wrapped in Indian stoicism, the warriors were ranged before their chief.

His garb did not differ from that of the others, except

that his blanket was of the richest fur known to the Indians, so doubled that the fur showed on either side. His bare arms were clasped each with a rough band of gold; his hair was cut short, in sign of mourning for his favorite wife, and his neck was adorned with a collar of large bear-claws, showing he had accomplished that proudest of all achievements for the Indian—the killing of a grizzly.

Until the last chief had entered the grove and taken his place in the semi-circle, Multnomah sat like a statue of stone. He leaned forward reclining on his bow, a fine unstrung weapon tipped with gold. He was about sixty years old, his form tall and stately, his brow high, his eyes black, overhung with shaggy gray eyebrows and piercing as an eagle's. His dark, grandly impassive face, with its imposing regularity of feature, showed a penetration that read everything, a reserve that revealed nothing, a dominating power that gave strength and command to every line. The lip, the brow, the very grip of the hand on the bow told of a despotic temper and an indomitable will. The glance that flashed out from this reserved and resolute face—sharp, searching and imperious—may complete the portrait of Multnomah, the silent, the secret, the terrible.

When the last late-entering chief had taken his place, Multnomah rose and began to speak, using the royal language; for like the Cayuses and several other tribes of the Northwest, the Willamettes had two languages—the common, for every-day use, and the royal, spoken only by the chiefs in council.

In grave, strong words he laid before them the troubles that threatened to break up the confederacy and his plan for meeting them. It was to send out runners calling a council of all the tribes, including the doubtful allies, and to try before them and execute the rebellious chief, who had been taken alive and was now reserved for the torture. Such a council, with the terrible warning of the rebel's death enacted before it, would awe the malcontents into submission or drive them into open revolt. Long enough had the allies spoken with two tongues; long enough had they smoked the peace-pipe

with both the Willamettes and their enemies. They must come now to peace that should be peace, or to open war. The chief made no gestures, his voice did not vary its stern, deliberate accents from first to last; but there was an indefinable something in word and manner that told how his warlike soul thirsted for battle, how the iron resolution, the ferocity beneath his stoicism, burned with desire of vengeance.

There was perfect attention while he spoke—not so much as a glance or a whisper aside. When he had ceased and resumed his seat, silence reigned for a little while. Then Tla-wau-wau, chief of the Klackamas, a sub-tribe of the Willamettes, rose. He laid aside his outer robe, leaving bare his arms and shoulders, which were deeply scarred; for Tla-wau-wau was a mighty warrior, and as such commanded. With measured deliberation he spoke in the royal tongue.

"Tla-wau-wau has seen many winters, and his hair is very gray. Many times has he watched the grass spring up and grow brown and wither, and the snows come and go, and those things have brought him wisdom, and what he has seen of life and death has given him strong thoughts. It is not well to leap headlong into a muddy stream, lest there be rocks under the black water. Shall we call the tribes to meet us here on the Island of Council? When they are all gathered together they are more numerous than we. Is it wise to call those that are stronger than ourselves into our wigwam, when their hearts are bitter against us? Who knows what plots they might lay, or how suddenly they might fall on us at night or in the day when we were unprepared? Can we trust them? Does not the Klickitat's name mean 'he that steals horses'? The Yakima would smoke the peace-pipe with the knife that was to stab you hid under his blanket. The Wasco's heart is a lie, and his tongue is a trap.

"No, let us wait. The tribes talk great swelling words now and their hearts are hot, but if we wait, the fire will die down and the words grow small. Then we can have a council and be knit together again. Let us wait

till another winter has come and gone; then let us meet in council, and the tribes will listen.

"'Tla-wau-wau says, 'wait, and all will be well.' "

His earnest, emphatic words ended, the chief took his seat and resumed his former look of stolid indifference. A moment before he had been all animation, every glance and gesture eloquent with meaning; now he sat seemingly impassive and unconcerned.

There was another pause. It was so still that the rustling of the boughs overhead was startlingly distinct. Saving the restless glitter of black eyes, it was a tableau of stoicism. Then another spoke, advising caution, setting forth the danger of plunging into a contest with the allies. Speaker followed speaker in the same strain.

As they uttered the words counselling delay, the glance of the war-chief grew ever brighter, and his grip upon the bow on which he leaned grew harder. But the cold face did not relax a muscle. At length rose Mishlah the Cougar, chief of the Mollalies. His was one of the most singular faces there. His tangled hair fell around a sinister, bestial countenance, all scarred and seamed by wounds received in battle. His head was almost flat, running back from his eyebrows so obliquely that when he stood erect he seemed to have no forehead at all; while the back and lower part of his head showed an enormous development—a development that was all animal. He knew nothing but battle. and was one of the most dreaded warriors of the Willamettes.

He spoke, not in the royal language, as did the others, but in the common dialect, the only one of which he was master.

"'My heart is as the heart of Mul nomah. Mishlah is hungry for war. If the tribes that are our younger brothers are faithful, they will come to the council and smoke the pipe of peace with us; if they are not, let us know it. Mishlah knows not what it is to wait. You all talk words, words, words; and the tribes laugh and say, 'The Willamettes have become women and sit in the lodge sewing moccasins and are afraid to fight.' Send out the runners. Call the council. Let us find who are our enemies; then let us strike!"

The hands of the chief closed involuntarily as if they clutched a weapon, and his voice rang harsh and grating. The eyes of Multnomah flashed fire. and the war-lust kindled for a moment on the dark faces of the listeners.

Then rose the grotesque figure of an Indian, ancient, withered, with matted locks and haggard face, who had just joined the council, gliding in noiselessly from the neighboring wood. His cheek bones were unusually high, his lower lip thick and protruding, his eyes deeply sunken, his face drawn, austere, and dismal beyond description. The mis-shapen, degraded features repelled at first sight; but a second glance revealed a great dim sadness in the eyes, a gloomy foreboding on brow and lip that were weirdly fascinating, so sombre were they, so full of woe. There was a wild dignity in his mien; and he wore the robe of furs, though soiled and torn, that only the richest chiefs were able to wear. Such was Tohomish, or Pine Voice, chief of the Santiam tribe of the Willamettes, the most eloquent orator and potent medicine or *tomanowos* man in the confederacy.

There was a perceptible movement of expectation, a lighting up of faces as he arose, and a shadow of anxiety swept over Multnomah's impressive features. For this man's eloquence was wonderful, and his soft magnetic tones could sway the passions of his hearers to his will with a power that seemed more than human to the superstitious Indians. Would he declare for the council or against it; for peace or for war?

He threw back the tangled locks that hung over his face, and spoke:

"Chiefs and warriors, who dwell in lodges and talk with men, Tohomish, who dwells in caves and talks with the dead, says greeting, and by him the dead send greeting also."

His voice was wonderfully musical, thrilling and pathetic; and as he spoke the salutation from the dead, a shudder went through the wild audience before him—through all but Multnomah, who did not shrink nor drop his searching eyes from the speaker's face. What cared he for the salutation of the living or the dead? Would

this man whose influence was so powerful declare for action or delay?

"It has been long since Tohomish has stood in the light of the sun and looked on the faces of his brothers or heard their voices. Other faces has he looked upon and other voices has he heard. He has learned the language of the birds and the trees, and has talked with the People of Old who dwell in the serpent and the coyote; and they have taught him their secrets. But of late terrible things have come to Tohomish."

He paused, and the silence was breathless, for the Indians looked on this man as a seer to whom the future was as luminous as the past. But Multnomah's brow darkened; he felt that Tohomish also was against him, and the soul of the warrior rose up stern and resentful against the prophet.

"A few suns ago, as I wandered in the forest by the Santiam, I heard the death-wail in the distance. I said, 'Some one is dead, and that is the cry of the mourners. I will go and lift up my voice with them. But as I sought them up the hill and through the thickets the cry grew fainter and farther, till at last it died out amid distant rocks and crags. And then I knew that I had heard no human voice lamenting the dead, but that it was the Spirit Indian-of-the-Wood wailing for the living whose feet go down to the darkness and whose faces the sun shall soon see no more. Then my heart grew heavy and bitter, for I knew that woe had come to the Willamettes.

"I went to my den in the mountains, and sought to know of those that dwell in the night the meaning of this. I built the medicine fire, I fasted, I refused to sleep. Day and night I kept the fire burning; day and night I danced the *tomanowos* dance around the flames or leaped through them, singing the song that brings the *Spee-ough,* till at last the life went from my limbs and my head grew sick and everything was a whirl of fire. Then I knew that the power was on me, and I fell, and all grew black.

"I dreamed a dream.

"I stood by the death-trail that leads to the spiritland,

The souls of those who had just died were passing; and as I gazed, the wail I heard in the forest came back, but nearer than before. And as the wail sounded, the throng on the death-trail grew thicker and their tread swifter. The warrior passed with his bow in his hand and his quiver swinging from his shoulder; the squaw followed with his food upon her back; the old tottered by. It was a whole people on the way to the spirit-land. But when I tried to see their faces, to know 'hem, if they were Willamette or Shoshone or our brother tribes, I could not. But the wail grew ever louder and the dead grew ever thicker as they passed. Then it all faded out, and I slept. When I awoke it was night; the fire had burned into ashes and the medicine wolf was howling on the hills. The voices that are in the air came to me and said, 'Go to the council and tell what you have seen'; but I refused, and went far into the wood to avoid them. But the voices would not let me rest, and my spirit burned within me, and I came. Beware of the great council. Send out no runners. Call not the tribes together. Voices and omens and dreams tell Tohomish of something terrible to come. The trees whisper it; it is in the air, in the waters. It has made my spirit bitter and heavy until my drink seems blood and my food has the taste of death. Warriors, Tohomish has shown his heart. His words are ended."

He resumed his seat and drew his robe about him, muffling the lower part of his face. The matted hair fell once more over his drooping brow and repulsive countenance, from which the light faded the moment he ceased to speak. Again the silence was profound. The Indians sat spell-bound, charmed by the mournful music of the prophet's voice and awed by the dread vision he had revealed. All the superstition within them was aroused. When Tohomish took his seat, every Indian was ready to oppose the calling of the council with all his might. Even Mishlah, as superstitious as blood-thirsty, was startled and perplexed. The war-chief stood alone.

He knew it, but it only made his despotic will the stronger. Against the opposition of the council and the

warning of Tohomish, against *tomanowos* and *Spee-ough*, ominous as they were even to him, rose up the instinct which was as much a part of him as life itself—the instinct to battle and to conquer. He was resolved with all the grand strength of his nature to bend the council to his will, and with more than Indian subtility saw how it might be done.

He rose to his feet and stood for a moment in silence, sweeping with his glance the circle of chiefs. As he did so, the mere personality of the man began to produce a reaction. For forty years he had been the great war-chief of the tribes of the Wauna, and had never known defeat. The ancient enemies of his race dreaded him; the wandering bands of the prairies had carried his name far and wide; and even beyond the Rockies, Sioux and Pawnee had heard rumors of the powerful chief by the Big River of the West. He stood before them a huge, stern warrior, himself a living assurance of victory and dominion.

As was customary with Indian orators in preparing the way for a special appeal, he began to recount the deeds of the fathers, the valor of the ancient heroes of the race. His stoicism fell from him as he half spoke, half chanted the harangue. The passion that was burning within him made his words like pictures, so vivid they were, and thrilled his tones with electric power. As he went on, the sullen faces of his hearers grew animated; the superstitious fears that Tohomish had awakened fell from them. Again they were warriors, and their blood kindled and their pulses throbbed to the words of their invincible leader. He saw it, and began to speak of the battles they themselves had fought and the victories they had gained. More than one dark cheek flushed darker and more than one hand moved unconsciously to the knife. He alluded to the recent war and to the rebellious tribe that had been destroyed.

"*That,*" he said, "was the people Tohomish saw passing over the death-trail in his dream. What wonder that the thought of death should fill the air, when we have slain a whole people at a single blow! Do we not know too that their spirits would try to frighten our

dreamers with omens and bad *tomanowos?* Was it not *tomanowos* that Tohomish saw? It could not have come from the Great Spirit, for he spoke to our fathers and said that we should be strongest of all the tribes as long as the Bridge of the Gods should stand. Have the stones of that bridge begun to crumble, that our hearts should grow weak?"

He then described the natural bridge which, as tradition and geology alike tell us, spanned at that time the Columbia at the Cascades. The Great Spirit, he declared, had spoken; and as he had said, so it would be. Dreams and omens were mist and shadow, but the bridge was rock, and the word of the Great Spirit stood forever. On this tradition the chief dwelt with tremendous force, setting against the superstition that Tohomish had roused the still more powerful superstition of the bridge—a superstition so interwoven with every thought and hope of the Willamettes that it had become a part of their character as a tribe.

And now when their martial enthusiasm and fatalistic courage were all aglow, when the recital of their fathers' deeds had stirred their blood and the portrayal of their own victories filled them again with the fierce joy of conflict, when the mountain of stone that arched the Columbia had risen before them in assurance of dominion as eternal as itself—now, when in every eye gleamed desire of battle and every heart was aflame, the chief made (and it was characteristic of him) in one terse sentence his crowning appeal—

"Chiefs, speak your heart. Shall the runners be sent out to call the council?"

There was a moment of intense silence. Then a low, deep murmur of consent came from the excited listeners; a half-smothered war-cry burst from the lips of Mishlah, and the victory was won.

One only sat silent and apart, his robe drawn close, his head bent down, seemingly oblivious of all around him, as if resigned to inevitable doom.

"Tomorrow at dawn, while the light is yet young, the runners will go out. Let the chiefs meet here in the grove to hear the message given them to be carried to the tribes. The talk is ended."

George A. Waggoner

Hon. George A. Waggoner, of Corvallis, has written a great many thrilling stories of early Oregon life in the strain that Bert Harte wrote of California in the mining days. Mr. Waggoner is a gifted conversationalist, and as a writer of stories he is always interesting. The following is a scene from Snake River life at a time when the country was yet new to the white man:

BUCKSKIN'S FIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

Mark ran out on the ice and fired at the wolves that had surrounded their victim on the bank, but the distance was too great for him to hit them. The report of the gun, however, frightened them so they did not attack, but sneaked around until it was dark, when the noise of snorting and snapping of teeth told Buck's friends that the battle was on again. It raged with more or less fury through the night.

It was impossible for our bachelors to rest while the old horse was so bravely fighting for his life. A fire was built on the bank and guns were fired at short intervals until morning. When it came, old Buck was still defiant yet his tireless enemies still beset him.

"What shall we do?" said Guy. "It is awful to stay here and not aid the poor old fellow when he neighs to us so piteously. He almost talks. I feel as if it were a man begging us to help him. Can't we cut a channel through the ice for the ferryboat?"

"That would be impossible. The ice has drifted and lodged about it many inches thick," answered his uncle.

"Then let us make a raft."

"I have been thinking about that," said Mart, "but we have nothing with which to make it. Our whole house, if taken down and made into a raft, would scarcely float us and we would freeze to death in this weather before we could build it up again."

"I'll tell you what," said Guy, "there are two large barrels in the house. They would float one of us."

"Yes, but one of them is full of old rye whiskey which cost four dollars a gallon and there is nothing in which to empty it," said Mart.

"Let us pour it out," begged Guy. "We can put some of it in the water bucket and camp kettle and then pour it back when we are done."

"I am afraid your father would not approve of that," answered Mart.

"If he were here, he would. I know him too well to think he would ever let a horse die like that. None of us like whiskey. What does he want with it?"

"It belongs to the man at Payette Station, and it is here because he has not yet come for it," answered Mart. "He will be after it when the snow melts a little and he will be displeased if we threw it out."

Guy had again taken the glass, and was looking intently at the battle. He could plainly see the old horse was becoming worried and that he would soon starve to death. Blood showed on several parts of his body where the wolves had torn him with their sharp teeth. All at once a large one darted from the pack and, missing the horse's throat, fastened on his shoulder. Buckskin seized the wolf in his teeth, and tearing him loose, pressed him to the ground and struck him again and again furious blows with his fore feet until he lay apparently lifeless. The rest attempted to close in, but the courageous horse showed such a determined and hostile front that they paused, afraid to invoke the fate of their comrade.

Guy could endure it no longer. He turned to his uncle, his face streaming with tears, "I can't stand it any longer, Uncle. You and father promised me fifty dollars a month to help run the ferry. You owe me one hundred and fifty dollars. I will pay for that whiskey and you can take it out of my wages, and I want that barrel. I am going over the river to help old Buck."

Mart was a noble-hearted, impulsive man, whose own heart had been swelling up with pity for the fate of the brave old horse. He threw both arms around the boy

and blurted out, "That's just like you, Guy. God bless you. I am with you. We will save old Buckskin if it takes all the ferry is worth to do it. Now run and rip off those planks fastened to the stanchions of the ferry boat while I get the barrels."

In a very few moments the two large barrels were rolled down on the ice. They were placed about eight feet apart and lashed securely to the broad planks Guy brought from the boat. Then they had a sled and boat combined. When it was ready Mart said, "Now bring both rifles, our pistols and plenty of amunition. The wolves may attack us. They are very hungry or they would not be so bold."

Mart had managed to save most of the whiskey in emptying the barrel. The cooking vessels were all filled, including the frying pan and coffee pot; and lastly, but by no means least, a pair of Mart's huge boots did good service in holding a couple of gallons of the fiery liquid.

When all was ready they pushed the raft ahead of them on the ice until they came to the channel. To prevent accidents the guns were tied to the raft, then the novel boat was launched. The barrels were taughtly corked and proved quite buoyant enough to bear the two men. With clap boards for paddles, they soon crossed the current and landed safely on the ice.

The wolves paid but little attention to them. They had renewed the fight with greater vigor than ever and were pressing old Buckskin closer and closer. One would dart from the pack, snapping at him as he passed. They appeared to be trying to get him to run, but were careful about getting in reach of his heels or teeth. More than once he was seen to seize a wolf and hurl him several yards. In his battles he had developed a kind of science of fighting. He kept near the bank, never allowing his foes to get behind him. When he found it necessary to charge, to drive them back, he did it with such vigor as to drive everything before him. Then, before they could rally, he regained his place and turned a solid front to them. Never did a horse show more courage or sagacity, and seldom, if ever, was one more deeply sympathized with than he was.

The two rescuers crept up to the bank, to within twenty yards of the combatants. "Take good aim and get ready before you fire," said Mart, as he leveled his rifle. Both guns rang out with one report and two of old Buck's foes fell. Then with pistols the battle was opened in earnest. Crack! crack! crack! The wolves scampered off, leaving four of their number dead on the field, while several that ran away were badly wounded, as was shown by the bloody trail they left behind in the snow.

Buckskin was nearly as much surprised at his deliverance as were the wolves at their defeat. He was cruelly gashed in many places, nearly starved and utterly worn out with fatigue and the loss of blood. But he had made a most gallant fight and was looked upon as quite a hero by his rescuers.

They led him out on the ice, but he, who had fought so bravely, was reluctant to try a bath in the cold waters of the swift river. He was coaxed and pushed into the channel, led across behind the raft and pulled out on the ice on the other shore. The next morning his two friends helped him to break a trail through the snow to the hills, where the wind had blown the grass bare, and left him with plenty of food at his feet. Soon after the snow disappeared and spring invited the wolves back to their native haunts in the mountains. When the flowers came again, Buckskin was fat and sleek, coming every few days to the ferry to see his friends and to look for company of his own kind. He was quite a handsome pony but through his shining, glossy coat could be seen the scars of his many wounds, mute witnesses of the terrible conflict through which he had passed.

D. Solis Cohen

D. Solis Cohen, of Portland, Oregon, has lectured extensively on the Talmud, American Citizenship, and other subjects of common interest. He sounded the first appeal from an American platform for the Lewis and Clarke Exposition. Mr. Cohen is an active promoter of public schools and general intelligence, and regards with favor any opportunity to hold up before the rising generation the noblest deeds of the makers of this country.

THE DEATH OF MUZA.

"Armed at all points, he issued from the city at night, and was never heard of more." . . .

"Woe to Granada, woe!" For long, long years had these words of mingled grief and warning sounded in Moorish ears. From the first rash act of the impetuous Muley Abul Hassan, which had given the Spaniards the long-desired pretext for a war of extermination, until this black, sad night—at intervals—after a disastrous engagement, an unsuccessful *sortie,* or the death of a noted warrior, that cry had been heard through the city at the midnight hour. But none had discovered who uttered that awful and solemn sound.

Never, however, had the words fallen with such disheartening effect as upon this night. And yet—what further sorrow could be in store for Granada? True; Moorish troops still filled the Alhambra, but their scimiters hung not by their sides; the warlike fire gleamed not from beneath their bushy eyebrows; no songs, no jests, no tales of valor passed between them. Silent and moody they listened to the steady tread of the sentinels and their stated cries; but the tread was the tread of their enemies, and the cries were in the tongue they hated. On the morrow, the city, already in the actual possession of a Spanish detachment, would be formally

surrendered. On the morrow, in gorgeous pageantry their conquerors would enter and place their standard upon the Alhambra's towers. Would—would that Allah might prolong the night! But, no! the sands of time would run as usual; the remorseless moments bury themselves, regularly and swiftly, in the deep, wide grave of time past. The morning's sun would rise and shine. Ay, as years before he had shone, gilding the banners floating proudly and defiantly, glorying in his rays, so would he shine when those banners should kiss the dust, and the ensign of their enemies woo the breezes. Yes! the morning's sun would come—and then—

In the magnificent audience room of Boabdil, glowing in its bright colors, its gold and its jewels, as though no danger threatened the weak-hearted monarch, a band of warriors surrounded their king. Silence reigned, and despair marked every countenance. Boabdil rested his face within his hands, hiding his countenance from these men who had struggled for their country and his throne, and to whom now all hope was lost. Suddenly, loud and shrill, as though within that very chamber, came the dread cry—"Woe to Granada, woe!"

Boabdil trembled; a groan escaped his lips: "Unfortunate, unfortunate that I am," he muttered while the warriors looked around in fear. All save one: Muza —he whose voice had ever been for war; he who had counseled death, self-immolation rather than surrender; he who had inspired them to heroic courage time and again, but who at last had spoken to ears deadened by despondency. His fierce, black eyes seemed now to flash with living fire. He sprang to his feet, and turning to the king, he spoke in those deep, thundering tones which had so often thrilled his co-patriots.

"Nay, call thyself not 'unfortunate.' The man, the warrior, rises above misfortune; but 'tis water courses through thy veins. Useless are my efforts, vain my words, for vainly do I look for one responsive throb from thee. I rise not now to talk! Our country is lost to us; her hours are numbered, but there is still for us one last resource; let us seize it—death! The blood-soaked ground invokes us; the souls of our brethren call upon

us; let us be brave as they! Ay, weep, Boabdil, weep; Allah should have made thee a woman. O king—king in name, but slave in heart—show one spark of sovereign spirit; join with us, we who are here, let us give our city to the flames and perish with her. Come brothers, and this night we will rest in Paradise." He paused and looked around him. The cheeks of the warriors glowed, but their lips were silent; the king moved not, did not raise his head. Muza smiled in scorn.

" 'Tis well," he continued, " 'tis well. Welcome your oppressors; welcome the Spaniards to your walls! O dastards! though you may bow your heads before this hated horde, and slip your shoulders 'neath the yoke, Muza at least will never yield. Gaze on me, cowards, for you will never see me more." Turning rapidly upon his heel, Muza left the apartment, while at the same moment the blood-chilling cry again echoed through the hall—

"Woe to Granada, woe!"

With a quick step Muza descended the broad stone stairway leading to the courtyard; looking neither to the right nor to the left, to answer the greeting of friend or salute of comrade. He gave the privilege pass to the Spanish officer in charge of the gates, and a moment later was upon the dark, unlighted street. The peaceful sky seemed to mock his wild spirit, as he proceeded with a firm tread towards his residence. A footstep behind him, following quickly upon his own, caused him to pause and turn. His brave heart beat with double force at the form which greeted his eyes; a form plainly visible, supernaturally visible, in the unlighted street. A tall, straight figure, towering above his own; flashing eyes, bright in the darkness as the stars above; a long white beard, sweeping below the waist of a loose black gown without sash or girdle, and white locks blowing uncovered in the wind.

"Son," spoke a voice, full and deep, yet low as a loving mother's tone to her cherished offspring, "son, thy soul prompts thee to a noble deed; I will accompany thy steps." Without a word Muza resumed his walk; he seemed to feel a new impulse, stronger even

than his own strong will. He reached his home and paused that the stranger might precede him through the entrance; but the old man moved back. "Nay, son," he said, "thy task is best performed alone. I await thee here."

Without a question in his mind as to how the stranger should divine his thoughts, Muza passed through the portals and entered a small side chamber. He lighted a lamp of scented oil which hung low from the ceiling. Upon a couch reposed a female form; young, and in the graceful negligence of sleep, with head resting upon a rounded arm, and long black hair in beautiful disorder concealing the night robe, half exposed from 'neath the broidered covering. A lovely, calm expression rested upon the almost childish face of the sleeper, and her breath came sweet and regular through her half opened lips, marking the beatings of her heart. Her closed eyes displayed long, silken lashes, and her cheeks, somewhat flushed by gentle dream, heightened the charm of her clear complexion. Muza approached the couch and gazed upon the sleeping form. He bent and pressed his lips to hers, then passed his hands caressingly upon her forehead, and moved aside the rich wealth of hair. As he did so, the faint echo of a far-off sound whispered through the room—

"Woe to Granada, woe!"

Muza started; with a quick motion he drew from beneath his gaudy scarf a dagger, a keen steel blade, and raised it above the unconscious form, as though about to bury it in the soft breast beneath him. But he paused even in the act of striking, seemingly at a new thought, and again kissing the red lips, he laid the weapon upon a stand by the couch, and with soft touch awakened the sleeper. She turned her eyes upon him, smiled and half raised herself with a glad welcoming motion; she was about to speak, but he stopped her, and in a voice of low sweetness, which trembled even in its firmness, he said:

"Ayma, my soul! a moment since I stood above thee, with yon dagger in my hand, its point directed toward thy heart—thy heart which beats for me alone. But,

Ayma, thou art a warrior's child. I could not strike thee in thy sleep. I could not spare myself the anguish of thy eyes, thy look, thy voice; I could not rob thee of the living, eternal glory of being thyself the one to yield thy life to Allah. List to me, child, and put thy arms about my neck, thus bravely, and thy cheek to mine; now prove thy heart, for oh, my soul, holy to me has been the thought that I possessed a son's heart and spirit in a daughter's frame. List to me, dear one—with tomorrow's sun the Spaniards enter our city; with the dawn of day, all that it contains, its wealth, its youth—you listen, Ayma—its beauty, will be in the power of those who glory in our disgrace. Our base king and his pale-souled councilors flatter themselves with the vain hope that they and theirs will be spared dishonor. Not so, my child; O my soul, believe me; the coming day will find thee a polluted slave, or among the blessed in Paradise. Choose, Ayma, soul of my soul, which shall it be?"

Ayma fixed her large black eyes upon her father's face. There was no fear in their clear depths. A high and lofty look, such as blazed from his own, proved that he had spoken truly in regard to his daughter's spirit. There was no trembling in the hand with which she pointed to the glittering steel, no tremor in the voice with which she said, "Give me the weapon."

Muza pressed her to his heart.

"Farewell, brave child, I go to strike one more blow, single-handed, for my country; we meet tomorrow morn at Allah's throne."

With one last convulsive embrace, he released himself from his daughter's arms, and handing her the dagger, passed swiftly from the apartment and joined the stranger without.

" 'Tis well, my son," whispered the old man, "noble sires give birth to noble souls. Follow me, and I will lead thee to thy destination and thy glorious end."

. . . . . .

Without the walls of Granada, in the city which the powerful Ferdinand had built after the flames had

destroyed his encampment—Santa Fe, the cross-shaped city of the faith, here all had been feasting and merriment. The labor of ten long years had at last terminated successfully, and in their proud congratulations the Spanish host forgot the dread losses they had suffered, the thousands and thousands of brave men who had perished, and the devastation which had marked the birth and death of days. Tomorrow, in all the glare and glitter, pomp and power of parade, they would enter victorious into the city which had so long defied their might. Not a soldier among that mighty host, but dreamed that night of gold and jewels, of soft, bright eyes and waving hair. As the night wore on, the sounds of revelry ceased, and in obedience to commands the soldiers sought repose. The camp city was left to the sentinels, who trod their beats with unsteady gait and half-closed eyes, for generous measures of Castilian wines had warmed their veins and soothed their senses.

Slowly creeping; now along the ground, now in the dark shadows, two figures approached the royal headquarters; gliding noiselessly along, and passing sentry after sentry without notice, till they reached within a few yards of the arched entrance with its crossed banner. There they paused, and the old man spoke.

"My son, here we part."

"Father," said Muza, "thou hast brought me safely through all these dangers, who art thou? Speak, father, thy name?"

"Nay, my son; rest satisfied, thy work will prosper; take my blessing."

Muza prostrated himself before the old man, and when he rose again, the old man had vanished.

"God is great!" murmured Muza, and lying flat upon the ground, with his keen eye upon the guard pacing before the entrance, he slowly dragged himself forward. Close, closer, and when the sentry turned he placed himself with a quick spring between him and the entrance. Then, as the sentinel came back, he jumped up suddenly and faced him, and before the startled man could cry or think, he caught him firmly by the throat, bore him to the ground, and compressing his windpipe with one

hand, drew with the other a dagger and stabbed him to the heart. Even while the man's limbs moved in his fearful, silent death struggle, Muza took his upper garment from him and with it clothed himself. Then rising cautiously, he slowly and regularly trod the beat which the dead man had walked, glancing carefully upon the entrance each time he passed, and noting well the building. For full half an hour he paced thus with slow and measured tread; then suddenly, with a loud and fearful cry, a piercing scream which echoed wildly in the still night, he shouted:

"Treachery! Treachery! They come! The Moors! The Moors!!"

Yelling thus fiercely, he dashed through the entrance into the building. His scimiter he held loosely in his hand.

The soldier sleeps lightly. Easily is he aroused even from dreams of love and home. From all parts of the building Spanish officers came rushing, while outside all was in confusion.

"The king!" cried Muza, "the king! Where is the king?" and tightening his hand upon the hilt of his scimiter, and keeping it close to his side, while in his other hand he displayed the lance he had taken from the sentinel, he darted through the long corridor.

A door at the end was thrown open. A tall form appeared upon the threshold. With one spring, such as a wounded tiger might make upon his foe, Muza leaped upon this form; he dropped his lance, and with one swoop of his scimetar he severed head from body.

"Ha ha!" he laughed, "die, Spanish dog! die, dog of a Spanish king, die in thine own stronghold by the hand of Muza. Granada, thou art avenged!"

He was seized by the Spaniards crowding around, but he laughed long and fiercely.

"Do your worst, there lies your king."

But suddenly his cheeks blanched; his knees trembled; what was it? Had fear seized upon his soul? He looked straight before him; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets; for there approached a man before whom all bowed; a man who gazed sternly upon the prisoner.

Fatal Mistake! Ferdinand, king of Spain, stood before him! . . .

In the morning, as the Spanish troops marshalled for their triumphal procession, the soul of Muza ascended amid the fire of the stake. From the moment when he became aware of his great error, until the moment the flames rose up about him, he uttered not a sound; but as his soul left his body, that soul spoke; one word—"Ayma."

Frederick Schwatka

Frederick Schwatka, born in Galena, Illinois, September 29, 1849. Came with his parents to Oregon in 1853, settling at Astoria. Removed to Albany where they remained until 1859, when they went to Salem. Was educated at Willamette University and learned printer's trade. Received appointment to United States Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1871, and was appointed second lieutenant in Third Cavalry. Served on garrison and frontier duty until 1877. Studied law and medicine, was admitted to the bar in Nebraska in 1875, and received his medical degree at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1876. Commanded an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin's party 1878-1880. Afterward explored the course of the Yukon in Alaska, rejoining his regiment in 1884. In August resigned his commission as first lieutenant in the army, and commanded the New York *Times* Alaska exploring expedition in 1886. He was an honorary member of the greatest geographical societies of the world and had received medals from many of them. During the later years of his life he made two tours of exploration through Mexico. Among his writings are "Along Alaska's Great River," 1885; "Nimrod in the North," 1885; "The Children of the Cold," 1886. He died in Portland, Oregon, November 2, 1892, and was buried in Rural Cemetery, Salem, beside his parents.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR

Frances Fuller Victor

Frances Fuller Victor was born in Rome Township, New York, May 23, 1826, and came to Oregon in 1865. Her literary career may be summarized as follows: poems, 1851; "Florence Fane Sketches," 1863-65; "The River of the West," 1870; "All Over Oregon and Washington," 1872; "Woman's War Against Whiskey," 1874; "The New Penelope," 1877; "Bancroft History of Oregon," two volumes, 1886; "Bancroft History of Washington, Idaho and Montana"; "Bancroft History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming;" "Bancroft History of California," Vols. 6 and 7; "History of Early Indian Wars in Oregon," 1893; "Atlantis Arisen"; "Poems," 1900. Died at Portland, Oregon, November 14, 1902.

COL. JOSEPH L. MEEK.

Joseph L. Meek was born in Washington County, Virginia. He was the son of a planter, and his mother was of a good Virginia family—one of the Walker's—and aunt to the wife of President Polk. But unfortunately for her son, this lady died early, and young Joseph was left very much to his own devices, on a plantation where there was nothing for him to do, and little to learn, except such out-door sports as boys delight in. These he enjoyed in the most unrestrained liberty, having for his companions only the children of his father's slaves, towards whom he stood in the relation of master.

Such circumstances would be inimical to habits of mental industry in any case; and the lad found his temptations to a busy idleness so many and strong, that he refused even to avail himself of the little elementary teaching that he might have had on the plantation. His stepmother, for whom he seems to have felt a dislike, either did not, or could not influence him in the direction

of study; and it fell out that when he arrived at the age of sixteen years, he was a tall, merry, active boy, who knew hardly as much of spelling and reading as is contained in the child's first primer. Why it was that his father neglected him in so culpable a manner does not appear; but what is evident is, that young Meek was not happy at home, and that his not being so was the cause of his abandoning the plantation when between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and undertaking to enter upon a career for himself. This he did by going to Kentucky, where some relations of his father resided; and, on finding things not to his mind in the new place, finally pushing on to St. Louis, then a mere trading post on the Missouri frontier, where he arrived in the fall of 1828.

This was the decisive step that colored all his after life. St. Louis was the rendezvous of fur traders, who yearly enlisted new men for service in trapping beaver in the Rocky Mountains. Young Meek offered himself, and though younger than the other recruits, was accepted, on his assurance that he would not shrink from duty, even if that duty should be to fight Indians. The spring of 1829 accordingly found him in the employ of Mr. William Sublette, one of the most enterprising and successful of the fur traders, who annually led a company of men to the mountains, and through them, from summer to winter rendezvous; leaving them the following spring to go to St. Louis for the necessary Indian goods and fresh recruits.

Little did the boy of eighteen realize the fateful step he was taking; that for eleven years he should roam the mountains and plains like an Indian, carrying his life in his hand at every step; that he should marry an Indian woman; and leave a family of half-Indian children in the valley of that far off Oregon, of which then he had hardly ever heard the name. But a man once entered into the service of the fur companies found it nearly impossible to abandon the service, unless he had shown himself cowardly and unfit—in which case he was permitted to return when the trading partner went to St. Louis for goods. A brave and active man

was sure to be kept in the company's debt, or in some other way in its power; so that no opportunity should be afforded of leaving the life he had entered upon however thoughtlessly. Letters were even forbidden to be written or received; lest hearing from home should produce homesickness and disaffection. The service was so full of dangers, that it was estimated fully one-fifth if not one-fourth of the trappers were killed by the Indians, or died by accident and exposure each year.

Yet, with all these chances against him, Meek lived eleven years in the mountains, fighting Indians and wild beasts, with never in all that time a serious wound from Indian arrow or paw of grizzly bear; a fact that illustrates better than any words, the address, quickness and courage of the man. Though often sportively alluding to his own subterfuges to escape from danger, it still remained evident that an awkward, slow or cowardly man could never have resorted to such means. An unsuually fine physique, a sunny temper and ready wit, made him a favorite with both comrades and employers, and gave him influence with such Indian tribes as the mountain-men held in friendly relations.

Jessie Buoy

ON THE RIVER.

Oh, gray dawn and white, white mist,
And hills so mute and still;
Oh, wild west wind, wherever you list
To go at your own sweet will;
Oh, golden sky and sea-fowl flown,
And cattle and meadow and home
It takes you all—yes, every one—
To make a day on the river.

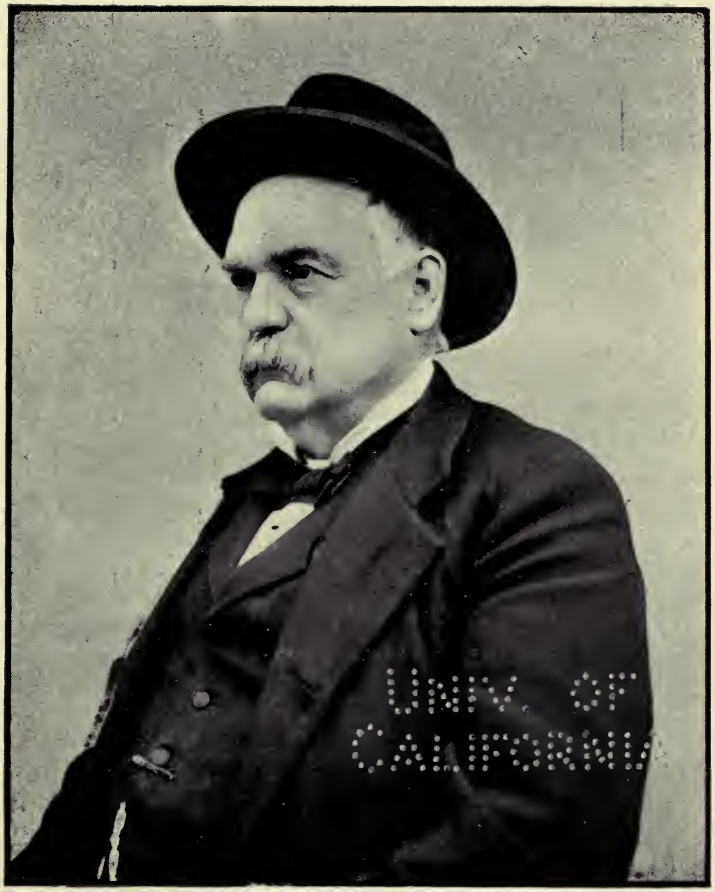
Harvey W. Scott

Harvey W. Scott came to Oregon in his boyhood. He helped his father clear the old donation claim in Washington County; then undertaking his own education, he was the first regular graduate of Pacific University. Early in life he pursued a prodigious course of study; and with a logical faculty somewhat remarkable his pen soon won prominence in communicating his opinions. Since 1865 he has been editor of the *Oregonian.* Under his management, that journal has gained the reputation of being one of the greatest dailies on the continent, ranking with the New York *Sun* and the *Evening Post.* It was his pen that gave the *Oregonian* its character. However, as a rule, the tone and excellence of a publication is in part attributable to the taste of the numerous readers who create a demand for a publication of that sort. As a critic in the journalistic art, Mr. Scott compares favorably with Dana and Bryant; and while he has not neglected his editorial duties and written books as have some noted editors, he has established a precedent in the journalistic field worthy of the study and emulation of young men and women who look forward to literary employment as a life vocation.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH.

(*An editorial written for the Oregonian.*)

A plea is again presented for a new translation of the Bible into English, for the purpose, it is said, of speech. It is argued that the version so long in use, since it does not belong to the language of our time, is not suited to ordinary and common use for the present day, and to many is even scarcely intelligible. It does, indeed, abound with a peculiar phraseology and with singular words long since abandoned, and its style is maintained


UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HARVEY W. SCOTT

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

no where else in our literature; but these are precisely the features that make it impressive, concentrate attention upon it, and give it the sacred character it possesses. Through this translation the Bible means more to readers of English than to those who use any other tongue. The general antique color of the diction perpetuates this translation as the literary representative of our sacred speech. In the literature of no other language is there anything that corresponds to it.

It is not too much to say that there is no possibility of supersedure of this version by another. It is a part, and no small part, of the intellectual, moral and religious culture of all English-speaking peoples. The forms of expression in which the text is rendered have long been household words unto millions, and the change of a word or a syllable would produce a jar to many ears as harsh as dissonance in music. As a work of literature, this version is a transcript of the religious and intellectual energy that produced it. Its downright, sinewy and idiomatic English, coming to us from the best age of our literature, is strong, where a new version would be diffuse and feeble. From the same type of mind that produced this version flowed those innumerable tributary streams that fed the mighty sea of Shakespeare. To substitute another version for this one would be to abandon one of the strongest clews to the entire living existence, moral, intellectual and religious, of all who inherit the English tongue. Of course, therefore, it cannot be supplanted. It makes the highest ideas, clothed in words of compass and power, part of the daily life and growth of multitudes. No substitution of another version for it, nor even any material change in this one would be possible; or, even were it possible, it would be a positive loss to literature and history, and would tend to impoverishment of the soil in which the moral and religious ideas of a great people have their nourishment and growth.

Here is the genius of the English tongue at its greatest and best, flinging its full strength upon a task which at the time lay close to the heart of the English people. The English Bible is the masterpiece of our prose, as Shakes-

peare's work is of our poetry; it beats not only with the divine impulse of its original, but also with that immense vitality of religious life in the days when to our ancestors religion and life were identical. In this version we have that tremendous reach of emotion, borne on a style majestic and clear, which has been and will continue to be one of the great forces in the movements of history. This English Bible is among the greatest of the agencies in spreading the English language throughout the world, and in extending the principles of liberty and of jurisprudence that go with it and find their expression through it. This view shows that missionary work carried on in the English tongue throughout the world has a field vastly wider than propagation of mere ecclesiastical dogma. It is introductory to and part of a greatly wider field of effort and progress. Its potency lies in the fact that the religious feeling is the most powerful of the forces through which men are moved, and in all times has been the underlying force in the expansion of civilization. This is not to say that it has not been abused, or has not run into errors, or at times even into crimes, some of them colossal. Nevertheless, without the religious impulse the world never could get on.

THE EVOLUTION OF OREGON.

(*From an Address Before the Oregon Pioneer Society.*)

The earliest explorers of Oregon, the missionaries of the somewhat later day included, were mostly from our Atlantic states; but when the active migration began the states of the Upper Mississippi Valley supplied far the greater number. These persons were of the pioneer stock of Missouri, of Illinois and of other states of the region then known as the West. The story of Oregon had reawakened their old love of adventure; it offered a source of relief to their restlessness, and it held out to them the vague hopes always promised by the unknown. Situated where they were, communities were growing up around them; they had lost the sovereignty of space and wanted to recover it; they liked not close settlements,

still less cities, where man disputes with man for air, space, sunshine. Fixed residence was less agreeable than indefinite removal, the imagination loved to dwell on the illimitable, where no bounds are set to freedom of movement and action. He who is alone feels that he is important; for he measures himself by his actual standard, and not by the method of the census taker, not by the indistinguishable numerical value which his single existence represents in a populous city or nation. The imagination is fed by visions and illusions; and yet so deep a mystery is man, that these in fact have greater power over him than realities, and the realm of imagination becomes man's truest world.

These were the people who constituted the body of those now coming to Oregon. There had been an effort to establish missions among the Indians, but these people did not come for missionary purposes. There were earnest endeavors on the part of a few far-seeing men to augment the force of Americans in the country, so as to create a counterpoise to British influence and secure the disputed territory to the United States; but this was not the motive that impelled the main column of migration. Efforts for missionary work and reports of missionaries on the country had done much to create an interest in Oregon, as in the case of Rev. Jason Lee, whose lectures in Illinois in 1838 started the Peoria party in 1839; agitation of the "Oregon Question" in Congress and throughout the country, based on the desire to plant a body of American citizens here whose presence would attest the sovereignty of the United States, had helped to make Oregon known; and the Western pioneer hearing of Oregon as a wonderland, could not restrain his impatience; he had not yet been satiated with adventure, and he looked back on the conditions of pioneer life from which the states of the Upper Mississippi region were just emerging, as a golden age of freedom which might be renewed on the distant shores of the Pacific, and the fact that privation was to be met and danger was to be braved added zest to the undertaking.

The story of the toilsome march of the wagon trains over the plains will be received by future generations

almost as a legend on the border land of myth, rather than as a veritable history. It will be accepted, indeed, but scarcely understood. Even now to those who made the journey, the realities of it seem half fabulous. It no longer seems to have been a rational undertaking. The rapid transit of the present time appears almost to relegate the story to the land of fable. No longer can we understand the motives that urged our pioneers toward the indefinite horizon that seemed to verge on the unknown. Mystery was in the movement, mystery surrounded it. It was the last effort of that profound impulse which, from a time far preceding the dawn of history, has pushed the race to which we belong to discovery and occupation of western lands.

Here now we are; the limit has been reached. The stream can flow no further onward, but must roll back on itself. Life must develop here, and in this development it must diversify itself, and take on new and characteristic forms. This, in fact, it is doing. Oregon, from the circumstances of its settlement, and its long isolation, and through development here of the materials slowly brought together, has a character almost peculiarly its own. In some respects that character is admirable; in others it is open to criticism. Our situation has made for us a little world in which strong traits of a character peculiarly our own have been developed; it has also left us somewhat out of touch with the world at large. We are somewhat too fixed and inflexible in our ways of thought and action, and do not adjust ourselves readily to the conditions that surround us in the world of men, and now are steadily pressing in on us from all sides.

The life of a community is the aggregate life of the individuals, who are its units, and the general law that holds for the individual holds for the society. The human race can make progress only as the conduct of a man as an individual and of a man in society is brought into harmony with surrounding forces under the government of moral law. Of this progress experience becomes the test. The multiplying agencies of civilization, operating in our own day with an activity continually cumulative and never before equalled, are turned, under

the pressure of moral forces, into most powerful instruments for instruction and benefit of mankind. It is probable that nothing else has contributed so much to the help of mankind in the mass, either in material or moral aspects, as rapid increase of human intercourse throughout the world. Action and reaction of peoples upon peoples, of nations upon nations, of races upon races, are continually evolving the activities and producing changes in the thought and character of all. This intercourse develops the moral forces as rapidly as the intellectual and material; it has brought all parts of the world into daily contact with each other, and each part feels the influence of all the rest.

Common agents in this work are commerce in merchandise and commerce in ideas. Neither could make much progress without the other. Populations once were stagnant. Now they are stirred profoundly by all the powers of social agitation, by travel, by rapid movements of commerce by daily transmission of news of the important events of the world to every part of the world. Motion is freedom and science and wealth and moral advancement. Isolated life is rapidly disappearing; speech and writing, the treasures of the world's literature, diffused throughout the world, enlarge and expand the general mind, and show how much is contained within humanity of which men once never dreamed. In language itself there is a steady advance towards simplicity, compass, exactness and uniformity. As civilization makes progress and increases, the number of dialects diminishes, provincialisms are merged, the same tongue becomes common to a mighty people.

Phases of life pass away, never to return. In the first settlement of a country the conditions of nature produce our customs, guide our industries, fix our ways of life. Later, modifications take place, fashioned on changing conditions. Oregon, long isolated, has now been caught up and is borne onward in the current of the world's thought and action. Under operation of forces that press upon us from contact with the world at large, and under the law of our own internal development, we are moving rapidly away from the old conditions. Pioneer

life is now but a memory; it will soon be but a legend or tradition. Modern society has no fixity. Nothing abides in present forms. See how complete has been the transformation of New England within twenty-five years. A similar process is now in rapid movement among ourselves in the Pacific Northwest. Once we had here a little world of our own. We shall have it no more. The horizon that once was bounded by our own board enlarges to the horizon of man.

John Gill

CANTORI MORTUO.

Swift Voices of the Night,
Crying abroad through all the sleeping land:
"Balder, the beautiful, is dead! The hand
That woke the harp on Wild Acadia's shore
To noblest strains, shall strike that harp no more!
Shrouded, and still, and white!"

Speak to the rolling waves,
Breaking in thunders on his native Coast;
Tell them the bard who loved their music most
Sleeps in the old house by the tranquil bay,
Deaf to their fury, or their giant play
In the green ocean caves.

The building orioles sing
In the long branches of his old elm trees;
The bluebird pours upon the vernal breeze
His mellow notes, unconscious that he lies
Reckless of song and warmly-bending skies,
In the returning Spring.

No more the bells of Lynn,
Or billows mourning on Nantucket's shore,
Or winds that thro' the wayside elm trees roar,
Filling the night with voices sweet and strong,
Shall rouse his spirit to immortal song,
Or his soft numbers win.

The River Charles flows by
His loved old city, on its brimming tide
Reflecting Auburn's tower, and streaming wide
Under the bridge; the stately street resounds
With shout and song from his old college grounds,
Where youth can never die.

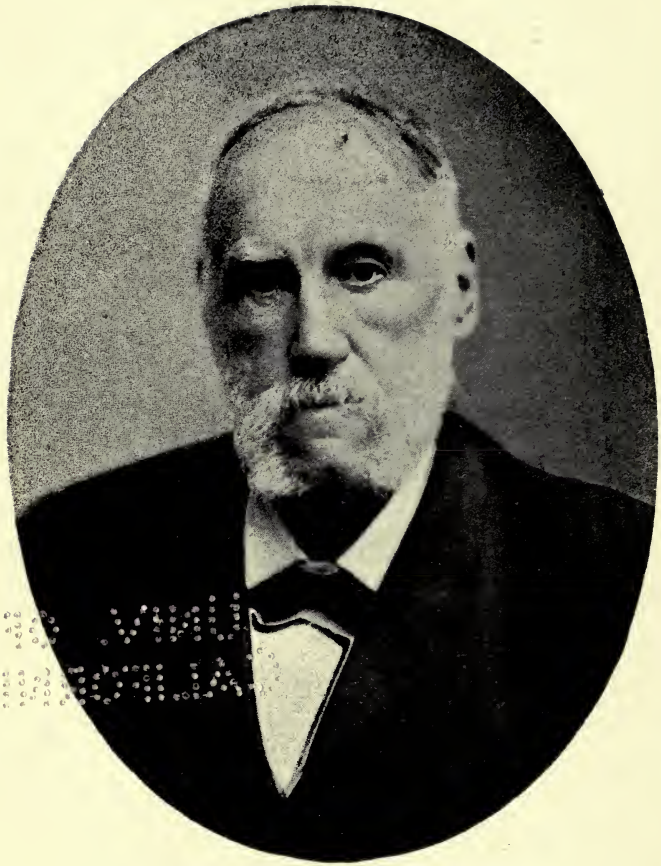
The old clock on the stair,
That marked the long, long thoughts of childhood's page,
His manhood, noble prime, and green old age
White with kind frosts, speaks yet in solemn tone,
Forever—never—as in years bygone;
Years past, forever fair.

Into the Silent Land
His steps have entered, where his treasures were;
There may the choiring angels minister
Peace to his soul, true kindred of their own;
His Psalm of Life is sung, his day gone down
In sunset calm and grand.

Never—Forever! more
In curfewbell, in voice of summer streams,
In wildbird songs, in music of our dreams,
In all the noblest promptings of the heart
His words of love and fire shall have their part,
Echoing evermore.

Oh, Voices of the Night!
Breathe low and sweet above that sacred mound
Through woods in summer green; or mournful sound
Through sighing pines, dark in Acadian snow,
A requiem for the soul of Longfellow,
Soared to its highest flight!

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



GEORGE H. WILLIAMS

George H. Williams

Hon. George H. Williams was born in Columbia County, New York, March 26, 1823; educated in the academy on Pompey Hill in Onondaga County; and admitted to practice law in 1844. He then moved to Fort Madison, Iowa; and in 1847, was elected Judge of the First Judicial District. In 1852 he was appointed Chief Justice of Oregon, by President Pierce. In 1864 he was elected United States Senator. Soon after his term in the Senate he was appointed one of the Joint High Commissioners to settle by treaty with Great Britain the Alabama claims and other disputed questions between the two countries. He was the author of the act under which the states lately in rebellion were reconstructed—generally known as the "Reconstruction Act." In 1871 he accepted from President Grant the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States. Since retiring from that office Judge Williams has been steadily engaged in the practice of law, devoting his spare moments to literary pursuits. Ample entertainment and instruction can be found in the lines of Mr. Williams's "Occasional Addresses," a neatly bound volume of two hundred pages.

PARALLEL BETWEEN SHERMAN AND GRANT.

We are familiar with the story of David and Jonathan; but if their extraordinary friendship was more sentimental, it was not more interesting than the relations of Grant with Sherman. These relations were indeed beautiful. They exalted both men in my estimation. Our country, and all countries, from time immemorial, have been cursed with the rivalries and jealousies of great men. Few people know how much these have to do with the turmoils, wars and bad government of the world. Grant and Sherman were the two great Generals

of the war. Circumstances conduced to make them rivals for distinction and the honors of their country. There was ample room and provocation enough for jealousy between them; but the common cause in which they drew their swords seems to have rounded their lives into an unbroken harmony.

I have frequently conversed with each about the other. There were no complaints or fault-findings upon these occasions. Grant always spoke kindly of Sherman; Sherman enjoyed the praises of Grant. It is difficult to compare the military capabilities of two men so different in temperament. Sherman was quick, nervous and impulsive; Grant, thoughtful, deliberate and imperturable. Marching through Georgie suited the dash of Sherman; the siege of Vicksburg, the deep resolve and unyielding tenacity of Grant. Both have written books. Sherman had more snap and sparkle in his style; Grant, more terseness, strength and simplicity. Grant was a man of few words, and no speech-maker; Sherman frequently spoke on public occasions in a fluent and pleasing manner.

Twenty-five years ago the war for the Union ended. Death has been busy with men of that war; but time is erecting a monument to their memories, in states united, that will stand as long as our flag represents the freedom and union of the American people.

Our country has folded to its green bosom and to their earthly rest, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Hancock, Logan, and many of their compatriots; but their graves are pilgrim shrines to which future generations will come to commune with the historic dead, and consecrate themselves to the service of their country.

UPON THE VALUE OF GOOD THOUGHTS.

A group of essays taken from an address to the graduating class of the High School in Portland, Oregon, June 23, 1891. They are ink-drops from the busy pen of one who for more than a half century has been constantly employed in giving counsel to people of all ranks and ages.

Faith.

"According to your faith, be it unto you," is a revelation and promise from Infinite Wisdom and Power. Faith is the Archimedean lever that moves the world. Faith convoyed Columbus to the discovery of a western hemisphere. Faith spans oceans with telegraphs and continents with railroads. Faith has founded empires and won great victories. Faith is the inspiration of every great invention and every great enterprise; and without faith the dead level of animal life would hardly be disturbed. Faith is defined to be the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; which is a summary way of describing life in the world of thought brightened by the promise of hope. Faith in God, faith in man, and faith in the good, the true and the beautiful, are elements of exalted and refined pleasures.

Good Thoughts.

True happiness consists in having your minds occupied with good, just and pure thoughts; and if your minds are filled with such thoughts your bodily surroundings are of no great consequence. This power of controlling the thoughts, especially under adverse circumstances, is not intuitive; nor is it easily acquired. Like other accomplishments of the mind and body, it comes through cultivation and discipline. Our minds, untrained, have a tendency to produce evil thoughts, like the tendency of the untilled earth to produce wild grasses and weeds.

Avarice, envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, discontent and fear, are names given to classify those different conditions of the mind from which proceed a great part of the unhappiness of the human family.

To overcome and put an end to these mental conditions is like the fight of Hercules with the hydra; but in this fight, as in that, perseverance will achieve success. One person is born in poverty, and bound by circumstances beyond his control to a life of obscurity and toil. Another is born in affluence, and inherits distinction and ease. Very often the former is discontented

and depressed with his lot, and his life is poisoned with envy of the latter; when, as a matter of fact, there may not be, and in a majority of cases is not, any good ground for this unhappiness. It is misery made out of nothing but perverted thoughts.

When a poor man, in good health, has all that he needs to eat, to drink and to wear, he has about all a rich man can get out of his wealth, so far as bodily enjoyments are concerned. The air is as fresh and pure, the sunshine as bright and warm, to the poor as to the rich. All the glories of the heavens and all the beauties of the earth are as free to the poor as to the rich. God is no respecter of persons, and all His wondrous works are for the equal good and pleasure of all His children. Moreover, it does not follow that because a man is rich he is happy; for happiness does not depend so much upon external circumstances as upon mental conditions, and it may happen that the mind of the man with millions of money is distracted with care and trouble, while the boy who blacks his boots is happy in the thought of better days to come.

Were it possible to look into the thoughts of those around us, we should find that there is not half as much difference among people, so far as their happiness is concerned, as there seems to be. Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer, but Diogones was contented in his tub. Envious thoughts are extremely foolish, for they neither help the envious nor hurt the envied. They only sting the brain that brings them into being. Our great need is to know how to change injurious and evil thoughts into those that give us pleasure and peace.

Will Power.

We must be diligent in the exercise of the will power. Self-examination will show that, as a rule, our wills are allowed to be dormant, while passion, prejudice, or some exciting circumstances evolve and control our thoughts. Disuse makes our wills, like our limbs, weak and inefficient when we desire to use them. You believe that some one has wronged you, in consequence of which you are exicited with angry and revengeful thoughts. To

get rid of these thoughts as soon as possible is advisable, because they not only destroy mental serenity, but inaugurate disorders of the body. To do this it is necessary to substitute pleasant and soothing thoughts for those that irritate and annoy. Bring up from the storehouse of memory some scene to which your affections cling; think of some event that has given you pleasure or profit, or give yourself up to some bright dream of the future. Drive away the clouds and enter into the sunlight. Poe's "Raven" is the picture of a mind filled with thoughts of sorrow, gloom and death, while Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" is the picture of a mind full of refreshing and grateful memories. To substitute the thought that inspired the song of Woodworth for those that inspired the wail of Poe, is to substitute the oil of joy for the ashes of mourning.

To change or divert the thoughts from that which is evil to that which is good, is comparatively easy; but the difficulty is to maintain the change. Bad thoughts are always striving for the mastery, and eternal vigilance is necessary to prevent their success. To try this experiment involves a mental struggle. There will be failures and disappointments: but every time the unconquered will brings in good thoughts it gains strength for the next conflict; and so by persistent efforts, the mind is released from distraction, and made the citadel of contentment and peace. I want to say this with emphasis: Watch the coming and going of your thoughts, and whenever you perceive that an evil, unkind or unhappy thought has entered into your mind, displace it at once with something that is good, kind or agreeable; and if you can make this the fixed habit of your mind, you have gained what is worth more to your happiness than all " the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

Individual Differences.

I have had more or less to do with the quarrels of men for nearly fifty years, and the result of my observation and experience is, that a great part of these disagreements are unnecessary, and would not occur if people did not act without reflection. I have no right

when I differ with another, to get angry, and act from passion; but it is my duty to consider that I may be blinded by self-interest, or that I may have been misinformed, or may have misunderstood what has been said or done, and I ought to know the views and thoughts of the other man before I decide upon any definite action. Our Lord gave us good advice when he said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

You will be better satisfied with yourselves, and add to your happiness, if you take a charitable view of the motives and actions of other people: though you may know that others have gone wrong, it is noble and generous to think of them that they "have but stumbled in the path you have in weakness trod." What a world of trouble and sorrow would be prevented if people would think more kindly and justly of each other.

The Delusions of Life.

Everybody is praising truth; but who would take away from children their conceptions of Santa Claus or those little works of fiction which they read with so much avidity and pleasure, of which "Little Red Riding Hood" is an example? Who would suppress the maternal instincts of the little girl by robbing her of her doll, or dispel the manly conceits of the little boy in riding his wooden horse? Visions of love, wealth and power are to the morning of life what summer breezes and the singing of birds are to the rising day, and, though largely delusive, are delightful while they last, and shed their fading brightness over the sober scenes of later life. I have lived in handsome houses of brick and stone, and held high positions of honor and trust; but the most beautiful houses in which I ever lived, and the highest honors I ever enjoyed, are those which an unfledged ambition constructed out of my boyhood fancies.

Cheerfulness.

Whatever your circumstances in life may be, try to take a cheerful, and not a gloomy view of your prospects

and surroundings. To cultivate a cheerful disposition or state of mind, is not only to cultivate your own happiness, but to make your presence like mingled flowers and sunshine to your family and friends. I think it safe to say that more than one-half of the troubles of life have no existence outside of a misguided or morbid state of mind. Take, as an illustration, Shakespeare's great impersonation in Othello. Here was a soldier, honored by men and loved by woman for his great deeds, who was driven by false and poisoned thought to murder a true and loving wife, and then to commit the kindred crime of suicide. All this was the outcome of thinking evil instead of good of one whose virtue and purity were ignored to give place to a base suspicion. There is no greater folly than to brood despondently over some mistake or misfortune that has passed beyond recall. Try always to encourage yourself with the reflection that apparent evils are frequently blessings in disguise. Looking backward over the ills of life is poor business; but to look forward and upward with faith and hope is to draw from heaven some of the choicest blessings.

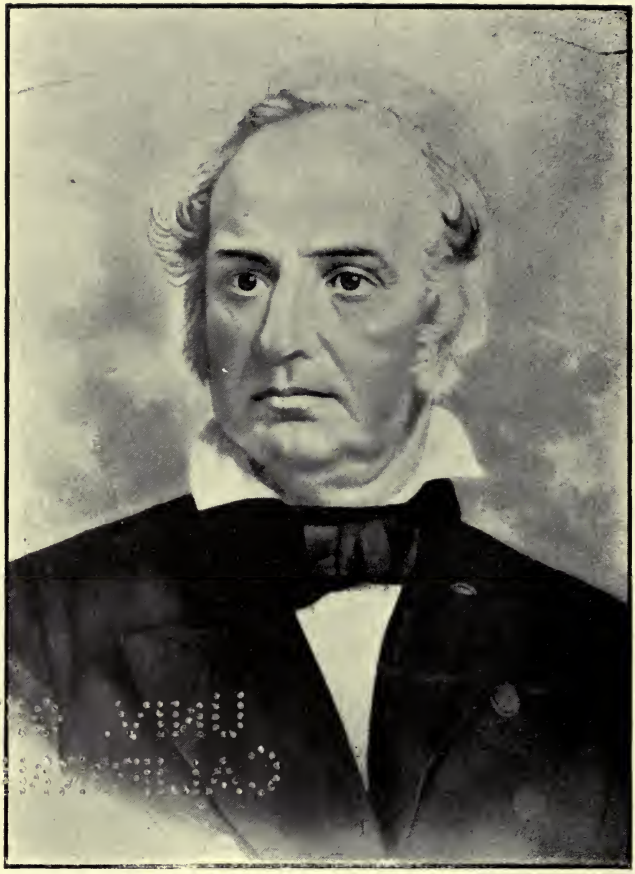
Good Thoughts Are Uplifting.

Rich people can diversify their lives with recreations and amusements of various kinds; but those who labor for their daily bread are largely dependent upon their daily thoughts for refreshment and rest: though the body is bound to earth, the thought may be in heaven. Where can the mother, whose heart is bleeding from the loss of her child, find such comfort as in the thought of being reunited to her loved one in another and a better world? Our Lord has provided for the poor and afflicted, by showing them that, if they will make their thoughts like His thoughts, they will have a wealth of peace which the world cannot give or take away. Some people profess to believe that these comforting thoughts are nothing but the vagaries of weak and sensitive minds; but, be this as it may, they have lightened the burdens of many weary souls; and it is safe to assume that they will be found to be eternal realities, when flesh and blood have mouldered into dust.

Influence of Good Thoughts.

Our thoughts affect others, favorably or unfavorably, as they affect ourselves. Good thoughts exert a good influence, and bad thoughts a bad influence, upon those around us. Some philosophers contend that thought is as much a substance as magnetism, electricity or heat; and the analogies of this argument are good, for all alike are intangible, invisible and capable of changing and controlling material things. Actual experiments have demonstrated that thought can be transferred from one mind to another without the use of any visible or audible signs; and it is therefore a reasonable conclusion that all thoughts, to some extent, are common to all minds. Go into a company of people whose thoughts are pure, bright and joyous, and then go into another company whose thoughts are low, hateful and gloomy; and, though nothing be said, the change will be perceptible in the changed condition of your thoughts. One little spark may kindle a great fire; and one new and vigorous thought may set in motion a great thought-wave. I have noticed, in the political and religious world, that where the thought in one locality drifted in a certain direction, the same drift was observed in other and remote localities. Language may in part account for this; but results indicate that currents of thought run through the social fabric, like currents of electricity through the unconscious earth. When the spiritual is more fully developed, and the intellectual becomes more apprehensive, it may be that the telegraph and telephone will fall into disuse, and mind answer to mind, and thought to thought, through a medium common to all. Our thinking faculties conjoin us to the Supreme Intelligence of the Universe. They stamp the dust of the earth with the image of the Deity. They can lift us to the pinnacles of human life. They can do more: they can lift us up to heaven, or they can bear us down the endless declivities of eternal darkness. Gird up the loins of your minds. Prepare yourselves for the smiles and frowns of fortune. Go out, with faith in God, into the field of duty, always remembering that the secret of a happy life is to *think good thoughts.*

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER

Edward Dickinson Baker

Edward Dickinson Baker was born in London, England, February 24, 1811. Five years later his father's family settled in Philadelphia, where Edward at an early age was apprenticed to a weaver. In 1825 the family moved to Indiana, and the following year to Illinois. Young Baker drove a dray in St. Louis for a season, but returned to Illinois, where he was admitted to the bar. In 1831 he seriously thought of entering the ministry in the Reformed or Christian Church. He obtained a Major's commission in the Black Hawk War; was twice elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature, then one term to the upper branch; was elected to Congress in 1844; then, commissioned Colonel in the Mexican War; and returned to Congress in 1849. In 1852 he located in San Francisco, but in 1860 moved to Oregon, where he was chosen United States Senator. His greatness as a soldier, statesman, orator and patriot was of that character which made him inevitable in any state or national disturbance; so that while Oregon of all the states honored him the most, the Nation in the onset of a threatening calamity laid first claim upon his highest energies. Attired in the full uniform of a Colonel he appeared before his fellow Senators in a stirring defense of the Union, August 2, 1861; and four days later he was confirmed Brigadier General. He fell in the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861. In recognition of his services, a commission as Major General of Volunteers was afterwards issued in his name.

As an orator Colonel Baker seeing clearly beheld things as they were; hence treated each subject in a style of its own. Therefore he was enabled to give to us a typical plea in the "Defense of Cora," the repartee in his "Reply to Benjamin," the ready fire of Patrick Henry in the "Baker Mass-Meeting Address," fraternal sympathy in the Broderick oration, the ornate in the

oration on the Atlantic Cable, and poetry and music in the "Ode to a Wave." On all occasions the flight of the "Old Gray Eagle" was lofty, attracting the eyes upward and uplifting the minds of men above sordid thoughts and groveling themes.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE ADDRESS.

Amid the general joy that thrills throughout the civilized world, we are here to bear our part. The great enterprise of the age has been accomplished. Thought has bridged the Atlantic, and cleaves its unfettered path across the sea, winged by the lightning and guarded by the billow. Though remote from the shores that first witnessed the deed, we feel the impulse and swell the paean; for, as in the frame of man, the nervous sensibility is greatest at the extremity of the body, so we, distant dwellers on the Pacific Coast, feel yet more keenly than the communities at the centers of civilization, the greatness of the present success, and the splendor of the advancing future.

The transmission of intelligence by electric forces is perhaps the most striking of all the manifestations of human power in compelling the elements to the service of man. The history of the discovery is a monument to the sagacity, the practical observation, the inductive power of the men whose names are now immortal. The application to the uses of mankind is scarcely less wonderful, and the late extension across a vast ocean ranks its projectors and accomplishers with the benefactors of their race. We repeat here today the names of Franklin, and Morse, and Field. We echo the sentiments of generous pride, most felt in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, at the associated glory of her sons. But we know that this renown will spread wherever their deeds shall bless their kind; that, like their works, it will extend beyond ocean and deserts, and remain to latest generations.

The March of Science.

The history of the Atlantic Telegraph is fortunately

familiar to most of this auditory. For more than a hundred years it has been known that the velocity of electricity was nearly instantaneous. It was found that the electricity of the clouds was identical with that produced by electric excitation; next followed the means for its creation, and the mechanism of transmission. Its concentration was found in the corrosion of metals in acids, and the use of the voltaic pile; its transmission was completed by Morse in 1843, and it was reserved to Field to guide it across the Atlantic. Here, as in all other scientific results, you find the wonder-working power of observation and induction; and nowhere in the history of man is the power of Art—*action* directed by Science—*knowledge* systematized—signally and beautifully obvious. I leave to the gifted friend who will follow me, in his peculiar department, the appropriate description of the wonders of the deep seaway; of the silent shores beneath; of sunless caverns and submarine plains. It is for others to describe the solitudes of the nether deep. Yet who is there whose imagination does not kindle at the idea that every thought which springs along the wires vibrates in those palaces of the ocean where the light fails to penetrate and the billows never roll?

From those dark, unfathomed caves the pearl that heaves upon the breast of beauty is dragged to the glare of day. There the unburied dead lie waiting for the resurrection morning, while above them the winds wail their perpetual requiem; there the lost treasures of India and Peru are forever hid; there the wrecks of the Armada and Trafalgar are forever whelmed.

> What flags and what trophies are floating free
> In the shadowy depths of the silent sea?

But amid these scattered relics of the buried past, over shell-formed shores and wave-worn crags, the gleaming thought darts its way. Amid the monsters of the deep, amid the sporting myriads and countless armies of the sea, the single link that unites two worlds conveys the mandate of a king or the message of a lover. Of old, the Greek loved to believe that Neptune ruled the

ocean and stretched his trident over the remotest surge. The fiction has become reality; but man is the monarch of the wave, and his trident is a single wire!

The scene in which we each bear a part today is one peculiar, it is true, to the event which we celebrate; but it is also very remarkable in many and varied aspects.

Joy Visits the Pacific Coast.

Never before has there been on the Pacific Coast such an expression of popular delight. We celebrate the birthday of our Nation with signal rejoicing; but vast numbers who are here today can find no place in its processions, and perhaps wonder at its enthusiasm; we celebrate great victories which give new names to our history and new stars to our banner—these are but national triumphs; but today the joy is universal; the procession represents the world—all creeds, all races, all languages are here; every vocation of civilized life mingles in the shout and welcomes the deep. The minister of religion sees the Bow of Promise reflected under the sea, which speaks of universal peace; the statesman perceives another lengthening avenue for the march of free principles; the magistrate here can see new guards to the rights of society and property, and wide field for the sway of international law; the poet kindles at the dream of a great republic of letters tending toward a universal language; and the seer of science finds a pledge that individual enterprise may yet embody his discoveries in beneficent and world-wide action.

The mechanic walks with a freer step and more conscious port, for it is his skill which has overcome the raging sea and stormy shore; and labor—toil-stained and sun-browned labor—claims the triumph as his own in twofold right. First, because without patient, enduring toil, there could be neither discovery, invention, application or extension; and again, because whatever spreads the blessings of peace and knowledge comes home to his hearth and heart.

Surrounded then, as I am, by the representatives of all civilized nations, let me express some of the thoughts that are struggling for utterance upon your lips as you

contemplate the great event of the century. Our first conviction is that the resources of the human mind and the energies of the human will are illimitable; from the time when the new philosophy, of which Francis Bacon was the great exponent, became firmly written in a few minds, the course of human progress has been unfettered —each established fact, each new discovery, each complete induction is a new weapon from the armory of truth; the march cannot retrogade; the human mind will never go back; the question as to the return of barbarism is forever at rest. If England were to sink beneath the ocean, she hath planted the germ of her thought in many a fair land beside, and the tree will shadow the whole earth. If the whole population of America were to die in a day, a new migration would repeople it; not with living forms alone, but with living thought, bright streams from the fountains of all nations.

O Science, thou thought-clad leader of the company of pure and great souls, that toil for their race and love their kinds! measurer of the depths of earth and the recesses of heaven! apostle of civilization, handmaid of religion, teacher of human equality and human right, perpetual witness for the Divine Wisdom—be ever, as now, the great minister of peace! Let thy starry brow and benign front still gleam in the van of progress, brighter than the sword of the conqueror, and welcome as the light of heaven!

Commercial Progress.

The commercial benefits to accrue to all nations from instantaneous communication are too apparent to permit much remark; the convenience of the merchant, the correspondence of demand and supply, the quick return of values, the more immediate apprehension of the condition of the world, are among the direct results most obvious to all men; but these are at last mere agencies for a superior good, and are but heralds of the great ameliorations to follow in the stately march.

The great enemy of commerce, and indeed of the human race, is war. Sometimes ennobling to individuals and nations, it is more frequently the offspring of a

narrow nationality, and inveterate prejudice. If it enlists in its service some of the noblest qualities of the human heart, it too often perverts them to the service of a despot.

From the earliest ages a chain of mountains, or a line of a river, made men strangers, if not enemies. Whatever, therefore, opens communication and creates interchange of ideas, counteracts the sanguinary tendencies of mankind, and does its part to "beat the sword into the plowshare."

We hail, as we trust, in the event we commemorate, a happier era in the history of the world, and read in the omens attendant on its completion an augury of perpetual peace.

The spectacle which marked the moment when the cable was first dropped in the deep sea, was one of absorbing interest. Two stately ships of different and once hostile nations, bore the precious freight. Meeting in mid-ocean they exchanged the courtesies of their gallant profession—each bore the flag of St. George, each carried the flowing Stripes and blazing Stars—on each deck that martial band bowed reverently in prayer to the Great Ruler of the Tempest: exact in order, perfect in discipline, they waited the auspicious moment to seek the distant shore. Well were those noble vessels named—the one, *Niagara,* with a force resistless as our own cataract; the other, *Agamemnon,* "the king of men," as constant in purpose, as resolute in trial, as the great leader of the Trojan war. Right well, O gallant crews, have you fulfilled your trust! Favoring were the gales and smooth the seas that bore you to the land; and oh! if the wish and prayer of the good and wise of all the earth may avail, your high and peaceful mission shall remain forever perfect, and those triumphant standards so long shadowing the earth with their glory shall wave in united folds as long as the Homeric story shall be remembered among men—or the thunders of Niagara reverberate above its arch of spray.

It is impossible, fellow citizens, within such limits as the nature of this assemblage indicates, to portray the various modes in which the whole human race are to be

impelled on the march of progress by the telegraphic union of the two nations; but I cannot forget where I stand, nor the audience I address. The Atlantic telegraph is but one link in a line of thought which is to bind the world; the next link is to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. Who doubts that this union is near at hand? Have we no other *Fields?* Shall the skill which sounded the Atlantic not scale the Sierra Nevada? Is the rolling plain more dangerous than the rolling deep? Shall science repose upon its laurels, or achievements faint by the Atlantic shore? Let us do our part; let our energy awaken! Let us be the men we were when we planted an empire. We are in the highway of commerce; let us widen the track—one effort more, and science will span the world. While I speak, there comes to us, borne on every blast from the East and from the West, high tidings of civilization, toleration, and freedom. In England the Jews are restored to all the privileges of citizens, and the last step in the path of religious toleration is taken. The Emperor of Russia has decreed the emancipation of his serfs, and the first movement for civil liberty is begun. China opens her ports, and commerce and Christianity will penetrate the East. Japan sends her Embassador to America, and America will return the blessings of civilization to Japan. O human heart and human hope! never before in all your history did ye so rise to the inspiration of a prophet in the majesty of your prediction!

A Great Achievement.

Fellow citizens, we have a just and generous pride in the great achievement we here commemorate. We rejoice in the manly energy, the indomitable will, that pushed it forward to success; we admire the skillful adaptation and application of the forces of nature to the uses of mankind; we reverence the great thinkers whose observation swept through the universe of facts and events, and whose patient wisdom traced and evolved the general law. Yet, more than this, we turn with wonder and delight, to behold on every hand the results of scientific method everywhere visible and everywhere in-

creasing; but amid that wonder and delight we turn to a still greater wonder—*the human mind itself!* Who shall now stay its progress? What shall impede its career? No longer trammeled by theories nor oppressed by the despotism of authority—grasping, at the very vestibule, the key to knowledge, its advance, though gradual, is but the more sure. It is engaged in a perpetual warfare, but its empire is perpetually enlarging. No fact is forgotten, no truth is lost, no induction falls to the ground; it is as industrious as the sun; it is as restless as the sea; it is as universal as the race itself; it is boundless in its ambition, and irrepressible in its hope. And yet, in the very midst of the great works that mark its progress, while we behold on every hand the barriers of darkness and ignorance overthrown, and perceive the circle of knowledge continually widening we must forever remember that man, in all his pride of scientific research, and all his power of elemental conquest, can but follow at an infinite distance the methods of the Great Designer of the Universe. His research is but the attempt to learn what nature has done or may do; his plans are but an imperfect copy of a half-seen original. He strives, and sometimes with success, to penetrate into the workship of nature; but whether he use the sunbeam, or steam, or electricity—whether he discover a continent or a star—whether he decompose light or water—whether he fathom the depths of the ocean or the depths of the human heart—in each and all he is but an imitation of the Great Architect and Creator of all things. We have accomplished a great work; we have diminished space to a point; we have traversed one-twelfth of the circumference of our globe with a chain of thought pulsating with intelligence, and almost spiritualizing matter.

The Bow of Promise.

But, even while we assemble to mark the deed and rejoice at its completion, the Almighty, as if to impress us with a becoming sense of our weakness as compared with his power, has set a new signal of his reign in heaven! If tonight, fellow citizens, you will look out

from the glare of your illuminated city into the northwestern heavens, you will perceive, low down on the edge of the horizon, a bright stranger, pursuing its path across the sky. Amid the starry hosts that keep their watch, it shines attended by a brighter pomp and followed by a broader train. No living man has gazed upon its splendors before; no watchful votary of science has traced its course for nearly ten generations. It is more than three hundred years since its approach was visible from our planet. When last it came, it startled an emperor on his throne, and while the superstition of the age taught him to perceive in its presence a herald and a doom, his pride saw in its flaming course and fiery train the announcement that his own light was about to be extinguished. In common with the lowest of his subjects, he read omens of destruction in the baleful heavens, and prepared himself for a fate which alike awaits the mightiest and the meanest. Thanks to the present condition of scientific knowledge, we read the heavens with a far clearer perception. We see in the predicted return of the rushing, blazing comet through the sky, the march of a heavenly messenger along his appointed way and around his predestined orbit. For three hundred years he has traveled amid the regions of infinite space. "Lone wandering, but not lost," he has left behind him shining suns, blazing stars, and gleaming constellations, now nearer to the eternal throne, and again on the confines of the universe. He returns, with visage radiant and benign; he returns, with unimpeded march and unobstructed way; he returns, the majestic, swift electric telegraph of the Almighty, bearing upon his flaming front the tidings that throughout the universe there is still peace and order—that, amid the immeasurable dominions of the Great King, his rule is still perfect —that suns and stars and systems tread their endless circle and obey the Eternal Law.

American Greatness.

When Pericles, the greatest of Athenian s'atesmen, stood in the suburbs of the Kerameikos to deliver the funeral oration of the soldiers who had fallen in the

expedition to Samos, he seized the occasion to describe, with great but pardonable pride, the grandeur of Athens. It was the first year of the Peloponnesian War, and he spoke amid the trophies of the Persian conquest and the creations of the Greek genius. In that immortal oration he depicted in glowing colors the true sources of national greatness, and enumerated the titles by which Athens claimed to be the first city of the world. He spoke of the constitutional guarantees, of democratic principles, of the supremacy of the law, of the freedom of the social march. He spoke of the elegance of private life—of the bounteousness of comforts and luxuries—of a system of education—of their encouragement to strangers—of their cultivated tastes—of their love of the beautiful—of their rapid interchange of ideas; but above all, he dwelt upon the courage of her citizens, animated by reflections that her greatness was achieved "by men of daring, full of a sense of honorable shame in all their actions."

Fellow citizens, in most of these respects we may adopt the description; but if in taste, in manners, if in temples and statues, if in love and appreciation of art, we fall below the genius of Athens, in how many respects is it our fortune to be superior! We have a revealed religion; we have a perfect system of morality; we have a literature, based, it is true, on their models, but extending into realms of which they never dreamed; we have a vast and fertile territory within our own dominion, and science brings the whole world within our reach; we have founded an empire in a wilderness, and poured fabulous treasures into the lap of commerce.

But, amid all these wonders, it is obvious that we stand upon the threshold of new discoveries, and at the entrance to a more imperial dominion. The history of the last three hundred years has been a history of successive advances, each more wonderful than the last.

There is no reason to believe that the procession will be stayed, or the music of its march be hushed; on the contrary, the world is radiant with hope, and all the signs in earth and heaven are full of promise to the race. Happy are we to whom it is given to share and spread these blessings; happier yet if we shall transmit the

great trust committed to our care undimmed and unbroken to succeeding generations.

A Prophecy.

I have spoken of three hundred years past—dare I imagine three hundred years to come? It is a period very far beyond the life of the individual man; it is a span in the history of a nation, throughout the changing generations of mental life. The men grow old and die, the community remains, the nation survives. As we transmit our institutions, so we shall transmit our blood and our names to future ages and populations. What multitudes shall throng these shores, what cities shall gem the borders of the sea! Here all people and all tongues shall meet. Here shall be a more perfect civilization, a more thorough intellectual development, a firmer faith, a more reverent worship.

Perhaps, as we look back to the struggle of an earlier age, and mark the steps of our ancestors in the career we have traced, so some thoughtful man of letters in ages yet to come, may bring to light the history of this shore or of this day. I am sure, fellow citizens, that whoever shall hereafter read it, will perceive that our pride and joy are dimmed by no stain of selfishness. Our pride is for humanity; our joy is for the world; and amid all the wonders of past achievement and all the splendors of present success, we turn with swelling hearts to gaze into the boundless future, with the earnest conviction that it will develop a universal brotherhood of man.

FREEDOM.

(*Extract from American Theater Speech.*)

In the presence of God—I say it reverently—freedom is the rule, and slavery the exception. It is a marked, guarded, perfected exception. There it stands! If public opinion must not touch its dusky cheek too roughly, be it so; but we will go no further than the terms of the compact. We are a city set on a hill. Our light cannot be hid. As for me, I dare not, I will not be false

to freedom! Where in youth my feet were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march. I will walk beneath her banner. I will glory in her strength. I have seen her, in history, struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her friends fly from her; I have seen her foes gather around her; I have seen them bind her to the stake; I have seen them give her ashes to the winds, regathering them that they might scatter them yet more widely. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them face to face, clad in complete steel, and brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming sword red with insufferable light! And I take courage. The Genius of America will at last lead her sons to freedom.

TO A WAVE.

(*The first appearance of this poem was in the Philadelphia Press, November, 1861.*)

Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest
O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below,
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariners rock in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies that sunk in pride
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner, or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free—
How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

What trophies, what banners, are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

THE GIFT
OF
CHARLES L. FLINT

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
I, too, am a wanderer driven like thee;
I, too, am seeking a distant land
To be lost and forgot ere I reach the strand.
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

THE END.

INDEX

	Page
Ackerman, J. H.	107
After Twenty Years	109
A Grave in the Wilderness	160
A Granger's Love Song	175
Agricultural College	137
A May Day in Oregon	138
An Evening on the Plains	158
Angels Are Waiting for Me	121
An Old Violin	161
Applegate, Jesse	158
At Dead of Night	98
Atkinson, Rev. G. H.	196
Ascent of Mount Hood	169
Baker, E. D.	241
Balch, F. H.	197
Banks, Louis Albert	113
Beautiful Willamette	64
Bell, J. R. N.	178
Bloch, Rabbi	164
Brown, Valentine	172
Buchanan, John	128
Buckskin's Fight with the Wolves	209
Buoy, Jesse	223
Burnett, John	129
Burnett, Peter H.	108
By the Wayside	140
Campbell, Prince L.	161
Campbell, Thomas F.	192
Cantori Mortuo	231
Chadwick, S. F.	138
Cheerfulness	238
Chief Multnomah in Council	199
Clarke, James G.	79
Clarke, Samuel A.	139
Climatic Influence Upon Literature	12
Cohen, D. Solis	213
College Influences	15
Columbus	42
Common Schools	136
Condon, Thomas	151
Cooke, Belle W.	115
Curry, George L.	150
Damon and Pythias	167
Davenport, Homer	183
Davenport, T. W.	183
Deady, Matthew P.	135
DeMoss, Henry S.	163
Descent of the Avalanche	176
Dye, Mrs. Eva Emery	83
Eliot, T. L.	118
Encamped	91
Helen	172
Hermann, Binger	159
Grande Ronde Valley	49
Hamilton, Mrs. S. Watson	154
Hawthorne, B. J.	157
Evans, Elwood	162
Faith	235
Fearing, Blanche	156
"49"	35
Four-Leaf Clover	52
Freedom	251
Gill, John	231
Good Thoughts	235
Good Thoughts, Influence of	239
Good Thoughts Are Uplifting	239
Good Thoughts, Value of	234
Higginson, Mrs. Ella	48
Duniway, Abigail Scott	109
Hill, W. Lair	182
Himes, George H.	173
Hines, H. K.	169
Hofer, E.	177
How to Domesticate and Tame Birds	105
I Know Not	116
Immortality	178
Individual Differences	237
Irvine, B. F.	133
Is it Worth While?	26
Joaquin Miller, Autobiography	24
Joaquin Miller at Home	31
Joaquin Miller—Notes and Anecdotes	33
Jo Lane and the Indians	84
Kelsay, Col. John	103
Kincaid, Harrison R.	166
Kinney, Narcissa White	176
Language	192
Let Him Sleep	156
Lord, William P.	136
Lord, William R.	104
Markham, Edwin	45
McArthur, Harriet K.	161
Marsh, Sidney H.	126
McElroy, Eulogy	124
McComas, E. S.	155
Meek, Col. Joseph	221
Memory	98
Mid-Summer Bird Song	177
Miller, Joaquin	24
Life	139
Miller, Lischen M.	143
Miller, Minnie Myrtle	91
Minto, John	175
Morgan, Clara Blake	97
Nash, Wallis	99
Nesmith's Eulogy on Sumner	180
Nesmith, J. W.	180
Newspapers and Magazines, Influence of	16
On the River	223
Onward	188
No Man Hath Right	97
Normal Schools	136
Only a Feather	66
Oregon Literature, Merit of	18
Oregon Teachers Monthly	17
Pacific Monthly	17
Parallel Between Sherman and Grant	233
Patterson, A. W.	188

Index

	Page
Pioneer Life, Influence of....	5
Plea for Religious Instruction	126
Poetess of the Coquelle.....	91
Popular Music, List of.....	20
Progress and Literature.....	18
Pulpiteers	11
Remembered by What She Has Done.....	120
Rhododendron Bells.....	53
Roses and Lilies.....	122
Sacred	98
Saylor, Fred H.....	17
Scenery, Influence of.....	6
Schwatka, Frederick.....	220
Scott, Harvey W.....	224
Seattle	115
Senator Nesmith and His Tutor	171
Simpson. Sam. L.....	61
Snowdrift	71
Snow Drop Memories.....	141
Song, Influence of.....	8
State University.....	137
Sunrise on the Willamette....	53
Sweet Oregon.....	163
Temperance	118
The Albany Oration.....	129
The American Settler.....	135
The Atlantic Cable Address..	242
The Bible.....	12
The Bible in English.....	224
The Birds of Oregon and Washington	104
The Bridge of the Gods.....	199
The Camp Meeting.....	10
The Chautauqua.....	16
The Crowning of the Slain....	67
The Death of Muza.....	213
The Delusions of Life.....	238
The Development Theory.....	151
The Evolution of Oregon.....	226
The Eyes that Cannot Weep.	54
The Feast of Apple Bloom...	72
Yates, J. F.....	167
The Fortunate Isles.....	43
The Four-Year-Old.....	134
The Haunted Light.....	143
The Home Builders.....	182
The Isle of the Lepers.....	57
The Jewish Milestone.....	164
The Lamp in the West.....	54
The Man with the Hoe.....	46
The Mast Ashore.....	133
The Mothers of Men.....	44
The Mount of the Holy Cross	80
The Mystic River.....	70
The Native Son Magazine.....	17
The Nymphs of the Cascades	74
The Old Emigrant Road.....	97
The Old-Fashioned Preacher.	11
The Old Pioneers.....	155
The Oregon Republic.....	162
The Oregon Skylark.....	90
The Passing of Tennyson.....	41
The Pioneers of 1848.....	196
The Power of Literature.....	107
The River of Rest.....	40
The Western Meadow Lark...	105
The Willamette.....	128
Thornton, J. Quinn.....	160
Thoughts in Storm and Solitude	111
To a Wave.....	252
To a Young Writer.....	29
To Juanita.....	40
Tonight	77
Trouble	150
Two Historic Printing Presses	173
Two Years in Oregon.....	99
Ultime	28
Universal Education.....	157
Value of Friendship.....	128
Victor, Frances Fuller.....	221
Waggoner, George A.....	209
War	166
When the Birds Go North Again	55
William Brown of Oregon....	36
Williams, George H.....	233
Will Power.....	236
Woodward, Henry H.....	153

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY OVERDUE.

MAR 6 1941

APR 5 1948

APR 14 1948

5Mar'57TS

REC'D LD

MAY 13 1957

LD 21–100*m*-7,'39 (402s)

851109

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY